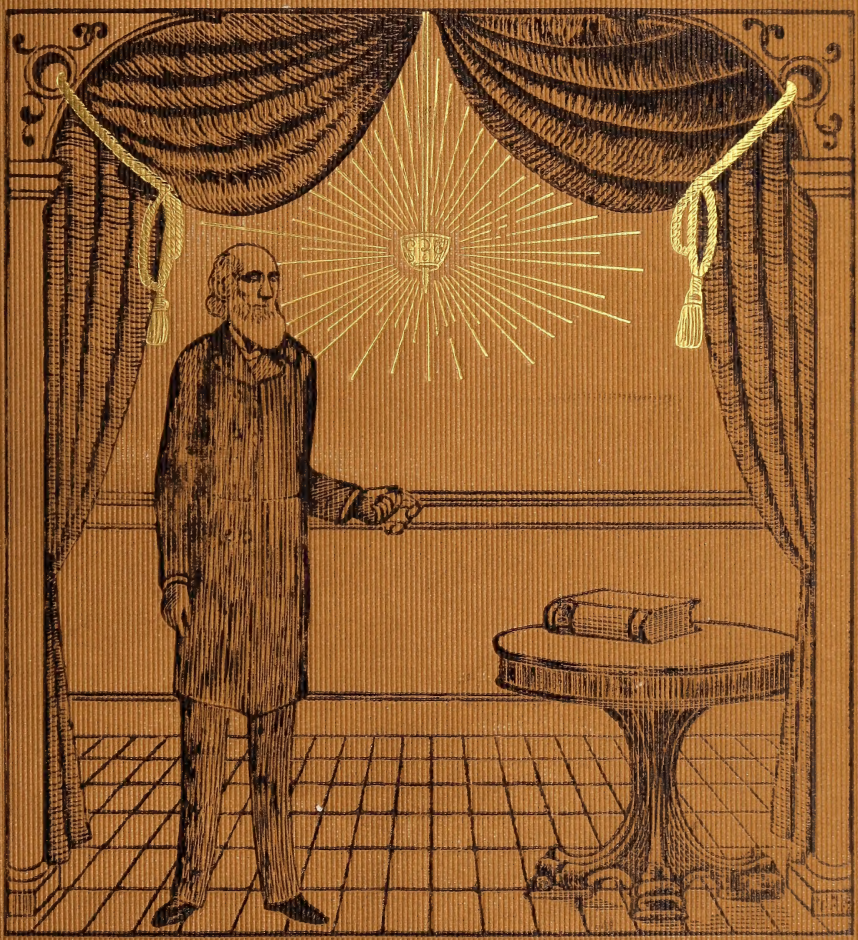
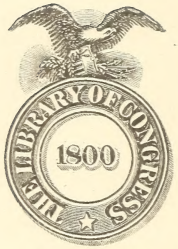
BIOGRAPHY



At evening time it shall be light - Zach 14:7

WEAVER.



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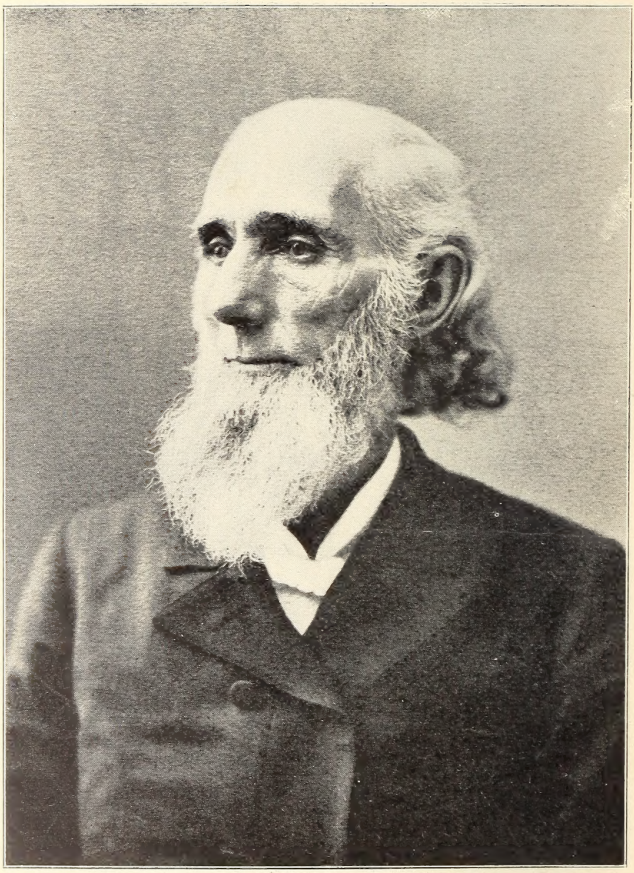

Bishop Jonathan Weaver.—1900.

BIOGRAPHY

OF

Jonathan Weaver, D.D.

A BISHOP
in the Church of the United Brethren in Christ
for Thirty-five Years

By
REV. H. A. THOMPSON, D.D., LL.D.

With an Introduction
by BISHOP N. CASTLE, D.D.

Dayton, Ohio
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1901

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"As a guest, who may not stay
Long and sad farewells to say,
Glides with smiling face away,

"Of the sweetness and the zest
Of thy happy life possessed,
Thou hast left us at thy best.

* * * * *

"Now that thou hast gone away,
What is left of one to say
Who was open as the day?

* * * * *

"Safe thou art on every side,
Friendship nothing finds to hide,
Love's demand is satisfied.

* * * * *

"Keep for us, O friend, where'er
Thou art waiting, all that here
Made thy earthly presence dear;

* * * * *

"And when fall our feet, as fell
Thine, upon the asphodel,
Let thy old smile greet us well;

"Proving in a world of bliss
What we fondly dream in this,—
Love is one with holiness!"

—*Whittier.*

PREFACE.

At the request of the executive committee of the Board of Missions, we have sought to gather together and arrange in consecutive order the important facts in connection with the life of Bishop Jonathan Weaver, so the Church might know more clearly the life he lived and the work he wrought. To do this in the brief space of time allotted was no easy task; especially, when it is remembered that during his long and eventful life he kept not a line of diary, which would have given definite information as to his whereabouts at any particular time. In his earlier years he did not see the importance of it. He did not anticipate such honor as the Church conferred upon him. He was more concerned in the making than in the recording of history. In his later years, it seemed as if to keep a diary then would be a little immodest.

Then, too, he never kept a copy of a single letter which he wrote to any one, which might have helped to fix dates, or to show the trend of his thoughts at certain periods. Nor did he keep the letters written to him by other parties; some of them were unkind and severe, and, in mercy to the writer, he did not wish others to see them. Compelled to move about as he was, these files of letters, becoming bulky, were destroyed whenever he prepared to move; so it is easy to see that his biographer could not get much help from any of these sources.

He was, however, a frequent writer for the *Telescope,* and in these communications he mentions not a few things

in connection with his earlier life. He gives, in these, very fully and freely his views of life and of church polity. We have carefully examined all these *Telescopes* of past years, making note of his communications. We have corresponded with acquaintances and friends, and thus received many facts which throw side-lights on an interesting life.

In short, we have allowed Bishop Weaver, as far as possible, to tell the story of his own life, and express his opinions in his own words. It is too much to think that we have made no mistakes. We have sought, however, to deal faithfully and honestly with the record he has made. An intimate personal acquaintance of a number of years, beginning when he was an agent, has helped us, in a measure, to interpret him. We hope the material has been so adjusted as to give the average reader a fair and intelligent conception of the life he lived, and the manner in which he wrought for the Church he loved. Let us be stirred by its record to high and holy endeavors, and seek to follow him in so far as he followed the Master.

"Gone before us, O our brother,
To the spirit land,
Vainly look we for another
In thy place to stand."

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Poem, - - - - - - - - - - - - iii
Preface, - - - - - - - - - - - - v
Introduction, - - - - - - - - - - - ix

CHAPTER I.

Ancestry—Parentage—Birth, - - - - - - 19

CHAPTER II.

A Boy in School—1830–1840, - - - - - - 31

CHAPTER III.

His Conversion, - - - - - - - - - - 46

CHAPTER IV.

A Preacher in Charge, - - - - - - - - 58

CHAPTER V.

A College Agent, - - - - - - - - - 76

CHAPTER VI.

A College Agent, Completed, - - - - - - 100

CHAPTER VII.

Becomes a Bishop—1865, - - - - - - - 117

CHAPTER VIII.

Becomes a Bishop, Continued, - - - - - - 137

CHAPTER IX.

Second Term as Bishop, 1869–1873, - - - - - 152

CHAPTER X.

Second Term as Bishop, Completed, - - - - - 172

CHAPTER XI.

Public Discussions, - - - - - - - - 187

PAGE

CHAPTER XII.

Third Election as Bishop—1873 - - - - - - 203

CHAPTER XIII.

Fourth Election as Bishop—1877, - - - - - 216

CHAPTER XIV.

Fifth Election as Bishop—1881, - - - - - - 235

CHAPTER XV.

The Gathering Storm, - - - - - - - - 259

CHAPTER XVI.

The Battle of the Giants—1885, - - - - - - 279

CHAPTER XVII.

The Work of the Commission Explained and Defended—1886-1888, - - - - - - - - 301

CHAPTER XVIII.

Before the Courts, - - - - - - - - - - 323

CHAPTER XIX.

Chosen Bishop Emeritus—1893, - - - - - 335

CHAPTER XX.

How He Used His Pen, - - - - - - - - 347

CHAPTER XXI.

Growing Old, - - - - - - - - - - - 365

CHAPTER XXII.

A Voice from Beulah Land, - - - - - - 382

CHAPTER XXIII.

How Men Will Think of Him, - - - - - 403

(1) As a Man, - - - - - - - - - 403

(2) As a Preacher, - - - - - - - - 412

(3) As a Bishop, - - - - - - - - 421

Sermons:

Change Yokes, - - - - - - - - - 437

Winning Souls, - - - - - - - - - 453

INTRODUCTION.

When a great and eventful life closes its earthly career, and passes down under the shadows of death, we at once fall to asking how such a life may best be rescued from the oblivion of the grave, and how turned to the service of continued usefulness in the memory of the living. When the highest prophecies of a life are fulfilled, and its highest hopes and plans realized, and in the memory of the living must ever be regarded a success, it would be a very grave neglect to permit such a career to perish from the annals of the church. It should be relived and reënacted, as nearly as possible, in future time. When a life has been in harmony with the true, the good, the beautiful, blameless in conduct, radiant with hope, yielding in service to the divine will, and given to others in the broadest philanthropy, shall death conquer and the grave hide such a life in oblivion? Is death to end all, and thus rob the world of a salutary influence and a noble example? Is all to be buried from sight, and are no reminders to survive this solemn eclipse?

There is a provision in nature that nothing be lost. Though we are born to die, "and be as water spilt on the ground," yet, like the water, the pious dead are to continue their ministry of good to the living. "Their works do follow them." Influence is imperishable. All our principles and all our actions are like so many threads of gold, the spinning of which is continued from genera-

tion to generation. It is the mission of the historian and the biographer to gather up these shining threads and weave them into a garment of beauty and praise. As in nature, so in influential life, God has unmistakably meant "the survival of the fittest." Future ages are to read the records and be influenced by the deeds of the noble and true of to-day. The lives that are embalmed in the sacred records have a more enduring memory than the splendid mausoleum or colossal monument can give. Marble will crumble, bronze will corrode, and canvas will fade, but the life associated with the now risen Christ is thereby made immortal. So Jesus said of the woman that anointed him, "Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her." "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." "And they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

Mankind is not to be robbed of the salutary influence of a good life. Such a life is to live on, and repeat itself by many times its natural and earthly length. What a privilege given to the living to thus lengthen out the years and extend the usefulness of those they love! Here is the noble mission of biography. It, in a measure, puts into enduring form the influence of lives that have blessed the world. Such reading is often more fascinating than a romance. Who that has read "The Dairyman's Daughter," by Leigh Richmond, containing an account of the brief days of a humble peasant girl, does not know the charm of such tender records? So of the lives of the more distinguished.

The law of association has a wonderful sway over human life. This is a wise economy of God in our nature. It prompts to provisions against loss in a world where every-

thing is so fitful and fleeting. When the Israelites passed the swelling flood in triumph in their journey to Canaan, twelve stones were made voiceful of the event. The Egyptian obelisks, the statue of William Tell, Pompey's Pillar on the Alexandrian Hill, Bunker Hill Monument at Charlestown, and the mausoleum of General Grant at Riverside Park, New York, are all striking and illustrative memorials. They take the place of the human tongue, and to a vivid imagination are full of meaning. The form may be unpretentious, but rich in significance.

The effort to make abiding the life and labors of eminent churchmen is worthy of careful study. It is not a trivial thing, that we may dismiss with little thought and effort. It is a work of loving service to put up a memorial at the grave of one who fell asleep in Jesus. A believer "being dead yet speaketh." This is true of the Old Testament dead. The eleventh chapter of Hebrews opens up a wonderful perspective. Here Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, David, Samuel, and a host of others, appear in marvelous history, romance, and biography. Back to these the Hebrew mind ever turned. The fathers were to repeat these histories to their children, and thereby incite them to nobility of character. What a blessing to Israel that they had such biographies to rehearse! Such memories are blessed.

I am sure that in the life of Bishop Jonathan Weaver, D. D., the Church has a memory worthy of cherishing, perpetuating, and rehearsing to coming generations. If it were for the sole purpose of making him known to the Church of the United Brethren in Christ in America, or, for that matter, beyond the seas, a biography would be unnecessary. His life is too well and too widely known for this.

It is too early since his departure to rightly estimate his

value to the Church and the cause of truth. We have hardly wakened to the conscious realization that he has gone from us. This will come to us more and more as the years multiply between us and the sad event. He was a conspicuous figure in our midst, and impressed his personality very widely on the Church, molding and shaping its organic life to a degree beyond that of any other one in his day. A member of the Church for the period of over half a century, and a prominent participant in all its leading interests, working with great singleness of purpose and an unflagging energy through all his years, made him one of the most striking and characteristic personages of his time.

He was a leader among men. Entering the ministry of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ when there was an early and growing demand for true leadership, and with this element largely in his nature, though unconscious to himself, he easily succeeded to this position early in his official career. Had his calling been in the line of the politician or the statesman, he would have distinguished himself and taken first rank as a leader. His splendid leadership in the Church rendered possible, in very large measure, the great achievements it has made in recent years.

Bishop Weaver deserves to be classed among the great men of his day. He is easily accorded this distinction in a physical sense. Few men were more conspicuous and princely in physical bearing. Tall, erect, and stately to a degree far beyond the ordinary, he, in any company, became the cynosure of all eyes.

He was great in intellect. Without the culture of the schools, he, nevertheless, succeeded to a well-rounded, thoroughly capable, and preëminently efficient ministry of the word. His sermons were rich in theological thought,

fortified and embellished by strong logic and fine illustration. They were always edifying to the people. "The common people heard him gladly."

He often championed the cause of truth in the field of debate, and it may be said of him that he never measured swords with his antagonist without carrying away the laurels of the victor. Orthodoxy and Protestant, evangelical religion never cowered or lost when he was in the defense. With a massive brain, and an intellect keen, penetrative, incisive, and of great activity and force, he easily held the mastery in the theological arena. He kept himself well informed in the current literature and religious thought of the time, and seemed never lacking in the knowledge essential to the defense of his positions. Quite a favorite expression with him, during the years of his controversies, was the statement of the Apostle Paul, "I am set for the defense of the gospel."

Bishop Weaver was, in a sense, a pioneer in the Church of his choice. He belonged to the skirmish line of the army of religious and spiritual conquest. He helped to kindle the beacon-fires on the hilltops of religious thought, to blaze the way through tangled forests of difficulty, to discover and point out the fords and construct bridges across what to others seemed impassable rivers, to find the sites for great religious enterprises, and aid in their founding. He belonged to the true architects and builders of churches and nations.

As a speaker and writer, he excelled. The *pulpit* was the throne of his power. The gospel message fell from a fire-lit tongue, and rolled in volume like the billows of the sea. His terminology, always of the simplest, made him the delight of any audience, and put him in happy relation with both the scholar and the unlettered. Childhood never wearied of hearing him, and it may be said that he called

them unto him and blessed them. No difference what the grade of intelligence among his hearers, all were instructed and impressed. His sermons were doctrinal, evangelical, and warmly revivalistic. While his style was vigorous and transparent, it was never nervous. He was the most cool and self-possessed of men. He had perfect command of himself. He ruled his own spirit.

This excellent type of ministry was maintained down to the latest period of it. If any difference, it was richer and riper in thought, mellower and deeper in spirit, coming as from out the invisible glory. The echoes of some of his words are still in the hearts of those that hung upon his lips in his later ministry, and eternity alone will tell the glory and usefulness of such a ministry.

His sermons were always full of Christ. He gave him the largest place, the most prominence of all. Every thought, every illustration, all imagery gathered around Christ, awaiting his bidding as to the service to be rendered. The preacher's heart and brain seemed filled and crowded with this wonderful personage. He never allowed anything to crowd Christ out of his sermon or out of his own life. This was the secret of his power and of his attraction. He lifted up Christ and held him before a perishing world. This will be very apparent to the reader as he traces his life in his biography and reads some of his sermons and addresses that are published therein.

As a writer on religious subjects, he was one of the most fascinating as well as edifying. The spirit that pervaded his sermons breathed through his written productions. His pen was always ablaze with the old-time gospel and old-time revival fire. His writings were models of purity of thought and expression. He was self-made, but so well and gracefully made as to leave no unsightly scars. A ready wit, that never had a sting, and a humor that never

appealed to an unworthy sentiment, made all his writings, as well as his conversations, pleasingly popular. He was primitive in the spirit of the gospel, while he was modern and progressive in its statement and in his adaptation to present-day conditions and needs.

He was thoroughly orthodox in his creed. He had no faith in the agnosticism of the day. He knew he had something beneath him on which to stand, and something above him to which to hold. He felt the power of this certainty within, when in the pulpit, and it often transfigured his face to the glow of a soft summer sunset.

In charity, he was broad and unbounded. While he loved his own Church, he courted fellowship with every soldier of our Lord Jesus Christ. This led him, by urgent invitation, into leading pulpits of other churches, where he was always popular, and in great demand. Who ever heard him utter an ungenerous word or a harsh invective against a fellow-Christian?

Occasions were not wanting, possibly, during his long association with men, and during seasons of heated discussion on questions regarded vital to the interests of the Church, for the exercise of sharp and biting sarcasm. But who ever heard it from his lips? He was always courteous and genial, affable and dignified on all occasions, however provoking an occasion might be. He was true to his friends, he was not unkind to official enemies. It seemed that nothing changed his spirit or his manner. His deportment was always the same—unaffected, simple, honest, candid, seeking no advantage, displaying no pomp or pride, no ostentation in public or private life, always a plain, open-hearted Christian.

In counsel, he was one of the wisest and most reliable, especially in matters pertaining to the affairs of the Church. For the period of thirty-six years he had the

hearty approval, every four years, of the General Conference. His administration as bishop was always eminently satisfactory, so that his official character is as much a legacy to the Church as was his active service. His wisdom seemed adequate to the correct decision of nearly every question submitted to him. The Church will readily recall some of the most important questions that have ever been brought before its council boards upon which his opinion was required. In the chair, as presiding officer, he was always found adequate to every exigency that might arise. It is safe to say that none of his associates ever gave higher satisfaction in this than did he.

He was permitted to live beyond the scriptural limit of human life. While this would not be a blessing to all, in this case length of days was a blessing to the Church and the world. His memory was strong, his intellectual faculties clear, and his judgment unimpaired to the last. His strength in these respects was unabated.

Now, it is eminently proper that a character so conspicuous in our Church life, and one that has so largely shaped its polity for the last quarter of a century, should have his memory perpetuated and his influence continued and extended to the largest degree possible. With a view to this his biography has been written. This will unfold in successive chapters this great life. The reader will be charmed as he traces it through the various stages of evolution, or growth, from its primitive and rugged beginning to its ripened maturity. Such a life and such a record as are here given will be read by thousands of admiring ones, who will readily associate them in memory with the most important period and achievements of the Church in the past.

This biography will add another rich and treasured volume to the growing literature of the Church, the perusal

of which, we may hope, will be a great stimulus to both old and young, both in the ministry and in the laity, leading to larger loyalty to God and duty, and the achievement of nobility of character here, and finally of eternal life hereafter.

N. CASTLE.

Philomath, Oregon, April 25, 1901.

BIOGRAPHY OF JONATHAN WEAVER.

CHAPTER I.

Ancestry—Parentage—Birth.

Says Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Each of us is only the footing of a double column of figures that goes back to the first pair. Every unit tells, and some of them are *plus* and some *minus*. If the columns do not add up right, it is commonly because we cannot make out all the figures."

The ancestry of Ralph Waldo Emerson was remarkable for a long succession of clergymen in its genealogy, and for the large numbers of college graduates encountered in its rolls. Says one, "If the ideas of parents survive as impressions or tendencies in their descendants, no man had a better right to an inheritance of theological instincts than this representative of a long line of ministers." Emerson himself believed in the transmission from parent to child of certain characteristics. He says: "Though nature appears capricious, some qualities she carefully fixes or transmits, but some of those,

and those the finer, she exhales with the health of the individual as too costly to perpetuate. But I notice, also, that they may become fixed and permanent in any stock by planting and replanting them on every individual, until, at last, nature adopts them and bakes them on her porcelain."

Dr. Elam, in "A Physician's Problems," says: "The idiot almost always engenders idiots; no man of talent ever had an imbecile or an idiot for his father or mother. It is a matter of daily observation that the ordinary run of children have about the same intellectual capacities as their parents, one or both; the education may be different, but the original nature seems to be about the same standard. . . . The two Scaligers, the two Vossiuses, the two Herschels, the two Coleridges, the Malesherbes, the father and son Montesquieu, the two Sheridans, and the Kemble family furnish additional illustrations as to how frequently talent is allied to talent. Mirabeau, the father, contained, so to speak, Mirabeau, the tribune. The family of Æschylus numbered eight poets. The father of Torquato Tasso had the gift as his son had the genius of verse. This sort of succession of gift or ability in the family, followed by genius in the son, is not rare. Flaxman was the son of a molder of plaster casts. Thorwaldsen, the rival of Canova, was a son of a poor sculptor. Raphael's father was himself a painter. The mother of Vandyke had a talent for painting. Parmigiano was of a family of painters; so was Titian; so is Horace Vernet. The father of Mozart

was a violinist of some reputation; his children inherited part of his talent. Beethoven was the son of a tenor singer. A whole host of composers have emanated from the family of Bach."[1]

"I have a feeling," wrote Emerson, "that every man's biography is at his own expense. He furnishes not only the facts, but the report. I mean that all biography is autobiography. It is only what he tells of himself that comes to be known and believed." . This is true of our subject, as of all others. What we know of him we must learn from what he has written of himself, or what we have learned by associating with him. This is just as true of his ancestry. They were common people, whose names were never emblazoned on the roll of fame. They were not in the councils of kings, nor did they lead the armies of the nation. They were not the leaders of fashionable society, whose deeds were paraded in the columns of the fashionable newspapers, nor the pampered millionaires, whose word ruled the markets of the state. They were plain, unlettered people, whom God must have loved, as some one says, for he placed so many of them here. They secured a little piece of land, and went to work to erect a modest home, and to bring up the children whom God gave them, teaching them to be good citizens, to fear God, to obey the law, and to love their fellowmen. They were nature's noblemen, who bowed the knee to none, and acknowledged no master save the King of kings.

[1] "A Physician's Problems," p. 36.

Bishop Weaver's grandfather on his father's side came from Germany, about the year 1750, and for a time lived in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. He was a member of the Lutheran Church. Speaking of the influx of Germans about this time, Dr. Drury says: "From the general oppression and discontent, it is easy to see that large numbers would flock to the new land. The great majority sought homes in Pennsylvania. Here they constituted about one-third of the population, occupying almost exclusively some parts of the country. In 1751, it was estimated that in Pennsylvania there was a German population of ninety thousand, thirty thousand of the number being traditionally attached to the Reformed Church. The Germans were without a knowledge of the language of the provinces, and, to a large extent, without pastors and schools. The time of many of the Germans was sold for a term of years to pay their passage money. The most of them had come from homes of the peasant class.

"Though in their new situation they were generally industrious and thrifty, the condition of religion among them became the most deplorable. The German immigrants brought little in the form of religious help with them, and they found the least in their new settlements that would guard and nourish spiritual life. In their homes in Europe, religion was too often an outward form; and now, in these wilderness homes, in their unwillingness to part with all religion, it was, to a great extent, a mere dead form that they made more or less effort to establish.

Their minds were hardened by the treatment they had met; their energies were taxed in the struggle to build homes and secure subsistence, and the very atmosphere of the new world encouraged a wild and reckless life."[1]

In 1751, the town of Lancaster contained five hundred houses and two thousand inhabitants. It was not until 1792 that the turnpike was located between Philadelphia and Lancaster—the first located in that country, and not until several years later was it completed. There was not even a passenger stage route between these places before 1784. Thus we see how unsubdued and new the country was.

About 1752, his grandfather removed to western Pennsylvania, and took up his residence in Washington County. The grandfather on Bishop Weaver's mother's side was a native of this county, but the place of his birth cannot now be definitely ascertained. He was of German origin, and settled in an early day in Washington County, Pennsylvania.

This was in part settled by Scotch-Irish, who were inclined to the Presbyterian faith. A young Presbyterian clergman, who came there in 1778 to look after the spiritual wants of the people, and who became the founder of the first college west of the Alleghenies, leaves this record: "When I came to this county, the cabin in which I was to live was raised, but there was no roof on it, nor chimney, nor floor in it. The people, however, were very kind, assisted me in preparing my house, and on the 15th of De-

[1] Life of Otterbein, pp. 60, 61.

cember I moved into it. But we had neither bedstead, nor table, nor chair, nor stove, nor pail, nor bucket; all these things we had to leave behind us, there being no wagon road at that time over the mountains; we could bring nothing with us but what was carried on pack-horses. We placed two boxes on each other, which served for a table; and two kegs served for seats; and, having committed ourselves to God in family worship, we spread a bed on the floor and slept soundly until morning. The next day, a neighbor coming to my assistance, we made a table and a stool, and in a little time had everything comfortable about us. Sometimes, indeed, we had no bread for weeks together; but we had plenty of pumpkins and potatoes, and all the necessaries of life, and as for luxuries, we were not much concerned about them. We enjoyed health, the gospel and its ordinances, and pious friends. We were in the place where we believed God would have us to be, and we did not doubt he would provide everything necessary, and, glory to his name, we were not disappointed."[1]

To have journeyed from Lancaster to western Pennsylvania a quarter of a century before this, in the midst of the privations which they must have encountered, took no little pluck and energy.

The father and mother of our subject were both born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, and in the same year. No record was kept of these events, or, if there was any, it has long since been lost, but it was about the year 1775. They were mar-

[1] Rev. Dr. McMillan.

ried in Washington County, Pennsylvania, in 1798. They went to Carroll County, Ohio, about 1810. This was very soon after Ohio was admitted into the Union as a State. Like almost all of their neighbors, they were uneducated. They could read and write in the German language, and learned to read and write in English after they were married. Ohio was a wild section then, with wonderful possibilities. When Ohio was admitted to the Union, in 1803, it had but 60,000 population. "The feeble and remote beginnings in Ohio's history hardly prepare us to comprehend the remarkable growth in everything that goes to make up civilized life. For several years the cost of transportation checked the settlers by limiting them to a domestic market. The only means they had of communicating with occasional markets was by pack-horses. The first railroad was open in 1838, to connect Dayton with Sandusky, and was completed in 1841. The men who came here at this early day were usually men of sterling character. They possessed a spirit of industry, integrity, and the fear of God. They came into the country without wealth, but they had what was far better—noble purposes, elevated aspirations, and a firm faith in God. Our history is the outcome of what was folded up in the nature of these pioneers.

"Their toilsome journey to their future homes was made without a road to guide them. They entered a dreary and unbroken forest, to find no hotel, and were often separated by miles from their nearest neighbor. 'Their first necessity,' says Rufus King,

'was to girdle the trees and grub a few acres for a corn crop and a truck patch sufficient for the season. As soon as the logs were cut, a cabin was built with the aid of neighbors. But food rather than shelter was the severest want of the pioneers. True, the woods were full of game, but venison, turkey, and bear meat all the time became tiresome enough. There was no bread or salt. The scanty salt springs were therefore precious. The Indian corn, when once started, was the chief reliance for man and beast. The furniture of the cabins and the dress of the people necessarily partook of the same absolutely rustic simplicity. Excellent tables, cupboards, and benches were made of poplar and beech boards. The buckeye furnished not only bowls and platters for all who had no tin or queensware, but also the split-bottom chair, still in popular use. Bearskins were bed and bedding. The deerskin, dressed and undressed, was very much used for clothing; and the skins of the raccoon and rabbit formed a favorite headgear. But wool and flax soon abounded, and spinning-wheels and looms became standard articles in every home. The home-made tow, linen, and woolens, or mixed flannels, linseys, or jeans, constituted the chief materials for clothing.'

"They grew in character and power because they were ready to defend and preserve what their labor had secured. They wrestled and struggled against physical forces, severity of climate, fierceness of beasts, and the hostility and brutality of savages. These struggles strengthened character, nourished

manhood, and incited to heroic deeds. From harsh, sterile conditions men have gone forth conspicuous for energy and valor. The early pioneers not only heroically struggled in all the expeditions in their aggressive warfare against the Indians, but, in 1812, Ohio was called upon to help engage in the disastrous and bloody war against Great Britain. Three regiments were first sent into the field. The following year, several brigades of militia were called out to resist the British invasions. This war caused great sacrifice. An eye-witness described the country as depopulated of men, and the farmer women, weak and sickly as they often were, and surrounded by their helpless little children, were obliged, for want of bread, to till their fields, until, frequently, they fell exhausted and dying under the toil to which they were unequal. The horrors and fearful sufferings of the first year of the war can never be forgotten by the people of that generation."[1]

Bishop Weaver's father was about six feet tall, and quite slender, but remarkably active when young. He possessed a robust constitution; was naturally a kind-hearted man, and, as a result, always lived peaceably with his neighbors. He was a farmer, hence at this day his life was one of toil and exposure. He had the reputation among his neighbors of being strictly honest and disposed to render to every man what was his due. He was an upright, moral man, setting a good example to his neighbors, but not what we call religious. He was careful, however, about the proper

[1] Barker's "Ohio Methodism."

observance of the Sabbath, and taught his children to be the same. He never indulged in profane language. He was in every respect a good, faithful, honest citizen. He was somewhat fond of books and papers, of which there were but few in the neighborhood, and as few in his own home. He was not so strong intellectually as was the mother. He had quite a vein of humor in his nature, and enjoyed the little jokes made by others, rather than any of his own making. He was quite companionable with his children, not self-willed, and as they grew older, he would advise and counsel with them, and often be guided by their advice. He was converted when about sixty years of age, and died when he was about sixty-three. Previous to this time, however, he had lived a moral, upright life.

The mother of Bishop Weaver was a devout woman, of no little intellectual vigor. She was always inclined to religious ways, but was not converted until about sixty years of age. She was always a faithful, persistent Bible reader. She was thus able to give her son much insight into spiritual meaning. From the time of her conversion until her death, she was a very earnest, devoted Christian, and, during the later years of her life, most of her time was given to reading and prayer. After her conversion, she became the spiritual director of the family. She established family worship, and aided her children, both by her teaching and her example. The children would aid in this worship as she desired. As she grew older, she became hard of hearing, so she would read the Scrip-

ture lesson, and the children would take turns in praying. She was a kindly-dispositioned woman, and her kindness toward the son was very remarkable, yet in his early boyhood she was as strict as a faithful mother should be, and required implicit obedience.

The mother died May 9, 1867, at the age of sixty-seven. In a note to the *Telescope* concerning her death, Bishop Weaver says: "Twenty years ago, I took leave of my mother and her home to enter my first field of labor. Young and inexperienced, I scarcely knew what to do. What my feelings were, as mile after mile was left between myself and home, I need not attempt to describe. One thing, however, gave me consolation, and has given me comfort many a time. I knew that one who lived near to God was praying for me. Some one might say this was but a trifle, but to me it was a blessed consolation. During these twenty years that I have spent in the ministry, I have always held sacred in my memory this thought, 'Mother prays for me.' You may call me weak, but I promise to go to my grave with the fond and dearly cherished recollections of a kind Christian mother. . . . I do not claim that mother was perfect, but this I will say, that for twenty years I have not seen nor heard of a fault. She was acquainted with the Holy Scriptures as but few are. I do not remember ever asking for a passage of the Scriptures but that she could turn to it at once."

Into this family were born six boys and six girls, so that Bishop Weaver was the youngest of twelve

children, being born February 23, 1824. All of them except one lived to manhood and womanhood. All of them have gone to the world beyond except the one next older than he, the widow of Rev. E. Slutts, living at Canaan Center, Ohio, in the seventy-ninth year of her age.

CHAPTER II.

A Boy in School.—1830-1840.

Mr. Johnson, who was the representative from Carroll County, where Weaver lived, to the Ohio Legislature, in 1838, when Weaver was fourteen years of age, made an address before an educational convention, held in Columbus, Ohio, that year, from which we make the following extract: "I well remember when I used to make three miles, with the snow about my little knees, to the distant schoolhouse. The population was sparse and poor. Our schoolhouse was built of logs, without glass windows, but with plenty of inlets between the logs for air and light; our chimney was of wood. It always took the whole time of one boy to pile on fuel enough to keep us any ways warm, and the whole time of another to pour water down the chimney to keep the house from taking fire. Our teacher was a good man, and taught us all he knew; but his attainments were not great. As to astronomy, he never had any other idea but that the earth was as flat as the plate on which he ate his breakfast; and as to mathematics, the difference between the numerator and denominator of a vulgar fraction was a mystery of science altogether beyond his depth. His plan was to begin with us at 'booby' in the spelling-book, and go on

with us regularly to the story of the 'Fox and the Bramble.' Then, in the spring, summer, and fall, we were all set to work in the bushes, clearing up our farms, and before the next winter's school began, it was invariably found that we had all slipped back to 'booby' again. So it went on from year to year, and such was the only school, and such the only teacher I ever enjoyed. Well, I went to study law with a gentleman whom I now see in this assembly. But my teacher was a worthy man,—peace to his ashes,—and it was only last autumn that, with tears of grateful recollection, I put fresh sod over his grave. But all the people now expect us to do something more to make our common schools efficient. When I had saddled my horse to come to this session of the Legislature, I saw an old gentleman approaching me who could neither read nor write. He was one of my constituents, and, seizing my hand, he exclaimed, with deepest emotion: 'Do, Johnson, get something done for the school laws; let us have schools. This is the first desire of the people of my county, and they are ready to pay the expense.' "

In 1837, a State School Department was established, and Hon. Samuel Lewis became the first State Superintendent. The most authentic history of the common schools of Ohio, from 1873 to 1840, is to be found in the three annual reports of Mr. Lewis, published under legislative authority.

A prominent minister of this Church, who was born two years before Mr. Weaver, and not many miles away, wrote, in his old age, for a little friend

of his, an account of the schoolhouse where he went to school. When this description was read to Mr. Weaver, he said it was a very correct description of the time when he received the rudiments of the little that he knew.

"The schoolhouse was made of round logs, notched down at the corners. The floor was made of puncheons split out of large ash trees, as wide as the tree would make them, and hewed by a broad-ax on one side, and dressed on the edge to the mark of a straight-edge. The fire-chamber was at one end of the structure, built of boulders, or, as some called them, 'nigger heads,' up as high as the mantel, then a crooked piece of timber, forming nearly a half-circle, supported by one end on a beam, same width of covering overhead, and the other on a log of the house about as high from the floor as a twelve-year-old boy's head when standing erect. From these supports the main chimney started, and was built with sticks and mud or mixed clay, one round of sticks being laid upon another, pressed firm in the mud, and plastered up well, inside and out, covering every stick to protect it from the fire; the stick was simply to support the clay. This was called a cat (or rat) and clay chimney. The place for the fire was very large, the logs of the building all being sawed off from jamb to jamb, and half as high up as the floor over our heads. The place for the fire was all beyond the square of the building, and the large boys would roll in logs three feet thick and full length of the fire-chamber, and another of less size on that, and still

another smaller one, and then, added to these, a large fire-stick, with ends laid on the rocks, and then smaller pieces piled on top, until it seemed like a young log heap. This they called a 'rousing fire,' and so it was sometimes, when the front foundations would give way, and down it would come, tumbling on the clay hearth.

"The door was of rough, sawed boards, hung on wooden hinges, and fastened with a wooden latch, and would always report, when opened, with a terrible screech. On the opposite side from the door, one log was cut out of the whole length of the building, and in its place a window sash in several sections, with oiled paper in the place of glass. This was to admit the light. Then the carpenter bored holes in the first log below the window, and drove in long pins slanting about forty-five degrees down from the wall, on which was placed a broad board, and this was the writing-desk for the large scholars. There was also an oiled-paper window in the end opposite the fire-chamber, and one on each side of the door. The other seats were made of slabs, with long pins put in auger holes, the pins resting on the floor, and the little lads and lasses sat on them, with no backs except their own to support them. Occasionally, a little fellow's back would give way when he was asleep, and he would go back on the floor. This would create a sensation for a time, and relieve us from the monotony of study. These rude seats were arranged in front of the fire, and those that were first had the good of the fire. This building was

covered with 'clapboards,' laid on straight poles called ribs, and held to their place by other poles on the top called weight poles."

Into these schoolhouses, and in the midst of these uncomfortable surroundings, came the boys and girls who were to be the future citizens of this great State, and among them was our hero. He says, in referring to these earlier years: "Around these huge fireplaces might have been seen from thirty to forty red wammuses, each boy holding in his hand a copy of the United States Spelling Book, or else had his A B C's pasted on a paddle, and what added to the interest of the scene was the cracking of the whip over their backs, causing them to make some tremendous jumps. (I speak from experience.) The teachers in those days, or at least the majority of them, had never been through what was then the standard arithmetic, the 'Western Calculator.' Indeed, it was not necessary they should, for when a young man had ciphered to the 'Single Rule of Three,' he was considered a kind of graduate. Spelling, reading, writing, and arithmetic were all the teachers pretended to teach. The reading-books were the spelling-book and the New Testament."

The summer school was usually taught by some lady who could be had for a moderate sum. She would go among the neighbors with a paper, termed a subscription, offering to teach a three-months' school for each pupil. If more than one pupil came from any one family, there was usually a reduction made in proportion to the number. Because of this method

of procedure, this was called a "subscription school." For obvious reasons, this was only patronized by the smaller children. Those who were able to work were needed at home. The people were farmers, a good portion of their lands even yet in the woods. Trees had to be cut and ground cleared and prepared for the plow. These boys and girls could not only be very helpful in such work, but no doubt were greatly needed. There could be no luxuries until the men were able to live. No doubt, in the minds of many of these people, ability to read a little, write a little, and know enough of arithmetic to keep their own accounts, was about all the average boy needed. The girls did not need as much, so in summer-time the young people were employed in developing the farm.

When the farm work was done, then would begin the winter school, lasting, possibly, three months. Many of the children could not be sent promptly for lack of shoes, clothes, or on account of other hindrances. Because of work to be done at home, or distance from school, they would not be on hand until ten o'clock; many would be irregular. The slightest reason for detaining a pupil from school would be sufficient. Then it would require the teacher, if a new man, and it was usual to have a new man every term, to establish his rules and modes of instruction, which were generally different from those of his predecessor, so as to show that he had a plan of his own.

In teaching the alphabet, it was customary for the

teacher to take his seat and point to the letters precisely in the order in which they are placed in the book. If the pupil could name the letter, well; if not, he was told it. To teach spelling, a lesson was assigned consisting of a certain number of columns of words arranged in alphabetical order, which the pupil was required to study over and over until he could recollect and spell them from memory. None of them were ever defined for him, nor was he requested to seek for definitions himself. No faculty was called into exercise but the memory. If a word was misspelled, the next pupil who could spell it was allowed to take his place, or "go above him," as it was called. He who was at the head of the class at evening had a credit mark, and sometimes a written certificate of good scholarship. Emulation and compulsion were the only motives to exertion.

In teaching reading, the process was just as mechanical. The teacher would read with the class in turn. Either himself or some of the advanced pupils would make the corrections. This meant only the right pronunciation of words and attention to the pauses. No regard was paid to the tones, and little to emphasis and the proper inflections. "Read as you talk" was a rule seldom given, and less frequently practiced.

In some places, the reading lesson would take on more importance. "One pupil read from the family Bible, another from 'Poor Richard's Almanac,' while still a third would read thrilling passages from some highly-prized volume, such as Captain John Riley's

narrative of a shipwreck and captivity among the Arabs. The reader of the last chanced to possess some elocutionary power, and the whole school, teacher included, suspended operations, and, with open mouths and eyes, listened intently to the interesting narrative. Spelling and reading were, in some places, made specialties, and were regarded as the chief tests of scholarship. Spelling-matches were second only in importance to the schools themselves. These were usually held at night, and were attended by old and young. A ride, or, more frequently, a walk of six miles, was an obstacle easily surmounted by persons wishing to enjoy the competition or witness the discomfiture of a rival school when its best champion was spelled down."[1]

Beginners in writing usually had a copy of straight marks. Over the top of the next page, the teacher wrote a line in large hand, which the pupil was required to imitate. One-half of a page of foolscap was then a common task in writing. The copies were in alphabetical order, and during the first year generally of a coarse hand.

Arithmetic was taught in no better way. Sometimes the teacher wrote problems on the slate for the pupil to solve. As soon as old enough to use a book, these were solved on the slate, and carried to the teacher, who usually asked, "Did you get the answer?" and if the response was in the affirmative, nothing further was said. No explanation of the

[1] "Education in Ohio," p. 90.

principles involved or methods used was thought to be necessary.

Henry Ward Beecher, born in 1813, in Connecticut, where the schools were infinitely better than those attended by Mr. Weaver, a score of years later in Ohio, then the far West, leaves this memory of his experiences in the district school: "We read and spelt twice a day, unless something happened to prevent, which did happen almost every other day. For the rest of the time, we were busy in keeping still, and a time we always had of it. Our shoes always would be scraping on the floor, or knocking the shins of urchins who were also being educated. All of our little legs together (poor, tired, nervous, restless legs with nothing to do) would fill up the corner with such a noise, that every ten or fifteen minutes the master would bring down his two-foot hickory ferule on the desk with a clap that sent the shivers through our hearts to think how that would have felt if it had fallen somewhere else; and then, with a look that swept us all into utter extremity of stillness, he would cry, 'Silence in that corner!' . . . Besides this, our principal business was to shake and shiver at the beginning of the school for very cold, and to sweat and stew for the rest of the time before the fervid glances of a great fire.

"A woman kept the school, sharp, precise, unsympathetic, keen and untiring. Of all ingenious ways of fretting little boys, doubtless her ways were the most expert. Not a tree to shelter the house, the sun beat down on the shingles and clapboards till the pine

knots shed pitchy tears. The desks were cut, hacked, and scratched; but if we cut a morsel, or stuck in pins, or plucked off splinters, the little sharp-eyed mistress was on hand, and one look of her eye was worse than a sliver in our foot, and one rap of her fingers was equal to the jab of a pin, for we had tried both.

"We envied the flies—merry fellows, bouncing about, tasting that apple-skin, patting away at that crumb of bread; now out of the window, then in again; on your nose, on neighbor's cheek, off to the very schoolma'am's lips; dodging her slap, and then telling off a real round-and-round buzz, up, down, this way, that way, and every way. The windows were so high we could not see the grassy meadows; but we could see the tops of the distant trees and the far deep, boundless blue sky. There flew the robins, there went the bluebirds, and there went we. We followed that old polyglot, the skunk blackbird, and heard him describe the way that they talked at the winding up of the Tower of Babel. We thanked every meadow-lark that sung, rejoicing as it flew. Now and then a chipping bird would flutter on the very window-sill, turning its little head sidewise and peering on the medley of boys and girls. Long before we knew it was in Scripture, we sighed, 'Oh, that we had the wings of a bird; we would fly away and be out of this hateful school.' As for learning, the sum of all that we ever got at a district school would not cover the first ten letters of the alphabet. One good, kind, story-telling, Bible-rehearsing aunt at home,

with apples and gingerbread premiums, is worth all the schoolma'ams that ever stood by to see poor little fellows roast in those boy-traps called district schools."

The teaching of the schools in the eastern part of Ohio, was, in some respects, better than those in the southwestern part, because, for the most part, this section was settled by people from New England. Of those in the southwestern part, a writer says: "The few schools established in this section were taught by cripples, worn-out old men, and women physically unable or constitutionally too lazy to scotch hemp or spin flax. Educational sentiment was at a low ebb, and demanded from the instructors of children no higher qualifications than could be furnished by the merest tyro. The teacher was regarded as a kind of pensioner on the bounty of the people, whose presence was tolerated only because county infirmaries were not then in existence. The capacity of a teacher to teach was never a reason for employing him; but the fact that he could do nothing else was a satisfactory one. The people's demand for education was fully met when their children could write a tolerably legible hand, when they could read the Bible or an almanac, and when they were so far inducted into the mysterious computation of numbers as to be able to determine the value of a load of farm produce. This crude instruction was deemed amply sufficient; more than this was regarded as dangerous, since the idea had gained currency that education made boys lazy and tricky. It was also

a popular belief that young ladies who were apt with pen or pencil were in imminent danger of falling an easy prey to some designing knave who might entrap them by an epistolary correspondence which could never be detected by an illiterate mother. Girls seldom learned to write.

"The mode of government was simple. Moral suasion was not recognized by the early schoolmaster as an important element in school management. The neighboring forests were filled with fine sprouts which were regarded as just the thing to sharpen the wits and brighten the moral perceptions of a pupil. Hickory oil was known to be a good lubricator for the mental friction of a schoolboy, and its use in liberal quantities by the master or mistress was rarely the subject of complaint or criticism on the part of parents."

Bishop Weaver says of his early experience with his teachers: "They did not know very much, and thought they could do as they pleased. Punishments were severe; there did not seem to be much notion of governing except through punishment. Striking on the open hand with a ruler was one of those severe and improper methods."

Such inferior service from incompetent persons did not receive very high compensation. The wages were from seven and one-half to ten dollars per month, and the teacher boarded at the homes of the pupils. In later years, the bishop himself taught school for a few terms at ten dollars per month, and boarded at the homes of his pupils. When the boarding was

good and associations pleasant, he would tarry longer; when not so good, he would hurry away as soon as due courtesy would allow.

Such is a picture of the condition of education throughout the rural districts of Ohio when Bishop Weaver was born; it was not much, if any better during his school years. A little better conditions were found in the larger towns of the State. All schools were supported by the voluntary contributions of the people, as no tax had been authorized by the General Assembly, and as the lands donated for the support of schools had not yet produced any revenue.

Into some such schools as these already described came our subject, and spent such a portion of the time as could be spared from the farm. When we come to think of the poor accommodations and incompetent teachers, and the inefficient teaching, the utter lack of any natural method of awakening and guiding the young mind, we almost wonder that one learned anything. When we think of the absence of books and papers, which were seldom seen and more seldom owned by the common farmer, and which make up our very life to-day, we know how barren their life must have been. There seems to have been so little to satisfy their mental hunger, and yet, when teachers and others fail, God often finds a way to arrest our thought, develop and guide our energies, and fit us for the work he has in store for us. Sometimes he speaks to us from the trees, the flowers, the animals, and the inanimate world about us; sometimes from the stars, sometimes from the longings of

our natures—an irrepressible desire to know something. While the reading may have been poor, yet the thoughts read, one or more, may have aroused inquiry and stimulated the young mind to seek for information from other sources. The contests in the classes, the desire for leadership on the playground, the constant associations for a shorter or longer time with this throbbing young life, would widen to some extent the boy's view of life, reveal to him more and more its possibilities, show him something of the difficulties to be overcome, and make him anxious to test in other fields the powers with which God had gifted him.

Our subject was, no doubt, an average youth, and, with his fun-loving disposition, would be as ready to play pranks as any. By his own confessions, he received his share of the punishments meted out to supposed culprits. This period of public school, with four months later spent in a Presbyterian academy at Hagerstown, Ohio, made up the sum total of this kind of scholarship. It was not all he wanted, but all he could get under the circumstances, and, poor as it was, it was the best that was offered, and was as good as others received. In 1801, a French satirist proposed a "plan for prohibiting the alphabet to women," and he urged his case with no little force and pungency. T. W. Higginson, in a magazine article written in 1859, on the topic, "Should Women Learn the Alphabet?" says: "It would seem that the brilliant Frenchman touched the root of the matter, 'Ought women learn the alphabet?' There the

whole question lies. Concede this little fulcrum, and Archimedes will move the world before she is done with it. It becomes merely a question of time. Resistance must be made here or nowhere." So whatever else our schoolboy learned, or did not learn, he had learned the alphabet; he knew how to read, and, with that key to knowledge, all the great treasures of literature stowed away in the temple of knowledge were at his control. He had only to enter in and possess the land. The result showed that he improved his opportunity.

CHAPTER III.

His Conversion.

In his earlier years, the bishop's father was a well-to-do farmer, and in his day was considered in good circumstances. By becoming security for some of his neighbors, he lost nearly all he had. Because of this, the family moved away from the old homestead, and, coming into a new community, were surrounded by new environments. This would seem to have been a great misfortune, but, in later years, the son said: "This affliction proved a blessing to me. Many a time I have thanked God for what seemed at the time a great misfortune. But for that, I do not know that any of my father's family would have come to Christ."

While his parents were not Christians, they were good moral people, whose example and teaching would more or less influence the son in the same direction. In early life, as most of us do, perhaps, he felt the need of living a better life. The quiet influence of the Spirit in his heart would show him he was not what he ought to be, but just then he did not know how to be better. He never went to church or to Sunday school until fifteen years of age. There were eleven other children in his father's family, all older than he, but none of these could teach

him, for they were not Christians themselves. The people were scattered. The visits of ministers were few, and when they came, it was usually on week-day evenings. He says: "We spent our Sundays during the summer months wandering about the fields, in the woods, and along the small streams of water. Not once a year did we have a service on the Lord's day." Church buildings were few, and, for the most part, services were held in private houses. Tired with the labor and drudgery of the farm, (for to support such a family the services of all were needed,) he would not be in good condition to profit by the preaching. No doubt, but little of it was intended for him, for the common impression of the ministry of the day was that such boys were too young to begin the divine life.

Having lived along in this uncertain condition until about seventeen years of age, his father permitted him to go a few miles from home to attend a camp-meeting, near Conotton, Harrison County, conducted by A. Biddle, presiding elder. These camp-meetings became very popular agencies for the spread of the gospel. "A majority of the people within an area of forty or fifty miles square would assemble to hear sermons of the highest order, directed especially to the awakening and conversion of souls. The camp-meeting pulpits uttered forth sermons of surpassing power, and strong and mighty appeals were made to the unconverted, which resulted in the conversion of thousands of souls. The camp-meeting fire spread as the people returned home, and revivals broke out

in various localities." He had never seen such a meeting before, and had no special aim in going, except to have a little recreation, and to see what was done at such gatherings. He had never seen what was called a "mourner's bench," but had heard of it from others, and had some conception of what it meant. So far as he understood the matter, he had no doubt as to the truth of revealed religion, but he had no clearly defined idea of what was meant by a life of devotion to God, nor how that life could be entered upon. His mother was a devoted reader of the Bible, and her conversation with him concerning it had given him a great reverence for the Scriptures. This likely saved him from many doubts which he otherwise might have had.

This camp-meeting in a new section of country, where they were somewhat of a rarity, would bring a good attendance of people. William Burke, a pioneer Methodist Episcopal preacher in the early part of the nineteenth century, held a meeting of this kind at Cane Ridge, not far from Cincinnati. The historian says: "It was estimated that on Sunday and Sunday night there were twenty thousand people on the ground. They had come from far and near, from all parts of Kentucky, some from Tennessee, and from north of the Ohio River, so that the doings of Cane Ridge meeting were carried to almost every corner of the country, and the holy fire spread in all directions." It was conducted in the usual manner by singing, praying, preaching, and shouting. The first time the mourner's bench was put out, and an

invitation given, Weaver went forward. We take it, that this was, in part, due to his mother, who, while making no public profession of religion, was evidently living a good, if not, indeed, a religious life. The Spirit, who has all resources at his command, was, no doubt, probably unconsciously to the boy himself, working upon his heart, maybe through the truth he had read, or heard from the lips of the minister, or by a reminder that his life was not what it should be, and that it ought to be bettered. More than once he had brooded over these things, and at this time an awakened conscience prompted to a formal step. No one asked him to go, and he could hardly tell himself why he went. He did not know what to do when he got there. He had felt for some time that he should do something, but what that something was, he did not know. This was the first opportunity he ever had had, and he improved it. He was not converted at that time, but, on the following day, he joined the United Brethren Church as a seeker.

He had great fear when he returned home from camp-meeting that his father, who was not a Christian, would be displeased with his course. He determined that, if possible, he would work harder and be more diligent than ever before, so that his father would have no justifiable reason to find fault with him because of the step he had taken. He thought probably his father would not hear of it. One day, as they were at work in the barn, all of a sudden his father said to him, "Jonathan, I understand you have

joined church." It went through him like a knife, and what was coming next he did not know. Finally his father spoke again, "Well, as you have started, I want you to *stick to it.*"

This gave him great courage. A few months after this, an aged local preacher, named Price, came, desiring to hold a two-days' meeting in his father's home. The father did not oppose it, but, for some reason, was not much in sympathy with it. The second evening, the old preacher put out the mourner's bench, and Jonathan went forward. Before the meeting was over, possibly the same night or the next, some of his brothers and sisters also went forward as seekers; soon his father and mother knelt by his side. They were converted before he was. He went forward as a seeker seventeen different times, and it was six months from the time he started at the camp-meeting until he had the courage to confess that he was saved. This occurred at a prayer-meeting held in a little log cabin, the home of a Mr. Wolfe. It was about midnight. Prayer-meetings in those days often lasted until midnight, and many souls were converted at these meetings. At times he would grow discouraged, but his father's words, "Stick to it," would put new energy into him. This long struggle grew out of the fact that he knew so little about the first principles of religion, and had no one to give him the proper instruction. At this period, there was not a Christian in the family. Within a year from the time he started, his parents, two of his brothers, and four of his sisters were members of

the church, with himself. This made a wonderful change in affairs at home. His parents were now in their sixtieth year.

George D. Stoneffer, of Canal Dover, Ohio, says: "The first time I ever saw J. Weaver was in October, 1841, at a little chapel in Stark County, four miles from Massillon. He was then quite a young man, very tall, and had black hair. I met him at the altar, but did not know who he was. He was very much interested about his soul's salvation. I prayed with him, but did not see him converted, though he was converted soon after. I did not see him again, until I met him at the conference at Crooked Run, Ohio, probably some five years after, when he came to get license to preach; have been intimately acquainted with him ever since."

With the sheep few and scattered as they were, a young man of such promise would soon be called into active service. A little class was organized, and, at the age of nineteen, he was elected leader, and served in this capacity for two years. At twenty, he was given license to exhort. With this license, he was pressed to assist on a circuit for a time. From the time he joined the church, he felt that some time he ought to be a minister of the gospel. The thought alarmed him at first, for he had no preparation for such a work. His first exhortations and sermons were prepared, not in the study, with good books all around him, but between the plow handles on his father's farm. Now and then he would go into the woods and deliver his exhortations beforehand to the trees

and rocks. As he was the youngest member of his father's family, when he mentioned anything about the matter, he was greatly encouraged by his older brothers. Once he ventured to name it to his pastor, but he gave him no encouragement. He said, "It is all your own notion about preaching." But his father's words, "Stick to it," came to his mind again and again, and so he persevered. Pastors should not be too rash in speaking to young men concerning such important matters.

Some twenty years after this time, he visited Rev. A. Biddle, who had been the presiding elder when he was licensed, and to whom he pays the following deserved tribute:

"I recently had the pleasure of spending the night with this dear brother. He is now in feeble health. In our conversation, I was carried back to other years, when he preached at my father's house. From him I received license to exhort, and, later, to preach, and to him I am indebted more than to any other man. His words of counsel and instruction did very much toward keeping me in the way. His hair has grown gray and his eyes dim in the service of the Church, yet still he has much of the fire of life in his heart, and it requires a greater conflict of mind to keep him out of the field than it did to enter it. There are many souls in heaven and many on the way that were born to Christ through his instrumentality. Neither age nor long years of labor have divorced his heart from the interests of the Church. He will go to his grave praying for the prosperity of our

Zion. In regard to our educational work, he is in full sympathy with us, and, what is better than words, shows his faith by his works. Thank God that we have old men with green hearts."

In his later years, he wrote to a friend concerning his entrance to the ministry, as follows: "There was no sudden impulse to enter the ministry, nor was there anything in my surroundings that suggested it. The impression came gradually, growing stronger as time passed by. I felt my unfitness for such an important work; but, in some way, everything else seemed to close up. I felt a deep interest in the cause of Christ in general, and the salvation of souls in particular, and often found myself exhorting the unsaved, when in the field alone. Thus, step by step, I was led along, until there seemed to be no other road open."

He knew he did not have the mental furnishing that he should have for such a work, but what could he do? The family were poor and not able to help him. His mother aided him a little, and, with some money that he earned himself, he received a term of four months at a Presbyterian academy located at Hagerstown, Ohio. This gave him a little wider outlook, and helped him to form some better habits of study. To add to this, he had no encouragement from the older ministers of the conference. They had had no college training in their earlier years, and thought that he knew as much as they when they started, and no doubt he did. He would preach to the people in the rural districts, who were uncultured, and would not

demand as much of him as the people of the city, who confessedly had more advantages. Then, while he was waiting to receive a higher education, which he did not need, unsaved souls were going down to death, whom he could save if in the field. How many of us, in our earlier years, have heard the same arguments, and how few young men of the earlier times could withstand them when pressed with the sincerity and zeal and earnestness which the fathers manifested! He had good health, a strong voice, a good supply of zeal, all desirable qualifications in a preacher, and whatever else he needed the Holy Spirit would supplement.

Luckily for him, at this time he had a thirst for knowledge, and used every opportunity to add to his little store. Books were scarce, but he could borrow, and now and then buy one. He read and studied more or less when at his daily work. His youngest sister was married to a young minister (Rev. E. Slutts), and, by his help, he obtained some light on the doctrines of the gospel. Among his earlier books were Buck's "Theological Dictionary," Dr. Thomas Dick's works, Watson's "Institutes," and Clark's "Commentary." He was charmed with Dr. Dick, as what boy who has read his writings has not been, not alone for the information imparted, but for the freshness of his style of writing? Later came Fletcher and Baxter and Mosheim, with some additional books of history and poetry which came within his reach.

One of the biographers of President Lincoln tells this anecdote concerning him: Before his nomina-

tion for the Presidency, he visited the New England States and lectured in a number of their cities and towns. A gentleman who heard him in Norwich, Connecticut, was struck with his logical power, and, the next day, riding in the same car with him to New Haven, said to him, "Mr. Lincoln, I was delighted with your lecture last evening." "Oh, thank you, but that was not much of a lecture; I can do better than that." "I do not doubt it; and now I am disposed to ask you how you acquired your wonderful logical power. I have heard that you are entirely self-educated. How did you acquire such an acute power of analysis?" "I will tell you; it was my terrible discouragement which did that for me." "Your discouragement—what do you mean?" "You see," said Mr. Lincoln, in reply, "when I was a young man, I went into an office to study law. Well, after a little while I saw that a lawyer's business was largely to prove things, and I said to myself, 'Lincoln, when is a thing proved?' That was a poser. I could not answer that question, What constitutes *proof?* Not evidence; that was not the point. There may be evidence enough, but wherein consists the proof? You remember the old story of the German, who was tried for some crime, and they brought half a dozen reputable men who swore they saw the prisoner commit the crime. 'Vell,' he replies, 'vat of dot? Six men schwears dot dey saw me do it. I pring more nor two tozen goot men who schwears dey did not see me do it.' I groaned over the question, 'Where is the proof?' and finally said to myself,

'Lincoln, you can't tell. What use for you to be in a lawyer's office if you can't tell when a thing is proved? So I left the office and went back home, over in Kentucky." "So you gave up the law?" "No; your conclusion is not logical. Really, I did give up the law, and I thought I should never go back to it. This was in the fall of the year. Soon after I returned to the old log cabin, I fell in with a copy of Euclid. I had not the slightest notion what Euclid was, and so thought I would find out. I did find out, but it was no easy job. I looked into the book, and found it was all about lines, angles, surfaces, and solids, but I could not understand it at all. I therefore began very deliberately at the beginning. I learned the definitions and axioms. I demonstrated the first proposition. I said, That is simple enough. I went on to the next, and the next, and before spring I had gone through that old Euclid's geometry, and could demonstrate every proposition like a book. I knew it all from beginning to end. You could not stick me on the hardest of them. Then, in the spring I had got through with it, I said to myself, one day, 'Do you know now when a thing is proved?' I answered, out loud, 'Yes, sir, I do.' 'Then you may go back to the law shop,' and I went." "So you dug your logical acumen out of geometry?" "Yes, sir, I did; often by the light of pitch pine-knots, but I got it. Nothing but geometry will teach you the power of abstract reasoning. Only that will tell you when a thing is proved."

So our ecclesiastical Lincoln, resembling the orig-

inal in more respects than one, could not go to college, but he knew how to read, and having learned how to think, what more did he need except to keep on reading and thinking? He says: "I did not read as many books as others. I conceived the notion that reading was good, but thinking was better. As a rule, I have read books for reference more than for anything else. In this way they have been very helpful to me. It is my opinion that a good many people read too many books, more than they can digest, and the result is, their ideas are confused. If they had read fewer books, and thought more, they would be stronger and clearer. I believe in reading good books, but not too many. The best books have been written by the best thinkers. What little strength I have is largely due to the habit of thinking I formed in early life. Mr. Roberts says, 'The man who has learned to think well and rightly need never to be alone, for he can people solitude and cheer the dreams of night with bright and pure thoughts.' "

CHAPTER IV.

A Preacher in Charge.

So far as known, the first United Brethren society organized in the West was near Germantown, Ohio, in 1806, at the home of A. Zeller, who later became one of the bishops of the United Brethren Church. Others followed later in the Scioto Valley. In 1810, a conference was organized by Bishop Newcomer, at which there were present probably fifteen persons. In 1818, Muskingum Conference was organized, with six preachers as members. This was at the home of Joseph Naftzgar, in Harrison County. In 1822, Jacob Baulus, a preacher of great ability, came from Maryland and settled near Fremont, Ohio, in what was known as the Black Swamp. Through his faithful efforts, classes were formed, so that, in 1829, it was recognized as Sandusky Circuit. Soon thereafter, Muskingum Conference sent John Zahn as preacher under Baulus as presiding elder. This conference continued to supply it, though one hundred miles from the nearest appointment, until May 12, 1834, when Sandusky Conference was organized at the home of Philip Bretz, on Honey Creek, Seneca County. There were twenty

preachers present. In 1849, Muskingum Conference is credited with having sixty-one preachers present, local and traveling, twenty-eight circuits, and 4,300 members.

The Church historian, speaking of the year 1847, says: "During this year the whole nation was immersed more or less in the spirit of war. A bloody war was kept up between the United States and Mexico, in which harder battles were fought, and perhaps more lives lost than in the American Revolution. This state of things affected materially the interests of Zion. Recruiting officers were found in all the towns and villages from Maine to Georgia, on week days and on Sundays, beating up for volunteers. The church, to a great extent, drank in the same spirit. Many church-members, and even officers, such as leaders, exhorters, stewards, etc., volunteered to go to the field of carnage. In one or two instances, preachers of the United Brethren Church volunteered, and actually went. In view of this state of things, it may well be imagined that this year was not replete with the outpourings of the Holy Spirit. There were some few revivals in the church, but, comparatively, they were few and not very extensive. The spirit of war and the weekly news from the scenes of deadly strife appeared to absorb all other interests."[1]

In February, 1847, the year in which Otterbein University was chartered, Mr. Weaver joined Muskingum Conference, at the session held in Union

[1] Hanby's "U. B. Church History."

Chapel, Stark County, Ohio, Bishop Russel presiding.

Concerning his admission to conference, a lady at Canal Dover, in a private letter, communicates the following: "In the year 1846, the annual conference was held in a little log church in the valley of Crooked Run, and the name of J. Weaver was presented as an applicant for license to preach, but was rejected. William Hanby presided, assisted by A. Biddle. Eight years later, word came to Crooked Run that Rev. Mr. Weaver was presiding elder for that year, but no one thought of him as the person who had been declined at the conference held there years before. Solomon Weaver had been through there, and they were more or less acquainted with him, and knew the presiding elder was his brother. The time came for the quarterly meeting, and with it came the elder, who stopped at my grandfather's (Frederick Wills) for dinner. After some remarks had been made, Weaver said to his host, 'Do you remember ever seeing me before?' The man answered, 'I don't remember that I ever did.' Weaver asked him further, 'Do you remember the conference down here eight years ago?' 'Yes, I remember that very well,' was the reply. 'Do you remember a boy who was present and applied for license at that conference and was rejected?' 'Yes, I remember that,' was the host's reply. 'Well, I am that boy,' said the presiding elder."

This did not likely result, if it be a veritable fact, from any supposed want of competency, for they were

not very rigid in those days concerning intellectual acquirements, provided the experience was satisfactory. We have on record an experience not unlike it: In the year 1852, Rev. J. G. Baldwin, then a young man, and still living at this writing, made application to the quarterly conference of Canaan Circuit, then in the bounds of Muskingum Conference, for license to preach. The usual questions, not very numerous nor very exacting, were propounded by the elder in the chair, and the applicant was asked to retire while the conference took his case under consideration. He says: "They did consider about an hour, and then called me in, and the elder informed me that there were four who voted that I receive license, and four against me, with five not voting at all. It was therefore a tie, and the conference had asked him to give the deciding vote. A few questions were then asked by him, and, as the answers were apparently to his satisfaction, he voted in the affirmative. Those who voted in the negative informed me afterwards that they did so thinking that *as I had been teaching school I might be disposed to trust in my learning and leave the Lord out of the question.*"

Concerning his first field of labor, Bishop Weaver writes: "I was then in my twenty-third year of age. From the conference I received my first appointment, then known as Lake Erie Mission. The mission was two hundred miles around, with seventeen appointments and twenty-three members. But I was young and full of hope. My advantages had

been comparatively poor, for I was raised under the old constitution, when men almost universally opposed an educated ministry. I had to make the best possible out of my ignorance. When the time came to start for the mission, which was distant over one hundred miles, I felt some misgivings, but would not suffer even my mother to know that my mind was in the least cloudy. I packed up my notions in an old-fashioned pair of saddle-bags, and took a hasty leave of home and friends, and set my face towards the north. The roads were exceedingly muddy, as it was in the spring of the year, but after four days of hard riding, I reached the first appointment, and stopped with Mr. John Goodin, who lived on the mission, and had traveled it the year previous. With this good brother I remained a day or two, and then set out in search of the few scattered sheep which were spread over six or seven counties, but, thanks to my good luck, I found every one of them in the course of a month."

An older brother, Nicholas Weaver, tells this story of his brother's first start into the work of the ministry: "When Jonty received word of his appointment to his first charge, he said, 'I cannot go; I have no horse, no saddle, no saddle-bags, no overcoat, no nothing.' I said to him, 'Jonty, if you feel it is your duty to go, we will fix you up for the trip.' I had a little bay mare, and we saddled her up, found some saddle-bags, and filled them up, found an old drab overcoat, with cape and shingles, as they used to have in those days, and made him

ready for his trip. I will not soon forget the morning he started away. It was some twenty or thirty rods from the barn down to Huff Run, then it was up, up, up to the top of the hill, where stood the old Huff Run Church. I can yet see Jonty going down to the run on the little bay mare, his feet nearly touching the ground." After telling the story, he wound up by saying, "But Jonty has done pretty well, after all."

"Being now fairly addressed to my work, I laid in with all my might, and soon had the number of appointments increased to twenty-three, which I filled regularly in three weeks. I expected to do more than I really did. I knew little, comparatively, of human nature, and thought I would be able to gather sinners into the fold of Christ by scores and hundreds, but I was wonderfully disappointed. I was greatly annoyed by the Universalists, as nearly every third man was of that faith, and they seemed to take great pleasure in calling my attention to their peculiarities, about which I knew but little. I found that nothing else would do but a careful posting in that direction, which I set about in good earnest, and, in the course of a few months, they became rather shy. I possessed a good deal of physical energy, and some warmth of spirit, which carried me forward with apparent ease."

Others have had a similar experience in selecting texts. He says: "One thing was rather peculiar in my first year's experience, and that was in the selection of texts. It seemed to me that there were

only a few passages which contained a sufficient amount of matter for a sermon, and I often took hold of the more mysterious passages and supposed that I did them ample justice, when, in fact, as I now see, I never touched the real thing."

The climate in that section at that time was not the most desirable. "During the winter months, which were very severe, I suffered much from cold. I was not accustomed to the lake breezes, and had, on each round, to travel about forty miles on the lake shore. I often slept at night with nothing more than a half-inch shingle between my bed and the heavens. The snow was sometimes a full half-inch deep on my bed in the morning. This, of course, I did not think well of, but as it was not my nature to complain, I said but little. During the year, I held several protracted meetings, which resulted, in all, in upwards of eighty conversions and accessions. It was a year of never-to-be-forgotten comfort to me. I learned more of human nature than I had ever heard of, both in myself and others. I believe it is good, but not wise, to put young men on frontier fields of labor." An opinion which he modified later, when, as bishop, he saw the great need for men in the great West.

He had another experience during the year which would be a little uncommon in our day, and which he never forgot. It was an additional view of human nature: "I was invited to take up an appointment in a place called Independence, seven miles south of Cleveland. At the first appointment, I suppose there were one hundred persons in attendance. It

was a new thing, as there had never been but one sermon preached in that vicinity, and there was but one man to be found that made any profession of religion, and he was rather a hard sort of a Christian. When I was about to commence the sermon on the first evening, a large two-handed man arose in his place and said that after that evening we could not have the house, as he considered it impolitic to hold evening meetings, and immediately withdrew. At the close of the meeting, I asked the congregation to decide whether I should return or not, and all voted for another appointment, which I announced for three weeks. Upon inquiry, I learned that my large man was a justice of the peace and an infidel.

"At the appointed time I returned, and found the house crowded. I arose to begin just as the squire entered the house. He at once commenced his harangue, and continued for some time, when, owing to some personal remarks, he excited a little Irishman, who felt it his duty to retaliate, and, after some pretty sharp words, the Irishman quieted down, and the infidel went on with his remarks. Pretty soon he again indulged in some remark that did not suit the notions of the Irishman, and he again interrupted the giant squire, who, by the way, called Pat a liar. This was quite as much as he could stand, and he threatened to take the infidel down a peg. I wondered how that might be, as he was so much smaller than the squire. They continued sparring for some time, when the squire, with great authority, commanded him to take his seat and be quiet or he

would make him sweat for what he had done. At this rather smoky time, the Irishman's wife, who had been a quiet spectator, jumped to her feet, and said, 'Faith, Davy, ye may as well die for an old shape as a lamb; just give him a little.' 'Faith, an' I will,' says Davy. Whereupon he felled the infidel to the floor, then took him by the feet and dragged him out of the house and administered to him such treatment as he judged he deserved. All this time I stood in my place, hymn-book in hand, secretly wishing I was not just in that neighborhood. After the fighting was over, I went out of the house, and the first person I met was the Irishman's wife, who, by the way, had stood hard by Davy all through the fight. 'Mr. Preacher,' said she, 'and wasn't that good for him?' I confess I thought it was, but dared not say it.

"The next thing in order was either to go home or to try to preach. The people were bent on having preaching, but I was tired. I was not fit to preach, nor they to hear. But they *swore* I must preach, and it was some time before they would consent not to have preaching. I knew it was not the preaching they cared so much about, but they wanted the victory complete. I returned to the neighborhood and preached several times, but the squire did not find it convenient to be in attendance. Davy and his wife were always on hand, and paid more than a common quarterage.

"The year closed pleasantly and profitably to me. It is my opinion, however, that inexperienced young

men ought not be sent out on the frontier fields. It is also my opinion that young men about entering the ministry would do well to spend some time in preparation before they enter the field. I speak from experience, for I learned to feel the need of it." This was written thirteen years after the events occurred. He received $80 for his services that year.

The following year, which was only a part of a year, he traveled Mt. Vernon Mission, in northeast Ohio. The conference convened in seven months from the time he began, but for this time he received $60, and had nearly one hundred conversions. He was ordained by Bishop Glossbrenner in 1848. In those early days ministers were not required to pass through a regular course of reading, nor to remain three years on probation, as now. By this conference he was sent to Fowler's Circuit, eastern Ohio. He had good success, and received for his work $175.

He was married to Miss Keziah L. Robb, of Mahoning County, Ohio, on February 24, 1847, the year in which he joined the annual conference. They lived pleasantly and happily together for the space of four years, when she was removed by death. She was an earnest, active Christian woman, and died in great peace. Two daughters were born to them, both of whom are living, Mrs. A. T. Shaeffer, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, and Mrs. E. L. Nave, of Huntington, Indiana.

The annual conference of 1849 was held in Berlin, Mahoning County, and by it he was assigned to New Rumley Station, Harrison County, Ohio. Here he

remained two years, with fair success, his salary each year being about $175. He began with one hundred and ten members, and increased the list sixteen.

Most of those who listened to him in those early days, like himself, have gone to their reward. One who still remains says: "I first met him in the spring of 1848. Joseph Waldorf had organized a small society, eight in number, of United Brethren in Canaan, Wayne County, Ohio. Solomon Weaver, his brother, was presiding elder. Our meetings at that time were nearly always held in private houses, for there were few churches as yet. A prayer-meeting had been appointed to be held at the house of Brother Lamon, and it was circulated through the community that we might expect a young preacher from the lake shore to preach to us that evening. The time for the meeting came, and every room in the house was crowded. The preacher came, and we were sure we never heard such preaching and singing in our lives before. It was all very enthusiastic, much noise, but a great deal of sense as well as sound. The services were continued until midnight, as we were often apt to do in those days."

The following account of this same meeting is given by an eye-witness: "About 1849 or 1850, there came to our vicinity a young man, and it was soon circulated in the neighborhood that he would preach at our Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, which was to be held at a private house, for at that time we had no church-house. Well, of course, the house was crowded in every nook and corner, as

it was reported that the preacher was a new man and just a beginner. My impression now is, that it was reported that he came from the northeast, along the lake shore, and also that he was a giant in stature; also, a powerful hand at preaching and singing. Of course, all were there who could conveniently be there, and expectation ran high. When all were well settled, and a few songs had been sung, and a few had led in prayer, as was the custom, the said preacher arose to begin his evening effort. I am now of the opinion that his head came well up to the ceiling of the room where we were gathered. Indeed, our ideal was fully met in regard to his giant altitude. The preaching was impulsive, and it was the opinion of several, as they expressed it, 'That he was a noisy preacher and a very lusty singer.' There were few in the audience who knew the name of the preacher at that time, but, after the sermon, there was much handshaking, and I am quite sure that the most of the congregation introduced themselves to him without much ceremony, and learned his name, which was Jonathan Weaver."

When at the sessions of the annual conference, Bishop Weaver, who was reckoned quite a good singer for the times, would frequently start a stanza of some hymn, as he said, "to liven up things," for he always abhorred dullness.

In the *Telescope* for July 4, 1849, there is a communication from him on "Order in the Church." He was a little noisy, probably, as many others were, and he was taken to task for it, probably by some

who were unconverted. He says: "It is thought to be out of order for Christians to shout or praise God with a vocal voice, because (1) it is confusing; (2) it will offend the sinners; (3) many hypocrites shout." He takes these up in their order, and meets them with no little skill. "As to the first, it cannot confuse the Christian, for Paul tells him to rejoice evermore, and pray without ceasing. It will not confuse the angels, for that is their business. It cannot confuse God, for he is surrounded by the heavenly hosts, who are always shouting and praising him. As to the second point, that it offends the wicked, that is no reason why Christians should refrain from it. Preaching the gospel plainly and earnestly may offend, but Christians must go forward all the same. As to the third point, there are, no doubt, hypocrites who shout; there are some hypocrites who do not. Christ never called any one a hypocrite for shouting. When Christ went into Jerusalem, those with him cried, 'Hosanna in the highest!' Some cried out, 'Order! order!' but Jesus said, if they held their peace, the stones would cry out. If the stones about some of our meeting-houses would cry out, it would arouse some of our modern formalists. I would to God the stones under the meeting-houses would cry out, or that the hearts of stone would melt, to give room for old-fashioned religion. . . . Let me live a Christian life and die shouting the praises of God."

In his nature was a quiet vein of humor, which was of great value to him when presiding, later, over

conferences. When perplexing questions would come up, and now and then unholy passions manifest themselves, by means of this he could quiet the most turbulent uprising which would likely occur. This came to his help even in the early years of his ministry. In that day, it was made the duty of the preacher to read certain sections of the Discipline once or more during the year at each appointment. In the performance of this duty, he was, at one appointment, reading the article on secret societies. A member of the society who was present arose and said, "Brother Weaver, is that in the United Brethren Discipline?" He was assured by the preacher that it was. "Well," said the member, somewhat pettishly, "if that is the case, I want it understood that I am no longer a member of the United Brethren Church." To which the preacher answered, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Very well, brother, the United Brethren Church has a back door as well as a front door, and you can go out there if you wish." This disarmed the brother of his opposition, and, after a further investigation, he concluded not to take his exit at the back door. If living, he is still a member.

Bishop Weaver's distinguished form, his genial, sunny temperament, his earnest, successful preaching, made him popular in the conference, so he was quickly singled out for promotion. In November, 1851, the Muskingum Conference was held in Canaan, Wayne County, Ohio. At this conference, he was elected presiding elder, and was placed on the

New Rumley District, serving it two years. For three years he served on Wooster District, making five years in all. Later, when in the college agency, he served as elder for a portion of a year.

While Bishop Weaver was not exactly a pioneer in the strict sense of that term, he stood on the borders of that time. We wish he had kept a record of the events of his times, for it would have been very helpful in properly estimating the trials, the poverty, the disappointments of that period. It would have revealed to us the stuff out of which these early Christians were made. Our Methodist friends have done better than we, for they have a record of these times of trial. Our men, uncultured as they were, unassuming in their manners, and restrained in their expectations, never expecting the Church would amount to a very great deal, were satisfied to keep at work in their humble way trying to save souls, and to teach their neighbors a better way of living, without thinking that posterity would be interested in their labors, nor anxious that distant ages should think of them, but only concerned that they should so live that when the King of kings came to gather up his jewels, they should be remembered of him.

One of the most able and eloquent ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Ohio was Rev. James B. Finley, who was a missionary among the Wyandot Indians, at Upper Sandusky, about the time Bishop Weaver was born. He was chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary when Bishop Weaver began to preach. His power in the pulpit was remarkable, and, at

the camp-meetings common in those days, he almost brought down thousands at a stroke. Speaking of his preparation, he says: "My want of experience and conscious inability to preach the gospel as a workman that need not to be ashamed, led me to seek with great earnestness the sanctifying influence of the Spirit of God, and to devote every spare hour to the study of the Bible. My place of study was the forest, and my principal text-books the Bible, Discipline, doctrinal treatise, and the works of Wesley and Fletcher. Often while in the woods reading my Bible, on my knees, and praying to God for the wisdom that cometh down from above, was my heart comforted. My feeble efforts were abundantly blessed, and many souls were given to my ministry."

When he went to take charge of his first circuit, he says: "Nowhere in all the round could I find a place for my family to live, and hence I was driven to the necessity of building a cabin fourteen miles west of Bainsville. We took possession of our humble cabin, twelve by fourteen feet, which proved sufficiently capacious, as we had nothing but a bed and some wearing apparel. My funds being all exhausted, I sold the boots off my feet to purchase provisions with, and, after making all the preparation that I could to render my family comfortable, started out again on my circuit, to be absent four weeks." Limited as these men were in pecuniary support, they enjoyed a rich experience. "Traveling and preaching night and day, they were without the necessaries of life, always without those comforts that are

now enjoyed by traveling preachers, with worn and tattered garments, but happy and united like a band of brothers. The quarterly meetings and annual conferences were high times when the pilgrims met. They never met without embracing each other, and never parted at those seasons without weeping. Those were days that tried men's souls."

The people were poor, and could do but little for their preachers. Says Finley: "The first settlers could not have sustained themselves had it not been for the wild game in the country. This was their principal subsistence, and this they took at the peril of their lives, and often some of them came near starving to death. Wild meat without bread or salt was often their only food for weeks together. If they obtained bread, the meal was pounded in a mortar, or ground in a hand-mill. Hominy was a good substitute for bread, or parched corn pounded and sifted, then mixed with a little sugar, and eaten dry. On this coarse fare the people were remarkably healthy and cheerful. Almost every man and boy were hunters, and some of the women of those times were expert in the chase."

Says another: "The pioneers in the Western territory suffered many privations, and underwent much toil and labor, preaching in forts and cabins, sleeping on straw, bear and buffalo skins, living on bear meat, venison, and wild turkey, traveling over mountains and through solitary valleys, and sometimes lying on the cold ground, receiving but a scanty support,—barely enough to keep soul and body together,

with coarse, home-made apparel; but, best of all, their labors were received and blessed of God, and they were like a band of brothers, having but one purpose and end in view, the glory of God and the salvation of immortal souls."

Our heart thrills and our pulse throbs as we write the record of how these men toiled and suffered. What we are to-day in this goodly State of Ohio is due to the teaching and example of these men. They were the true patriots and builders of our Christian civilization. Their thought was not of self, but the good of the people and the glory of God. In many homes to-day are blessed memories of these men, who laid the foundations on which others of us are building.

Bishop Weaver, it is true, came a little later than some of these men, and did not find it necessary to bear as these men bore, or to suffer as they suffered, but he and his associates did bear and endure privations of which we know nothing to-day. All honor to these early consecrated workers, who, in the rain and mud and snow, digged deep and laid foundations on which the church of to-day is seeking to build the superstructure. May it be worthy of the work they did and the privations they endured.

CHAPTER V.

A College Agent.

Having done good service as an itinerant, Bishop Weaver's brethren promoted him to the position of presiding elder, in which capacity he served some five years. He was more and more beginning to know the wants of the Church. He was becoming more skillful in matters of administration. He was a delegate to the General Conference which met in Cincinnati, in 1857, which was a very important one. This increased his acquaintance with the Church leaders, and they learned more about his ability. Thoughtful men who were scanning the field for faithful helpers saw in him powers and capabilities that gave promise of still greater usefulness. John C. Bright, that persistent advocate of the cause of missions, pressed him to go to Canada as a missionary. Otterbein University had been chartered in 1847, and the aggressive minds of the Church were enlisted in its welfare. Bishop Weaver's brother, Solomon, had served the institution in 1854 and 1855, and Jonathan would be more or less both interested and informed as to its needs. Then, again, he realized his own imperfect preparation, and how he had early been pressed into active service. He saw that the coming Church,

Rev. Jonathan Weaver.—About 1858.

if it succeeded, must have better trained men, and he was anxious to bring to others advantages which did not come to him. So he became the agent for Otterbein University.

This was a severe school for him, and involved the hardest work he ever did, but it helped to prepare him for his later work. He was elected June, 1857, and served the institution continuously for eight years. When asked, in his old age, as to his success in this new field, he answered: "My success was only moderate. Hard times and the Civil War made it very difficult. Difficult as the work was, it was a great school for me. It gave me an insight into human nature that I could not have obtained in any other way. Sometimes I was amused, and not infrequently disgusted. During these years, I formed the habit of observation, so that I could pretty nearly read a man the moment I saw him."

When he became agent, the university had been in existence for ten years. So far as he could ascertain, at the time he began there was not a college graduate in the membership of the Church. That year, two ladies, one of whom is still living in California, became the first graduates of the university, and headed the list of a long line of cultured men and women who have since gone forth to bless the Church and the world. As our leaders were not themselves men trained in the college, they had no experience in college work, and it was not surprising that they made blunders which trained and cultured men would have avoided. The gratifying thing is,

that, with all their lack of skill, they made as commendable success as they did. They not only had to train the young, but they had to teach the old that such training was a desirable thing.

The starting of the college was the work of a few aggressive men, foremost of whom were Dr. L. Davis, William Hanby, and Jonathan Dresbach, and not a demand of the ministry or membership at large. Two buildings had been erected at Westerville for school purposes by the Methodist people residing there. When the college at Delaware was opened, the academy at Westerville, so near to that city, could not be sustained. There was a debt of $1,300 on the two buildings, and a proposition was submitted to the representatives of the United Brethren Church to give them this property for school purposes if they would pay the debt. They purchased it on time, thinking they had a good thing of it; and so these men, in their inexperience, started a college with not a dollar in the treasury and a debt of $1,300. When we remember that they had the whole Church to educate, and had to compete with other institutions, is it a surprise that the institution is still in debt?

Dr. Davis was appointed as agent, and sent to solicit money. No better man could have been secured for the work. Through mud and storm and snow he started for the Sandusky Conference, on the Maumee, in order to secure the coöperation of its ministers. Bishop Russel was the presiding officer. He was a man strong in intellect, with a persistent will, and strong in his prejudices. He told Dr. Davis that he

would oppose this new project, and oppose it he did. In every way he well could, he sought to prevent Dr. Davis from making any remarks at the conference. Finally, Russel himself made an earnest speech of half an hour against coöperation, and at once put the question. The conference voted for the college, but by a small majority. Davis next went to Muskingum Conference, the one Bishop Weaver joined, and he had a spirited contest with Bishop Russel, who told him he should not be there and press this on the conference. Russel himself opposed it in the conference, forewarning them that if this proposition to coöperate carried, something awful would happen to the Church, but what, he did not tell. The result was that the resolution failed that year, but in the following one the conference voted to coöperate.

In speaking of this historical event, Dr. Davis said: "Russel was a typical man, and the fathers of the Church were well represented in him. They were not opposed to education, but they did not believe it the business of the church to educate. Other churches held the same view, largely, but they were getting rid of it faster than we. Perhaps Otterbein held it. Boehm, Newcomer, and Guething held it. I know Asbury held it. This we had to combat."

Says Prof. H. Garst: "If the inquiry be raised why the Church was, for more than half a century, without a college, these among other reasons were to be found: The conviction cherished by many of the fathers that it was no part of the work of the church

of Christ to furnish instruction so largely secular as that of a college generally is; the numerical weakness and scattered condition of the membership of the Church during its early history; the missionary character of the work of the Church, which so engrossed the leading men in evangelistic labors that they had but little time to build colleges; and, finally, the fear on the part of some that such an institution might be used to the injury of the church of Christ. As the church grew and became more firmly established, the demand for a college became more imperative."

In the *Telescope* of July 18, 1866, will be found an editorial which gave a good epitome of the situation at the time when the college was opened, and even later: "The friends of these early schools were compelled to fight their way at every step. The general sentiment, to all appearances, was unreconcilably opposed to any advance in this direction. A large majority of the ministers shared this opposition. It was not an unusual thing for some of them, in their pulpits, to thank God that they had never rubbed their backs against college walls."

Those who are curious will find an interesting circular, issued by L. Davis and Bishop Hanby, and published in the columns of the *Telescope* of 1846, which tells its own story. One of the most serious objections urged against this newly projected college was the statement that it was to be a "priest factory," where men not called of God should be licensed to preach. Even men in high official position made this assertion. It became so serious that

it was thought best to make a public statement, through the press, which should disarm any objection of that kind. We make an extract therefrom: "We now enter our most solemn protest, and we think it unkind in any of our brethren thus to represent us, because we have from the beginning disavowed in public and in private any intention of the kind. Our great object is the general diffusion of useful knowledge, especially in the Church to which we belong. . . . As it respects the opinions of the fathers of the Church, we do not consider them of supreme authority in deciding a question of this kind. . . . If God should call a man from the plow, let him go; if from any of the high schools of the land, let him likewise go, and go immediately. . . . This sentiment, we think, our venerable fathers held no more sacred than we do. . . . And now all we ask is to be treated with Christian courtesy, and not to have urged upon us positions we have never taken; and, further, either to convince us of wrong by the Bible or the Discipline, or allow us peaceably and kindly to do what we are perfectly willing they may not do." Which, very literally translated, means, "If you cannot, and will not help us, then keep hands off and let us alone." Notwithstanding this disclaimer, one of the best things the university has ever done is the help it has rendered in furnishing the Church with a better qualified ministry. In this sense, it is its glory to have been a "priest factory," and we hope it shall so continue to be as long as it lasts.

There was a man named John Eckert, who, before coming to this country, had been in jail in Germany for preaching experimental religion. He was a man of good life, but of limited information. He itinerated some with Bishop Edwards, in his earlier ministry. He preached a sermon from Rev. 9 : 2, 3, in which the smoke and locusts coming up out of the pit were made to represent the college; the bottomless pit was the indefinite amount of learning—no limit to it; the smoke was the mystifying effect of human teaching; the college men, who always made everything dark about them, were the locusts. When college-bred men are ready for work, they seek good salaries, and want to live on the fat of the land. John's exegesis was not in keeping with the strictest rules of logic, but it illustrated the spirit of the time. Many others thought as he said.

About the year 1834, the foundations of Oberlin College were laid. The original founder, in outlining his plan, says: "They are to connect workshops and a farm with the institution, and so simplify diet and dress, that by four hours' labor per day young men will defray their entire expenses, and young women working at the spinning-wheel and loom will defray much of their expense."[1] This was not original with Oberlin. The manual labor idea was in the air. If persons of limited means could go to college and defray most, if not all of their expenses by labor, so much the better.

While this spirit was prevailing, and some insti-

[1] "The Story of Oberlin," p. 96.

tutions adopting it, why not plan for this new college at Westerville along the same line? Oberlin was not far away; its people were aggressively religious, and if they could succeed with such an enterprise, why not others? So our fathers planned for a manual labor department. The trustees voted in August, 1849, "that the manual labor system be, and is hereby attached to this institution, and shall be put into operation as soon as practicable, and, furthermore, we instruct the faculty, in the meantime, to give all the work possible to the students." In addition to the great fact that it would lessen the expenses of students, and be productive of good to them in every way, it would allay opposition and bind to the institution those who otherwise were not very friendly. Even Bishop Russel, to whom reference has been made before as opposing Dr. Davis in his efforts to secure money, favored something of this kind. He says: "A seminary of learning among the United Brethren in Christ, to which labor is not appended, will not suit the habits of our people nor their views of the matter. Should learning prevail without labor, it will tend to make men proud; pride and love of ease will increase, men will persuade each other to go to college rather than become converted," etc.

Accordingly, promises were made in the beginning for a manual labor department, and arrangements were entered upon to set it on foot. In 1849, the trustees resolved it should be attached at as early a date as possible. In 1854, it was voted to map out an efficient system of manual labor, and require the

same to be performed daily by all in attendance upon the institution. One year later, of the $40,000 which they had planned to raise, one-third was to be put into the hands of a manual labor agent for perfecting the system. In 1857, the executive committee voted that, in their judgment, one professorship of the endowment fund should be directed to the interest of the manual labor department. This was done to aid in the sale of scholarships, for which arrangements had been made. In 1859, after reciting this history, the committee having the matter in charge recommended that, as before provided, they pledge $10,000 of endowment money to the labor department and start a plan of work to be arranged for to include all the teachers and students in the institution. If this could not be done because of financial embarrassment, then disconnect the manual labor system entirely from the institution. This report was vigorously discussed, and with no little manifestation of feeling. Those in favor of manual labor thought they had not been fairly dealt with. Others, not unfriendly to the plan itself, felt that to carry it forward in the present financial condition would greatly embarrass them. Different plans were proposed, but finally the whole question was indefinitely postponed. The matter was discussed for two or three years, but this was accepted as the final disposition of it. The whole affair left some bitterness, which an agent must meet.

The first work that Bishop Weaver did was to canvass for the sale of scholarships in the bounds of his own conference. Arrangements had been made for

securing an endowment fund by the sale of scholarships. Some institutions have been helped by them, but for lack of experience in this case it became a dismal failure, and nearly crushed the university. These were sold with the understanding that the parties buying should give their notes for the amount, said notes to be receipted for by the university. As soon as $75,000 worth should be sold, the scholarships would be furnished and the notes collected. Had this been done, and the receipts safely invested at a fair rate of interest, the institution might have profited by it. The first mistake was, the scholarships were sold at ruinously low rates, a perpetual scholarship, giving tuition to one student at a time as long as the institution lasted, sold for $100; tuition for eighteen years for $50; for eight years for $30; for four years for $20. Then when the time came for collections, many claimed they had been unfairly dealt with, as they had bought with the express understanding that the manual labor department was to be continued; and as it was now abandoned, they refused to pay. Others were allowed to retain their money provided they paid the annual interest thereon, which was done for a time, and the principal, perhaps, finally lost. From these and other causes considerable disaffection was produced, and, in the end, the whole scheme, after years of annoyance, had to be abandoned. Some good friends, who had already paid, donated their money, others received back their notes, and thus, after a great deal of trouble and expense in selling these scholarships, the

scheme proved a failure, and the university suffered. It is not difficult to see how such a condition would hedge up the way of an agent, and provide for it that his place should be no sinecure.

The Civil War began in 1861, and this very greatly militated against Bishop Weaver's work as agent. Even before the fatal shot on Fort Sumter the country was more or less disturbed, and men were uncertain what would be the result. But when the call came for troops, among the first to enlist were students from our colleges, sometimes in such numbers as to break up whole classes. With these, often, went the professors themselves. Later on, many young men were taken from the farms, and burdens fell upon those who remained. The cost of the war grew heavy, and the men on the farms were pressed to raise money to meet it. Prices became inflated, and men and women had to practice the most rigid economy in order to make ends meet. It was no time, then, to send children away to college. Their services were needed at home to help support the family. Not only would the agent be hindered in securing students, but he found it even more difficult to sell scholarships or secure donations. Everything was in uncertainty, and men did not know whether, when the end came, they would have a country or not. He attests this in our Church paper (1863): "One of our difficulties is the state of the country. Many are in doubt what to do, and are about ready to give up everything—church, college, and country. But this will not do. The affairs of our country are going on well

enough. 'Uncle Sam' will guide our ship of state into a quiet and peaceful harbor. We regret the loss of so many precious lives. Would to God it had to be otherwise; but since it is so, and we cannot help it, we should not be deterred from doing our duty. We will need churches and schools when the war is over, just as if it had not been. My principle is, that we should do our duty though the heavens fall, and if a man were certain of dying in twenty-four hours, he should give all the same as if he were sure of living twenty-four years. Our duty to God and the church only ends with life."

Another thing that hindered him not a little, was the fact that the board of trustees, who should have been his most efficient helpers, were often of little service. They were elected by the conferences at their annual sessions, and would only serve for a year unless reëlected. If a man had been a candidate for the position of presiding elder, and had not been elected, the conference would often elect him trustee in order to make the defeat less severe. If, for any other reason, it chose to compliment a member, he was elected. If he had a son or daughter at college, and had a desire to see the town or his children, he was commended as trustee. He gave the matter little or no thought before he went, and less when he came away. He took no special burden on his heart, nor studied how to best serve the institution. The president was allowed to manage the inside of the college, and the agent must devise ways and means to manage the business part of it.

If this were the amount of responsibility assumed by the trustees, and, in many cases, as the writer knows, it expresses the true situation, how much better informed would the people be? Bishop Weaver wrote: "The majority of our people do not know how much it necessarily costs to build and sustain a college. I do not mention this complainingly, for they do not have the means of knowing, nor can they have, unless they are immediately connected with it. On this account, however, some have become discouraged and concluded that we cannot succeed. It is true that it costs a considerable amount of money, but it is equally true that many other colleges have cost ten times as much." In the *Telescope* of August 12, 1863, the editor notices that the Wesleyan University of Middletown, Connecticut, received an addition to its endowment of $80,000; also, Yale received an addition of $65,000 from two persons. "Now, these colleges cost hundreds of thousands of dollars before these donations were made. If a few men could make Otterbein University such donations, we would not need to work and toil as we do in order to succeed. On the contrary, we get donations of from fifty cents to ten and twenty dollars. It costs time and money to gather up a few thousand dollars in our way of working. Slow as we may seem to travel, however, I am thankful that our condition under God's providence, is growing better. Otterbein will yet outride the storm, and others will live to see it one of the best colleges in the land. Youth will be educated at this school when those

who now donate will be sleeping quietly in their graves."

Bishop Weaver had a fondness for writing, and so he not only visited and solicited and preached, but he also wrote for the Church paper, making suggestions, allaying prejudices, informing the Church of his progress, and doing all he could, in a reasonable way, to interest them in the good work. While visiting in Pennsylvania, in 1861, about the opening of the war, he writes of the rich farming land which he found, the fine crops, the customs of the people, and quickly reaches the main thing in view—the college: "Otterbein has some good friends here, who contribute to its support. I wish all felt as some do. If those not in sympathy would only propose a better plan, I should be glad. Personally, I have no choice. Colleges will not be of any service to me so far as acquiring an education is concerned. I shall have to content myself with what little I have got. I am not an old man, and yet I am too old to go to college. I am old enough to feel the need of what I do not have. We do not need a college simply to educate. Other churches have schools, and they will educate our children for us, gladly. The Roman Catholics will do it cheaply. I am not ready for this. We will educate our own children, and teach them the doctrines of the gospel of Christ as we understand them, and they will teach others when we are dead and gone. Some men think God has no use for human learning, but they seem to think he has much need of human ignorance."

In his work as solicitor, he would find a goodly number, no doubt, who had grievances, and he would be sure to hear them. This prompted a short letter in the *Telescope* on "A Hint to Complainers," after this fashion:

"Are you called upon to give money to various benevolent and charitable purposes? Then thank God that the *dear* agent found you, and that you have the blessed privilege of giving to a good cause. Don't set up that everlasting howl about hard times, high taxes, and the dear knows what all. Take out your wallet like a man, and give. It will do you good. The half of your complaining is not true, and the people know all about it. You talk about being so frequently called upon. Well, what of it? You scarcely ever gave anything, and what is the use of bringing it up. If you would pay half as much as you complain, I doubt not but that you would be a better Christian.

"But our country, will complaining save it? You have done enough of that to save a thousand countries, if there were any virtue in complaining. But the administration is wrong, and the generals are wrong, and everything is wrong. I suppose if you were President, the war would very soon be over; or if you were at the head of the military department, you could thrash a million of men with your little finger. You are, no doubt, a great man, but somehow the fact is not very widely known yet. Put away your complaining, and put on some courage.

"And now, to all complainers, great and small, rich

and poor, old and young, sick and well, allow me to advise you that if you want to save your credit, stop it forthwith; and if you cannot do it right off, just get an agency of some kind, and go around among the people begging money and listening to their complaints, and if that does not cure you thoroughly and forever, then your case is hopeless."

He realized that he had no easy task on his hands. He must do his best to secure students, and in war time that was difficult to do. He must solicit money to pay on the debt, and must meet current expenses, and, at the same time, guide and inspire the ministry and laity of the Church. To do this he faithfully used the Church press. He appealed to the loyalty of traveling and local ministers as follows: "If we want this Church to flourish in years to come, we must do all in our power to promote her interests. I cannot now think of any way to do this other than by saving our youth. Bring them to Christ, and under the fostering care of the Church have them grow up to mature years. If we do not care for them, they will go elsewhere, and give their talents to other churches. We have a good school at Westerville, and you owe it to these young people and to the Church to direct them there. Many of us were taken in by the Church when we were but boys. She has nourished us and brought us up, and it is no more than right that we should throw our whole soul and body into the work of the Church, and do all we can to sustain her institutions. I should feel that I was recreant to the Church and to the cause of God

if I did not do all I could to build up her interests. Can you not afford to recommend this school to your people, and urge them to patronize it? We are struggling hard, and, by the blessing of God, I believe we will succeed.

"The school has sent many a brave boy into the army. Not a rebel has ever appeared at the college. While all this is true, that we must sustain the Government, yet we must not forget the Church and her interests. God will have a church when the rebels are all dead, and it is our duty to promote the welfare of the Church as well as to save the country."

One vigorous article, in which he addresses the parents as to their duty to their children, is followed by such pertinent questions as the following, suggested, possibly, as Miss Willard used to say, to produce an "arrest of thought," and, no doubt, in many cases it had the desired effect: "Would it be a sin, especially for a Christian, to pay as much to support the cause of God as he does to support the civil government?" "What is the use for men to pray for the general diffusion of knowledge and the spread of Christianity, and at the same time be unwilling to aid by their means?" "Why is the sin of covetousness more frequently rebuked in the Scriptures than any other special sin?"

When he met men, as he did, who urged that a majority of our preachers did not think that ministers needed to be educated, and that even some of our bishops, as we have before shown, were opposed to the founding of the college, he had a word of instruc-

tion for them: "I know it has been, and still is advocated that ministers especially do not need to be educated. If they are called of God to that work, he will help them to preach. So I believe; but will God help a man to preach who refuses to use the means already put within his reach? Some men of powerful (?) faith may believe this, but I don't, and I do not want to believe it. I do not want to believe that the God of the Bible will indulge men in such a course of disrespect to him and his arrangements. All men cannot be educated; they have not the means, nor perhaps the opportunity. They (like myself) must do the best they can; educate themselves as best they can under the disadvantages with which they may be surrounded. That some men have not had the opportunity to be thoroughly trained, is only another argument why those who can should be well educated. The Church greatly needs educated men and women, and I trust that God will give abundant success to the Christian educators of our country and of the world."

He turns the tables on his opposers, and shows that they are not only ignorant, but, because of this ignorance, criminal in their hostility.

"Those who oppose education as a necessary instrument in the hands of the church of Christ for its defense and promotion must be ignorant of the relations of science to religion. They must be ignorant, too, of the advantages and blessings which they are constantly realizing from it. Take education, with its advantages, away from the church, and what

would be the result? She would be without a Bible; without note or comment on the sacred Scriptures; without a written book on theology; without a page of history; without a book of any kind; without a printing-press; yea, more than this, without an existence in the world. I do not want to put education above religion, but I put it just where God put it, and has always used it; and if God has not acted wisely in using education in such an intimate relation to Christianity, others may complain; I shall not."

If this teaching be true, then those men who neglect to use this means of promoting the growth of the Church are greatly guilty. "It is surprising to find men, and especially ministers, at this day with hearts as cold as ice on this subject, and, from stupidity or some other well known cause, who never once urge upon their people the importance and necessity of education, and of the growing demand upon the church of Christ to superintend this department. Do they not know that at whatever time, and in whatever country, the church did not, to a great extent, control the education of the youth, infidelity and superstition prevailed? Shall the church give into the hands of her enemies this polished sword? God never intended it to be so. It is a working force in the hands of the church, and no man who properly understands the subject can either oppose it or be indifferent to its progress. We need educated men to defend the doctrines of the Bible. We must meet infidelity and error within these, our fortifi-

cations. They have chosen the weapons, and we must accept."

While his work as an agent was a hard and trying one, and, in many respects, an unpleasant and thankless one, yet now and then it was relieved by some amusing incident, which lightened the burden for a moment and made it easier to bear. If a circumstance happening to himself or to others had a ludicrous side to it, he was sure to see it. While thoughtful and serious, and, at times, a little discouraged, he always sought the cheery side of things, and always found it.

We find the following, written October 13, 1858, when the author, no doubt, was in a genial mood: "Not very long since, in one of the towns of northern Ohio, you might have seen a tall, slender man, some six feet four and one-half inches in height, hurriedly passing through the streets, sometimes walking, sometimes running. His long, lean form, no doubt, excited the levity of those who saw him. All this did not in the least deter the gigantic runner. On and on he sped, and when, almost out of breath, he reached the depot, looking around him, he espied the iron horse backed on the switch. 'All safe,' he said to himself; 'I have time enough yet. I will take my breath a little, and then find a suitable seat.' Some one standing by said to the stranger, 'You need not be in a hurry; you can get on when they back to the platform.' Hearing this, the stranger stood still, with his carpet-bag in one hand and his cloak in the other. Presently there was a sharp whistle, and the train

moved slowly on; but, alas! when too late, he made the mortifying discovery that the train was gone. 'Where,' he exclaimed, with evident emotion, 'where is the man who said there was time enough yet?' *He was not to be found.*"

In 1859, he reports the following: "I must report my trip from West Unity to Stryker. I went to the post-office, where the hack always stopped, expecting to see a decent looking vehicle; but, alas! it was nothing superior to an old two-horse wagon, with a sort of covering, which had all the appearance of antiquity. It was difficult to keep down my natural risibilities. I looked first this way, then that way. Presently the driver, with seeming pride, bawled out, 'All aboard for Stryker!' I crawled in, there being no other passengers going that way, and, hard to relate, the roof of that old dirty wagon was so low I could not sit with my hat on, and, the day being somewhat damp, I dare not ride with it off. So, humiliating as it was, I crept in behind the seat, partly sitting and partly kneeling, in about any kind of shape. In this way I rode seven miles; and then, to add to the interest, the driver charged me half a dollar. It is a burning shame that men who pretend to keep up accommodations for travelers should have such a vehicle, and then charge such an enormous price. The judgment will sit."

While acting as agent, he had occasion to tell the following, which will bear repeating: "Some men think and act like the Irishman. One day, when at church, the deacon called on him for some money

for missionary purposes. He excused himself, but the deacon urged him to give. The Irishman answered that he must pay his debts first, and then he would give. The deacon reminded him that he owed the Lord a great deal, and ought to pay him. He answered, 'Faith, deacon, I know it; but *he don't crowd me like my other creditors.*'"

On another trip, the following suggested itself: "I have traveled considerably in different directions, but I do not remember ever seeing larger 'hoops' than I have seen this trip. I do not mind seeing small hoops, but when they are from sixteen to twenty-five feet in circumference, I think they are rather large. It does look so funny to see a lady 'hooped' out in full style, presenting something of the appearance of an Egyptian pyramid, and then by her side a gentleman with pantaloons on just as tight as the bark on a cherry-tree. If the contrast is as great in substance as in appearance, this union is a plain violation of the injunction of the apostle, 'Be ye not unequally yoked together.'"

On another occasion, he had some distance to walk in order to reach a protracted meeting then in progress. He says: "On the way, I was overtaken by a boy who was returning from a sawmill. I asked permission to ride, which he granted. There was no box on the sled, nothing to sit on but the naked benches, but I concluded that this was better than walking, as the roads were in bad condition for footwear. The team was not as good as some I had seen, but, by almost constant pounding, the driver managed

to keep up something of a motion. On the way, we met a number of persons who were not a little amused at our appearance. The driver, being something of a philosopher, paid no attention to the grinning. On he went, dashing and slashing, at the rapid rate of not less than one and one-half miles per hour. Finally, he drew up the reins and informed me that he was at home. I thanked him two or three times for his kindness, and then went on my way, considerably refreshed."

At one time, he was on his way to Illinois. Beyond Lafayette, Indiana, his car went off the track, turned over twice, and settled bottom side up. He says of this experience: "I had often speculated in my own mind as to what I should do in a case of this kind. I had come to a conclusion, and yet I was not certain how it would be. But it so happened I did just as I had thought to do. When I found that the car was off the track, I took firm hold of the arms of the seat and held on until the car was steady. I cannot describe the circles I may have made during the revolutions, but, judging from my own length and the height and width of the car, there must have been some slight interferences of the extremities. However this may have been, when the car was steady, I was still hanging to the arm of the seat, which was then overhead. The rest were all piled up among the baggage, broken glass, and seats. Some of the men rushed out through the windows, which was all of no use. They could much more readily have gone out at the doors. I grabbed up my baggage and went

out as regularly as possible, and found, on examination, that I was not in any way injured, not even scratched." May not this incident have suggested to him his work on "Divine Providence"?

L. of C.

CHAPTER VI.

A College Agent, Completed.

Bishop Weaver was a trustee of Otterbein University, and was present at the session of the Board in 1857. The executive committee had prepared, and the Board endorsed a plan of endowment by scholarships. It was proposed to raise $150,000. As soon as $75,000 worth were sold, the scholarships should be given and notes taken for the same. It was voted to elect three agents for this work, and Bishop Weaver was chosen as one of them, and went to his own conference (Muskingum) to work. Later, the trustees arranged, we think unwisely, to place two other agents in the field to raise a fund of $60,000, with which to perfect the manual labor department, furnish a library, and to provide suitable apparatus and other needed improvements. Having labored for four months, he was invited to close up his other engagements and move to Westerville, which he did in March, 1858, so as to be in reach of the executive committee and aid them by his counsels. It was voted that notes on contingent fund would be collectible when $40,000 was secured, as this would furnish the buildings, pay off all debts, and place the institution on a good footing. He was sent East to solicit, as well as to borrow money temporarily for the good of the institution.

At the session of the trustees in 1859, it was announced that $75,000 had been pledged to the endowment on the scholarship plan, and that steps would be taken at once to secure notes and money and give scholarships. Bishop Weaver had done very successful work in this department, so it was proposed at this session to make him soliciting agent. While pushing the scholarship plan, this part of the work had made little progress. He was elected, and then tendered his resignation, but finally withdrew it. This step probably grew out of a proposition to reduce his salary below $500. When the executive committee met and looked the ground over, it was agreed, "in consideration of the unfavorable condition of the country for obtaining donations and making collections,—the money pressure being very great, and people now suffering from the panic produced by the injury done to crops; all this conspiring to hedge up the way of collecting or soliciting agents; and it being very necessary to economize the expenditures of money as far as possible,—not to appoint an additional agent on endowment at present, but to transfer J. Weaver to that department until otherwise ordered, with the additional reasons that he has been over the field and can therefore work more efficiently than one who has not been so engaged heretofore." He was assigned to Miami Conference, but later was sent East.

At times, the executive committee hardly knew what to do or which way to turn. Creditors were crowding them, and money was scarce. Men who

had grievances,—and they were not a few,—found this a good time to air them. They asked the four agents previously appointed to assist in devising a plan of help. In this report, they suggest "that whatever differences and opinions may exist, we have not time now to stop to discuss them, but will lay them down, and when Otterbein University is a fixed fact, and we have reached the shore and have nothing else of greater importance to God's cause to look after, we may take them up and discuss them; but for the present, we recommend constant and fervent prayer, with a union of effort, to promote the interests of the school." All this has the ring of Bishop Weaver's pen. All resigned, and he was reëlected to the scholarship agency.

The treasurer of the college, Dr. Thomas McFadden, in his report for 1860, says: "I cannot make any statement of the cash collected on endowment principal. The agents, in collecting money on principal and applying it on their own salaries or to the wants of the institution, have made their reports, not to my office, but to the resident agent"—a temporary misappropriation of funds, which later helped to wreck the endowment plan.

In 1861, Bishop Weaver was again elected general financial agent. There are insinuations in the records that this was a stormy session. When debts are pressing, and no money to pay them, men are not always in the best of humor. There seemed to be an earnest desire for larger donations, so as to help more speedily out of the trouble, and, with a view to

opening the way, he resigned, and D. K. Flickinger was elected. He took two or three days to consider the matter, then finally declined, and Bishop Weaver was again elected. The trustees agreed, substantially, in the plan of the previous year. The territory was divided into two districts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, and Canada constituted the east district, to which Bishop Weaver was assigned. Ohio, and Michigan constituted the west district, and L. Davis was asked to give his whole time to the work this year. By this time liabilities had reached nearly $25,000, and matters looked a little discouraging. It was about this time Bishop Weaver gave us this account of the pleasures of travel: "Let the man who thinks traveling is always pleasant, consider the following facts: April 7, I started for home; had been absent five weeks; anxious to see home and family; arrived at Coshocton at 8 A. M.; train should leave in thirty minutes; time up, and no train. Go to telegraph office; agent cannot tell when train will come; look up and down the track, but no train in sight; three teeth aching horridly; go to drug-store; have teeth plugged with cotton saturated with oil of cloves; hurry back to depot for fear of losing train; teeth still aching. Noon, and no train yet; eat dinner, and try the sensation of cold water on aching teeth; buy the latest news, but cannot read; from six to twelve teeth aching; don't care whether school keeps or not; patience exerting all her power; danger of reason being dethroned. Four and a half P. M., train arrives, and soon all on board; arrive at New-

ark at 5:30 o'clock; teeth aching worse and worse; there missed connection, and must remain five hours; can't read; can't sleep; can't eat; head now aching; suppose it is all right, but cannot exactly see it; 10:30 o'clock, train arrives, and once more we are going; 11:30 o'clock, we arrive in Columbus; seized my carpet-bags (I had two heavy ones) and started for a hotel, and, after a brisk walk of half a mile, reached the place; beds were all full, and no chance of remaining for the balance of the night; teeth are in active service; patience nearly all gone; seized my luggage and plunged into the dark to hunt another hotel; found one; landlord kind, but said beds were all full; no chance for sleeping; asked permission to remain in the bar-room; it was granted, and I was thankful for small favors; the gaslight was extinguished, and I was left to my own reflections; by the dim light of a little coal-fire in the grate I chanced to espy a settee, which, thanks to the maker, was almost eight feet long, and afforded me an opportunity to stretch my frame on it, and, with a carpet-bag for my pillow, I essayed to sleep, but owing to the uproar in the region of my ivories I made a total failure. Morning, yes, blessed morning, the brightest and sweetest hour of the day, at length came, and I got up; teeth still aching; not a bone in my body seemed free from pain; nine hours until hack time; dreadful hours they were; 2:30 P. M., hack starts, and at five I reach home, teeth still aching. Merciful Father, deliver me from another such tour!"

In 1862, the territory was divided into three dis-

tricts, one of which was assigned to J. Weaver, another to J. Walter, and the third to L. Davis. Bishop Weaver had Virginia, Parkersburg, Pennsylvania, East Pennsylvania, and Allegheny Conferences assigned to him. This was later modified by a plan submitted to the executive committee, and which they endorsed. The failure of the scholarship plan had added to the general debt. The burdens of the war and other hindrances had more or less interfered with the getting of money. The college had commenced with a debt, and, while now its assets were greater, its debt was also larger. Some plan had to be devised whereby money could be secured more rapidly to meet this deficiency or wreck might come. The responsibility for devising plans rested mainly on Bishop Weaver, as financial agent. Having made a fair estimate of the debt, he concluded that $30,000 would pay that and cover the expense of securing subscriptions, if secured quickly, and complete the new building, which was then unfinished. He took the reports of the various conferences, and made a division to them in proportion to membership and ability to pay, as well as a *pro rata* assessment to each field of labor to cover this indebtedness. His idea was to arouse the enthusiasm of the members in the bounds of the coöperating conferences. Of the amount pledged, none was to be collected until the whole sum asked for had been secured. The plan was submitted to the executive committee, which approved, if he had faith that he could make it succeed. His purpose was to put a number of agents in the

field for a short time and rush the matter, rather than have few men and drag along until the people were tired. In order to test the matter before it was finally determined upon, he took a few fields in Sandusky Conference and went to work, and succeeded. When the board of trustees met, the following year, they did not indorse his plan, but, in their judgment, larger amounts should be secured from fewer persons, and thus save time and money. To carry out this measure, the board of trustees elected D. K. Flickinger as agent. He was in office for a few days, seeing what could be done. Not reaching results as he expected, he resigned, and Bishop Weaver was again appointed to carry out his own plan. Even to his latest day he was of the conviction that if he could have been unanimously and earnestly supported, he would have received pledges for the amount desired in one year. During the year 1862, he visited the Auglaize Conference, then in session, as an agent of Otterbein University. Some resolutions had been read on the state of the country. It was a very gloomy time. It looked a little, for a time, as if the South might conquer us either by Southern prowess or by force of internal dissensions. Bishop Weaver was called on to make some remarks, and, among other things, said: "We are coming to a point where some of us who are preaching will need to enter the ranks to help to save the country. We are like the boy who treed the coon on Sunday. He said to himself, 'It will not do to shoot it on Sunday, nor to cut down the tree, but *something* must be done to get the

coon.' So, it seems to me that something must be done by the Christian people to save the nation."

Mr. Flickinger, of whom mention has been made, once said to the writer: "When I was in the mission rooms in the Publishing House, one day Bishop Weaver called to see me, and said to me, 'Flickinger, tell me how to find a man who will give $1,000 to Otterbein University.' I answered him, 'The only way to find such a man is to go out and make him. You go out and find a man who ought to give the $1,000 to Otterbein, and then, by argument, persuasion, and logic, make him willing to give it.' Bishop Weaver could do good talking for money, but the best thing is to get the money."

Several agents were appointed, and they were to make monthly reports of their work to L. Davis, the resident agent of the college. It was thought this would not only prompt the agents to more vigorous action, but would encourage the people. By seeing what others had done, they would be more encouraged to take hold and help. In the report for January, 1863, L. Davis says: "J. Weaver—$136—says, 'The brethren on Richland and Alum Creek, Sandusky, gave me a good reception.' W. B. Davis—$53; 'raised this in five days; did not begin till late.' D. Shrader—$195; 'raised this in ten days; plan works well.' J. Walter—$40; 'worked only a few days; was attending conference.' L. B. Perkins—$180—says, 'People are interested.' William McKee included January report in what he did since confer-

ence, $688.45. J. B. Resler, only recently appointed; had not yet commenced work."

The report for February gives a sum total of $3,047.38. Bishop Weaver solicited in Westerville, $660.75. Said, "The brethren responded most cheerfully, and will do more." The writer of this volume sent a statement to the *Telescope* during this same month, as follows: "The prudential committee called for $30,000. The agents responded to it, and have gone into the field fully determined to raise the amount. They have a heart to work because the welfare of the Church demands it. Since the present plan has been adopted, they have been in the field less than a month, and report very favorably. As soon as the people feel that we mean to succeed, and that if we must go down, it shall be with every penny at work; as soon as they feel that their money will be safely invested, so soon will that investment be made. One of the agents who is familiar with the whole field, says that at the rate they are working, the whole amount will be pledged in a year."

The editor of the *Telescope* (July 15, 1863) says: "Allow us to add that the two W.'s are making a raid into the Miami Valley. And who are the two W.'s? Weaver and Walter, or Walter and Weaver, just as you prefer. And they are here to speak some kind words and to solicit generous deeds for the university. That is what has brought them to this valley, where money is abundant and where the people are intelligent and liberal. These dear brethren come here with no buncombe propositions, no moonshine

schemes, but with the plain truth. They have a good cause, and are determined to sustain it by Christian measures. Let us each say to them, 'God speed you.' "

In August, 1863, L. Davis makes report for the previous month of July, with comments thereon: "J. B. Resler, $276; 'this is a hard and slow business; try it who will.' 'Darkness may last for a night, but joy cometh in the morning' (Davis). D. Shrader, $115; 'could have done more but for the Morgan raid; had to watch my horse at night, and dare not take him out on the road in the daytime.' 'Well, Morgan is done gone, and we hope may have a good time in the Ohio Tavern, No. 1' (Davis). W. B. Davis, $304; 'pretty hard times to get donations. The people are afraid of the draft, and are holding on to their money; think it will be better soon; not discouraged, however, but will persevere.' William McKee, $103; 'I think it might have done some persons a kindness if Morgan had stopped with them and fed his horses out of their granaries.' 'I suspect you are about right, Brother Mc.; neither God nor the Church could get money out of some persons, but Morgan could' (Davis). J. Weaver, $150; 'spent most of my time looking after other interests of the college'

"Of the $30,000 sought, we now have $13,000 pledged. If Providence continues to smile on us, we will, within the college year, reach the amount. When this is done, our college is safe. May God give us abundant success."

August 19, Bishop Weaver writes: "It may be

interesting to inform you what we are trying to do. A few months ago, we had a meeting of the agents, and it was resolved to raise $30,000. This sum, it was thought, would complete the building and pay our entire indebtedness. We proposed, further, to allow any one of our friends, who might so desire, to give a conditional obligation, to be paid when the whole amount was secured by note. Up to this date we have $13,000 pledged, and we are not without good hope of reaching the whole amount. The labor is hard and difficult, but we are willing to put up with this if we can only reach the goal at last. We call upon you all in the name of our educational interests to do what you can. . . . Many of you are abundantly able to help us, and a goodly number have responded, and I believe God will help us through. If my heart does not deceive me, and wealth would not ruin me, I believe if I had as much of this world's treasures as some men have, I would not ask a single man to help. I would claim the privilege of doing it all myself. But, calamitous as it may seem, I am not rich, and must content myself with doing what I can. Let every one do what he can, and we will succeed."

Again, he writes to explain the situation, and that the agents are doing all they can: "Our friends sometimes become impatient that we do not move more rapidly. I wish we could, but we must move as best we can, hoping still to gain the summit. I have noticed, during the past year, several instances where men have donated from ten to one hundred

thousand dollars to different colleges. Such donations soon establish a college, and just as soon as such friends gather around Otterbein University we will move more rapidly. I do not complain, but still when we have to pick it up in sums ranging from twenty-five cents to ten dollars, it is comparatively slow business."

In December of the same year (1863), he makes this earnest appeal: "If there ever was a time in the history of this institution when its friends should not only feel, but give evidence of a deep interest, it is now. Of the $30,000 sought, we have now secured $18,000. The salvation of the college is made to depend on the consummation of this plan. Scores of men who gave their obligations, to be paid on condition that $30,000 be secured, are ready to pay, and would pay on short notice if the whole amount were raised. Thousands of dollars are ready for the institution if the whole amount were pledged. Is not this enough to influence men who have the means to lend us a helping hand?"

By the 4th of May, 1864, there had been pledged about $24,000 of the amount sought. He urges the membership to speedily pledge the balance, and then the college can pay every debt it owes and complete the building. "My interests as a Christian and minister are identified with the United Brethren Church. She took me up when a boy, and has treated me kindly. I love her principles and institutions, and cannot do otherwise than speak for her interests. I have written many things in behalf of the college—

perhaps too much; but my heart is full. When I see young men and women coming from every part to obtain an education, and thereby the Christian influences of a good faculty and of the members of the Church, and I am permitted to meet them at the altar of prayer and witness their conversion to God; and then, too, when I remember that this college is well represented, east, west, north, and south, in the army, and in heaven as well, I cannot but speak words of cheer and hope in behalf of Otterbein University. If I say too much, forgive me."

About the same time, a correspondent follows up this statement by saying: "It has required all our agents about eighteen months to secure $25,000. Think of it! Four or five, or maybe more, agents engaged eighteen months in securing, not money, but notes to the amount named above, in a church numbering one hundred thousand members!"

At a meeting of the board of trustees, June 7, 1862, before the plan referred to above had been agreed upon, Bishop Weaver was authorized to visit Allegheny, Pennsylvania, East Pennsylvania, Parkersburg, and Virginia conferences. He attended the session of the Allegheny Conference, held at Liverpool, Pennsylvania, and, at its close, spent some three weeks in canvassing. He says, "I found some warm and zealous friends of our educational interests; some, perhaps, could bear a *little* more enthusiasm, but I shall not complain." One of the resolutions adopted by the conference he was sure would do good if carried out: *"Resolved,* That we as minis-

ters in charge of districts, circuits, missions, and stations, will, within the first three months of this conference year, present the claims of Otterbein University at our several appointments, and secure by donations in cash and notes whatever we can, the notes to be paid on or before the first of May, and the whole amount to be forwarded to J. B. Resler." From here he went to Pennsylvania Conference, had an interesting session, and was kindly received. They considered the interests of the college, and a majority were friendly. "Some, however, for reasons best known to themselves, exhibit much less sympathy then they do for other interests of the Church. It is not my place to complain, and I shall not do it. The Church in Pennsylvania and Ohio must take care of the college until our calamities are overpast. The day is growing brighter, and we will, and must succeed. Of the abundance God has given you, lend a portion to the cause of education."

In 1864, the board of trustees passed the following resolution: "The report of J. Weaver gives evidence that he has pursued a very proper course, and we consider him worthy of our entire confidence and entitled to our warmest thanks for his untiring energy and judicious management, by which the credit of the college has been secured, its appearance improved, and its future prospects so largely increased. Let us thank God and take courage."

In his last report as general agent, June, 1865, he says: "We have sustained considerable loss in assets because of deaths and removals and frequent calls

for men to enter the service of their country. These frequent calls for men and money have very much retarded the work of collecting. Now that the war is over, we may reasonably hope for a brighter day to dawn upon Otterbein University."

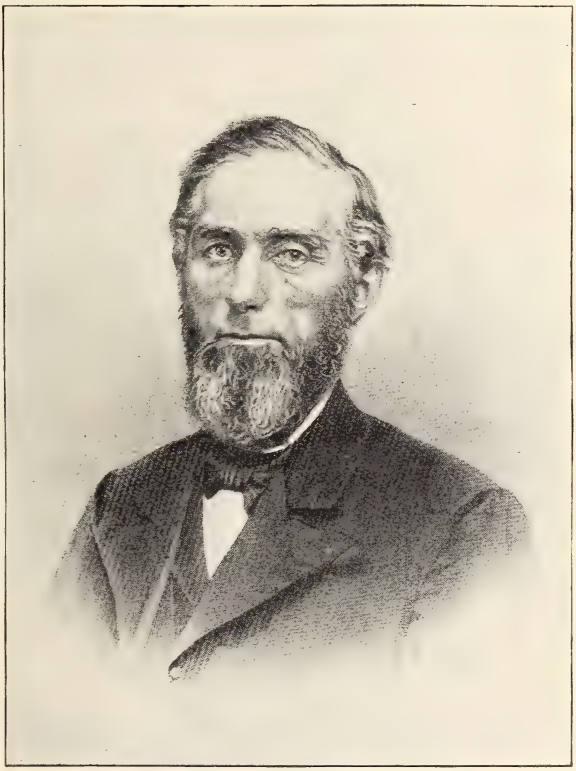
Had the $30,000 been promptly pledged, as perhaps it would have been had there been concert of action, and as promptly paid, it would have left the college in a safe condition; but these were war times, and pledges honestly made, and with good interest, were not always paid. The board, at this same session, when Mr. Weaver retired from the agency, passed the following resolutions: "In view of the fact that from four to six thousand dollars have been consumed in the long delay in securing the amount, and from persons having subscribed joining the army, and from accumulations of interest, and other causes, thus failing by so much of meeting our indebtedness and making the necessary improvements upon the college building; therefore, the agent be required to continue to solicit donations to make up this deficiency."

So his official work ended; he had been called to a different sphere. It had been a severe, but, after all, a good school. For eight long years he had toiled always, and toiled successfully, at what has been called by some the thankless work of a college agent. He had learned more of his own powers and possibilities, wherein he was strong and wherein he was wanting. He had ascertained more of the peculiarities and weaknesses of human nature than ever he had known before. He had learned of the selfishness

of the many as well as of the liberality and generosity of the few; of the narrowness of many, their cramped, confined lives, and of the broader view of others. He had learned how to adapt himself to the homes and hearts of a rural people, so as to allay their selfishness and awaken their generosity. He had learned of the sterling qualities of our people, and their devoted Christian lives. His own views of colleges and college education had been greatly broadened. Always in sympathy with them, so far as he knew their purpose, henceforth he was the fast friend of college and seminary training. He saw, as he never saw before, the great blessing college training must bring, especially to the ministry of the Church, and his conduct toward these institutions in the future was clear and decided.

Amid the sorrows and desolation and gloom of the Civil War, which none can understand so well as those who passed through them; amid the dissatisfaction and complaining of what seemed to some to be unfair dealing concerning the so-called manual labor problem, having pressed men to buy scholarships, and then having been compelled to go to them again and tell them the system had failed, and that the promises of the managers could not be kept; amid all these, and many other discouraging surroundings, his courage and faith never flinched. He kept heart and hope and faith in his patrons. So far as one man could do, under heavy financial depression in the country, he kept the financial standing good. Amid the complaining and fretting of some who should have stood by

him, and the indifference of others who should have held up his hands by pen, and prayer, and persistent work at home and abroad, under any and all circumstances, he kept cheerily on his way, bearing the heavy burden put upon him until relieved from duty, and called to another field elsewhere. Otterbein University owes him an everlasting debt of gratitude for what he sought to do for her.



Rev. Jonathan Weaver.—About 1862.

CHAPTER VII.

Becomes a Bishop—1865.

The General Conference of 1861 met in Westerville, Ohio, and Bishop Weaver was a delegate thereto. Here he received twenty-one votes for bishop; later, was elected bishop for the Pacific Coast, but, after due consideration, he resigned the position. The expense of removal seemed too great for his limited resources. The condition of things at the Coast seemed to demand that a visit be made during the summer, and his circumstances would not allow him to go. Finally, D. Shuck was elected in his stead, and went to the Coast. In June, 1861, the trustees of Otterbein University elected him general financial agent. This increased his responsibility, for now the financial management of the institution was substantially in his hands.

During the following four years, he kept his pen busy in writing, as occasion would allow, for the Church paper. Its readers soon knew what he thought, for he had nothing to conceal from them, and they soon learned that, while moderately conservative, he was, at the same time, a growing man. In his work as agent, he had visited a number of conferences, and had become personally acquainted with the ministry. He had talked with our members around their

own firesides. He had shown his skill in raising money, and in such a way that those who gave had kindly memories of him. He knew not only how to plan, but how to consummate his own plans. Who so competent as he to lead the whole Church out into new fields of activity and point her members to more glorious things yet to be achieved? So, when he came to the General Conference of 1865, which met in Western, Iowa, he was already a well-known and well-tried man, whom the Church could afford to trust.

In the early part of the session, it was proposed to raise a fund of forty thousand dollars, so as to pay off the heavy debt the Publishing House was carrying. It was urged, among other reasons for so doing, that only in this way could the *Telescope* be enlarged. It was too small, and did not properly represent us, said some. One delegate favored the proposition to raise the money, but he did not like to hear contumely cast on this paper. He was not ashamed of its size. It was *brains,* not the size of the sheet, that made the paper; it compared favorably in size with other papers, and few, if any, surpassed it in ability.

In commenting on this statement, Bishop Weaver amused the Conference not a little by accepting the statement made, that it was brains and not size that made a paper. For himself, he had come to the conclusion that, no matter what amount of brains a man had, he must have space on which to spread them. If not, then one had better reduce his brains one-half.

Perhaps a greater contraction of the brains might have a beneficial effect. After all that had been said about brains, he had no doubt all desired a larger paper. Many would write more if they knew there was room for their contributions in the *Telescope*. He liked the brains idea, for he was himself a contributor.

The bishops, in their address, among other things, said: "We desire to call attention to the fact that something further should be done for the training of our young ministers. Never was there a time when there was wanting more than now a thoroughly cultivated ministry in this Church. We suggest that some plan, superior, if possible, to the present course of reading and often too slight examinations, be adopted and imposed upon the annual conferences, to receive to the pulpit improved ability and mental training."

A committee on education was appointed, and when they reported they recommended the establishing of a theological department in Otterbein University. This was a very indiscreet thing to do, and Bishop Weaver had the good sense to see it. Not but such an institution was a desirable thing, but these men, trained as they had been, were in no mood to adopt it. To prevent its destruction, he had the report referred back to the committee, intending to have it amended, which he did by the following: "We recommend that the trustees of our several colleges take under advisement the propriety of connecting with their schools, as soon as practicable, biblical de-

partments, embracing the course of study recommended in our Discipline."

It might not be out of place to state parenthetically, as a matter of history, that the conference of 1848, which met at Warner's meeting-house, Stark County, Ohio, beginning November 2, and at which time and place Bishop Weaver was ordained, passed the following resolution: "That we as members of the annual conference pray the General Conference, through the medium of our delegates, that they introduce a clause into the Discipline governing our institutions of learning, so that they shall not become theological institutions, but remain as literary institutions."

Bishop Weaver followed this with some appropriate and kindly remarks, urging that we were not yet financially prepared for a theological department by twenty or thirty or forty years. But students were converted at Otterbein, and felt called upon to preach. Why not teach them such things as they are required to study by the annual conference? The ministry is the highest office on earth. If a man follows any other pursuit, he must be trained for it. True, Jesus had called unlearned men, but he taught them long and faithfully before sending them out. God will help men to preach, but he did not believe that God had placed himself under obligations to work a miracle every time a man preached. Some said they would go into the pulpit and give the people just what God gave them. He knew a man who went into the pulpit and waited for the Lord to give him something, and the Lord gave him nothing. He tried

this again and again, and failed every time. Then he studied, and the Lord gave him a sermon. Religion and education go together.

He asked that the matter be fairly discussed, and it was, most of those who spoke speaking in favor of it. Isaac Kretzinger thought that in four years we would give it the name which really belonged to it, a theological department, and he proved to be a good prophet. To prevent a step of that kind, Bishop Edwards advised that the word "classes" be substituted for "departments," which was done, and Bishop Weaver's amendment then prevailed. The result was, in due time, a theological seminary.

Take it all in all, this was an interesting Conference. It was just after the war, during which the Church in many places had been in trouble. It was time to plan for new work. A resolution of confidence in Bishop Glossbrenner, who had been in the South, was passed. Early in the session, information came that Jefferson Davis was captured, and Bishop Edwards, by permission of the chair, made the announcement. There was great cheering, and Bishop Markwood was pressed to make a speech, but declined. Instead, the doxology was sung. A plan was set on foot to raise a fund of forty thousand dollars to meet the Publishing House debt. The *Missionary Visitor* was started, to give information concerning missions. After no little discussion, a form of constitution for Sabbath schools was adopted, and made general, the first in the history of the Church.

Bishop Weaver had written a great deal for the

Church paper, partly in the interests of Otterbein University, and, besides this, articles on miscellaneous subjects. He had quite a fondness for it, which lasted till the day of his death. Up to within a very little time of his passing away, he had a pad of paper and a pencil on his bed to jot down a thought as it came to him. He used the plain, simple words familiar to the common people. There was no attempt at involved rhetoric or a stilted style. He wrote to be understood, and the most common mind knew what he meant. In many of his articles there was a vein of humor running which made them readable to the common people. He could say severe things, but in such a good-humored way that men read them without becoming angry. His manner of putting things was very appropriate for the years through which the Church had just passed. John Lawrence, who had been a successful editor for years, had resigned and gone to the army, and D. Berger had been chosen by the executive committee to fill out the interim. Now a new man must be chosen. Many friends of Bishop Weaver wanted him for this place. The ballot for an editor was first taken, and resulted in forty-five votes for Berger, forty for Weaver, and two for McKee. Berger was therefore elected. A little later, when the ballot for bishops was taken, he received forty-nine votes, which were more than enough to elect.

At a later date in his life, his name was again suggested for editor by some ardent friends, and to their earnest appeals he replied: "This matter has been

urged upon me by a number of other friends, but I have felt all the time that while I love to write, and perhaps have more strength along that line than any other, (not much on any line,) yet I cannot drive from my mind the conviction that I lack the necessary ability to fill that place as it ought to be filled at this time. My early advantages were but poor, and what little progress I have made was through solid rock. It seems to me that I am too old to undertake a new work. There are certainly many things I should have to learn that I do not now understand. This much I will say: if a majority of my brethren think that I can do more for the Church in the capacity of an editor than in any other, I shall not refuse to undertake it." His own convictions were respected, and he was left to do the work for which experience had shown him to be fitted.

Had he been elected editor, it is probable his life would have been thereby materially changed, as well as his influence in the Church. Looking back from our own standpoint, after his labors are all over, we think the Church did a wise thing in making him bishop. After his first election, he was reëlected at each succeeding quadrennium as long as he lived. In the division of labor by the bishops, his lot was cast with what was called the East Mississippi District, consisting of White River, Upper Wabash, Indiana, Lower Wabash, Illinois, Illinois Central, St. Joseph, and North Michigan conferences.

The first conference held by him in his new relation was the White River, which convened at Blue

River Church, Shelby County, Indiana, August 17, 1865. During the conference, in addition to his regular duties, he delivered an educational address in the interests of Hartsville University, and received, in money and pledges, $262.35. A vote of thanks was tendered him "for the very efficient and Christianlike manner in which he has presided over the deliberations of the conference."

Upper Wabash Conference was held at Perrysville, Vermilion County, Indiana, beginning August 24, 1868. This was an interesting and vigorous session. Some radical and aggressive resolutions were passed. The conference pledged a "hearty coöperation in building up Westfield College"; urged that Sabbath schools within its bounds be kept open all the year, whenever possible, and that our Church literature be everywhere taken; ministers be urged to preach on temperance; they were more than ever to rebuke profane and immoral language; they were to discourage the wearing of fine clothes, "for many poor people who are not able to keep up with their better-favored neighbors feel themselves embarrassed and become discouraged in attending church; many children are kept from Sabbath school mainly because their parents are not able to dress them as well as their neighbors' children are dressed; therefore, we recommend that our brethren and sisters dress plainly for the sake of the poor; moreover, it is wrong to spend the Lord's money in extravagant dressing; Christians are responsible for the manner in which they use their money, for their money is the Lord's, and they should

use it as the Lord's stewards." They rejoice that most ministers have laid aside the "filthy practice of using tobacco; but still there are some, and, to our sorrow, we have no hope that they ever will reform; but there is hope that the day is coming when the use of tobacco by ministers of the gospel will be as unpopular as the use of ardent spirits." The tobacco-using minister must have listened with breathless interest while this was being discussed. The conference also urges the brethren in the ministry who have laid aside the razor to use moderation in wearing the moustache. "It is very unbecoming at the Lord's table for persons to soak or dip their moustaches in the Lord's cup." They resolved against slavery and in support of the Government; they have no sympathy with avowed traitors; they do sympathize with those who have lost friends in the war, and they extend the hand of welcome to returning soldiers; they assume their share of the Publishing House debt, and pledge themselves to help increase the circulation of our literature.

The Lower Wabash Conference met at Parkersburg, Richland County, Illinois, September 7, 1865. Westfield College was located in its bounds, and it pledged loyalty to this institution, placing W. C. Smith and J. F. Moore in the field as agents. The members agree to a more vigorous activity in behalf of Sabbath-school work, believing this to be the hopeful field of the Church, and will use our own literature in all their schools. They give one of their men as agent for the American Sabbath-School Union.

They put themselves on record as against all profanity, Sabbath-breaking, the use of tobacco, and gaudy and costly clothing. They rejoice that the nation has been saved; they pray that just retribution may overtake traitors; they sympathize with those who have lost loved ones in the army; they believe all, without exception of color, should be put on an equality before the law; they require preachers to read the Discipline once a quarter; they will be more active in pushing missionary interests, and they will assume their division of the Publishing House debt.

Illinois Conference convened at Astoria, Fulton County, Illinois, September 21, 1865. They were still embarrassed over the indebtedness of Blandenville Seminary, and, for this reason, were not yet ready to coöperate with Westfield College, but would do all they could to send thither their young people who want an education. They pledge themselves to keep agitating against the sinfulness of chewing and smoking tobacco; will preach on intemperance as well as against Sabbath-breaking, and publicly and privately will exhort their members to set better examples; they will patronize the Bible cause, and close with thanking the bishop for presiding over them with great ability.

Central Illinois Conference met at Decatur, Illinois, September 28, 1865. While here, Bishop Weaver wrote a brief article for the *Telescope,* entitled "Taste," defining the various kinds and showing how it may be educated, and ends with a personal application to himself, which many others, no doubt,

could appreciate: "There are some things against which I have a positive distaste. My whole nature repulses them because they produce neither pleasure nor comfort. I refer to ague, chills, fever, and quinine. To be cold in a hot day, and tremble and shake without any visible human agency is intolerable, and, what is more distasteful, if possible, is that the little matter of quitting to shake is not left to one's own notion. You may brace yourself as you please; it will soon limber you up. But when it does stop, it is followed by fever—hot as fire. Now, hurrah for a good time! Carried from forty degrees below zero to boiling heat in about fifty minutes. Last, but not least, comes the quinine. How indescribably mean it tastes. It must be the quintessence of that bitterness of which the Bible gives an account. I repeat, this is not my style. Those who can educate themselves to it, and enjoy it, can have all the comfort there is in it. I shall prefer to be let alone. It seems to me if the Shaking Quakers would send missionaries through this country, they might be favored with large accessions to their church."

St. Joseph Conference assembled at Galveston, Cass County, Indiana, October 5, 1865. Its members pledge their support to Bourbon Seminary and to Sabbath-school work, and to the raising of missionary funds; they rejoice over the downfall of slavery; commend the publications of the Church, and assume their proportion of the indebtedness; they resolve against profanity, intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, the use of tobacco, and return thanks to the bishop

for the "able and kind manner in which he has presided over us."

North Michigan Conference met in Woodland, Barry County, Michigan, October 15, 1865. The members assumed their portion of the Publishing House debt; urged the sending forth of more missionaries; preachers were asked to give more time to Sabbath-school work. The committee on moral reform mentioned the sins of profanity, secrecy, intemperance, lying, wearing of jewelry, use of tobacco in any form, tattling, and sitting in time of prayer, as wicked and demoralizing, vile and debasing, unbecoming and wasteful, filthy and disgusting, mean and contemptible, disgraceful and irreverent, none of which should be tolerated, and the conference so voted. God's hand was acknowledged in the overthrow of slavery; thanks were voted to the soldiers; sympathy expressed with those who were bereaved; confidence expressed in the school at Leoni; ministers urged to study geography and English grammar; thanks voted the bishop for his manner of presiding.

At the close of his five conferences, Bishop Weaver visited various fields, aiding as best he could in the prosecution of the work. We find him, December 15, at Vermilion, Illinois, aiding Rev. Mr. Newgent. From the 25th to the 26th, he is at Westfield, Illinois, aiding in a meeting there. He speaks encouragingly of the college there. It is young, but full of life. Professor Jackson is in charge, and about ninety students are in attendance. An additional building is needed, and he calls on the coöperat-

ing conferences to come to the help of the college. Commends Agents Smith and Moore as safe men and good financiers.

In his annual report, made February 7, 1866, the increase of members was 2,728. He urges that they seek to double this number during the coming year. To do this, "seek for entire consecration to God and his service. Without this, every other qualification, however needful in its place, cannot fit us for the work. It is God's cause, and our success depends upon him. If he does not go before us, how shall we lead the flock of God? I trust you will also look after the various interests of the Church. Do not put off until the end of the year what ought to be attended to now. Jesus said, 'I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day.' Yes, Jesus worked, and so must we. There is rest, but not here. Accept my thanks for the brotherly kindness extended to me during my visit among you."

With meager salaries there is always a temptation to the ordinary minister to divide up his time and energies and give a portion of it to the ministry. Bishop Weaver never grew weary in urging men to give themselves wholly to their work. In a communication written about this time, he argues thus: "When a man has a purpose fully settled and fixed in his heart, and throws all his energies and powers into it, we cannot tell how much he may accomplish. It was this that gave Luther and his coadjutors their power. If the ministers and the Church were this day wholly consecrated to God, it would not be long

until the whole world would be evangelized. Then would the ministers and churches be coworkers with God. Hills and mountains would be leveled, deserts would be made fertile plains, and the wilderness would blossom as the rose. The wandering Arab would sit and sing at the Messiah's feet, and the followers of Confucius would take up their crosses and follow Christ.

"Converted men and women cannot be conquered. They may be crushed, but cannot be conquered so long as they hold their consecration sacred. Paul was beheaded, John was banished, Peter was crucified, the martyrs were burned, but they were not conquered. So with Christians now. If they are wholly devoted to God and his service, they cannot be conquered. They will make everything bend to God and his cause.

"We are but the husks of men. We are not consecrated. We are divided in our interests. Our power for good is broken. Many seem to hang on to the ministry, not because their souls are wholly devoted to it, but it suits their convenience and taste better than some other calling. Men and women hang on to the church, not because they desire its prosperity above everything else, but they would rather be in than out."

With the close of his conferences, there was more time for his pen, and it did not lie idle. The war having closed, and slavery having been decided illegal, there was now some veering about and changing of relations. The United Brethren Church having been antislavery from its beginning, did not need

to change; others that had been silent on this monster evil, even if not, indeed, in sympathy with it, had to spread their sails anew. This led to an article, entitled "Public Sentiment," in which he sought to show the straightforward policy of the Church. Many men are controlled by public sentiment, and so are churches. Slavery is no greater sin than before, but churches now oppose it which were silent before. These sort of men and churches sustain about the same relation to moral reform that the weathercock does to the wind. The United Brethren Church has never depended for her position upon public sentiment. I remember when her ministers were persecuted almost to death because they dared to stand up and plead the cause of the poor slave. I remember when her Church periodicals were burned in the street because they advocated the sentiment of universal freedom. If she had followed public sentiment, her nominal strength would be three times as great as it is. A thousand times she has been requested to expunge the law relating to slavery, and a thousand times she has responded, No. So far as I know, the United Brethren Church was the first to give an official decision on the question of equal rights before the law. She did not want to see whether the wind would blow hot or cold. The question was, Is it right? Since that time, so far as I know, the annual conferences have endorsed the action of the General Conferences.

"Men who have done most for the world, and whose influence is most felt after they were dead, were not

men controlled by public sentiment. They were persecuted and denounced when living, and worshiped when they were gone. We need men and churches that will take *right* as their basis, and then act upon it whatever may be the popular opinion."

During the close of 1865 and the early part of 1866, the subject of instrumental music in the Church had quite an airing. The previous General Conference had advised against it. Bishops Markwood and Edwards endorsed the action of the Conference and opposed the use of instruments. Dr. S. B. Allen and others found nothing in the Bible to condemn their use. Bishop Weaver claims that, as they are all good men, how can he arrive at any satisfactory conclusions from their opinions? He thinks the use of such music cannot be determined by the opinion of men, nor by the influence it exerts over Christian churches. It must be settled by the Word of God. So he proceeds to pen his views. After some preliminary explanations, he says: "My conclusion is, that whatever was believed and practiced in the church prior to the coming of Christ, and not forbidden by him or his apostles, may be used now. Instrumental music was used in the church of God under the divine appointment as a medium of praise, and was not forbidden either by Christ or his apostles, and therefore it is right to use the same medium of praise in the church of Christ now.

"When the people wandered away from God, and when they went into captivity, they never used their instruments; but when they returned to their for-

saken altars and God's approbation rested upon them, they would bring forward their instruments and sing praises to God, and play skillfully upon the harp. It was not the ensign of Baal nor an engine of formalism, but a sign of prosperity in the church of God. Where, then, lies the formidable objection to the use of an organ in the church now? It is not condemned in the Word of God, neither positively nor impliedly.

"I have not formed my convictions hastily. I have considered the whole question as far as I was capable. I have seen its workings, and conclude that, since it is not forbidden in the Word of God, and does not necessarily produce formality in the church, it may be used in the public congregation, not only without any disadvantage, but beneficially. If any one can give a better reason drawn from the Word of God, I must yield to him.

"When Christ came into this world, he found many grievous errors in the church, which he rebuked and denounced in unmistakable terms. Now, if the instruments in the temple where God had commanded them to be used (II. Chr. 29: 25-34) were the ensigns of Baal, and so much in opposition to the true worship of God, it is certainly very strange that Christ would have passed it by in complete silence. With these facts before us, it would hardly be safe to lean one's whole weight upon mere human opinion. I insist upon it that the Word of God be the standard."

Later, when some fear prevailed lest the regulation of Conference and the opinions of the other bishops

might not be obeyed, he returns to the subject, and shows his usual confidence and faith in the people: "The question of human depravity was never fairly settled until it was thoroughly investigated; then it was settled, and the subject was quiet. I anticipate no difficulty in this Church from the mere investigation of any subject. I think we are too well established to be so easily shaken to pieces. Similar investigations have been carried on in other churches, and closed up quietly and pleasantly, as I presume this will, no one hurt, and the people satisfied. If there are innovations in music or in any other directions, we have laws and rules fully equal to meet the case, and they should be applied in one case as well as in another. There is but one case in the Church, so far as I know, [this was probably at Westerville,] where an organ is used in the congregation, and that was introduced before we had any law on the question at all. I presume, too, that before this article is read that will be discontinued, (by order of board of trustees,) so that we shall stand without an innovation in the Church on that question, which cannot be said in relation to some other questions of equal importance."

In 1862, Bishop Weaver had published a fifty-page pamphlet, entitled "A Lecture on Secret Societies." The General Conference of 1865 endorsed this pamphlet, and commended it to the people. Little did he know how, in after years, this written record would be used to annoy him. Perhaps he would not have cared had he known then. An honest man

will live up to the light which he has at the particular moment. He will keep his eyes and ears open to get all the truth that may come to him. No man sees all sides of a truth at any one time. When the increased light comes, he must change his convictions to meet it. It is no credit to a man to say that he holds himself to the same views of truth that he had thirty years ago. So it was nothing to Bishop Weaver's discredit in later life to say that, while he had not changed his views as to the wrongfulness of secret societies, meaning thereby, in the main, freemasonry and the Order of Odd Fellows, he had changed his views as to the best manner in which the Church should deal with them.

His aim in this pamphlet was, in part, to answer the question, "Why does the Church of the United Brethren in Christ oppose secret societies?" He introduces the matter by saying: "Freemasonry and Odd Fellowship are either right or wrong. There is no middle ground. If they be right, then they must be made to harmonize with the gospel of Christ. Mark this closely. We cannot determine as to the right or wrong of anything by our own simple notions. We must come to the gospel of Jesus, and whatever does not find a divine sanction there is necessarily wrong. Jesus says, 'He that is not with me is against me.' Anything and everything that is incompatible with the doctrine and spirit of Jesus is sinful. The Bible must be the standard of proof and appeal, and whatever I may say that is contrary to the teaching of that book I hope you will reject. I

will now enter upon a course of argument, setting forth, in as clear a light as possible, some of our objections to secret organizations:

"(1) We object to them because they render themselves justly liable to the suspicion of the good and virtuous. (2) Because there is in the pledge given an abuse of the ordinance of an oath. (3) Because connection with them violates the rights of conscience. (4) Because their religion, in the main, is a Christless religion. (5) We object to them because of the assumption by their members of high-sounding names. (6) We object because they falsify their own pretensions. (7) We object to these societies because they form an alliance positively forbidden in God's Word. (8) We object to these societies because their claims are preferred before the claims of the Bible and the church." After having sought to sustain these few objections by quotations from their own public statements, from history, from observation and experience, he closes the address by asking and briefly answering the questions: "Will the Church maintain her position?" "Had she not better take down her banner?" "Can she hold out?" "Will not secret societies ultimately swallow her up?"

No honest man can read the pamphlet to-day, forty years after it was published, without coming to the conclusion that it was a thoughtful, honest, sincere presentation of what was, to the author, a vital question, and without a recognition of the author's candor and high mental ability.

CHAPTER VIII.

Becomes a Bishop—Continued.

In the fall of 1867, Bishop Weaver writes to the ministers of the East Mississippi District, comprising the following conferences: White River, Indiana, Lower Wabash, Upper Wabash, Illinois, Central Illinois, St. Joseph, and North Michigan, the following letter: "During your late conference gatherings, I asked leave of absence, that I might be freed from attendance upon them, and this request you kindly granted. Otterbein University is the oldest school of the Church, and needs help now, and must have it. The friends of the college insisted upon my helping them in this struggle. They perhaps have more confidence in me than I have in myself. If God will help me, I shall succeed. I think it is just to you to say that you released me because you are friends to the cause of education, and desire to see it succeed elsewhere as well as in your own conferences. This is as it ought to be, and you have shown a magnanimity that is worthy of imitation. And now, while for a few months I turn aside to labor for this college, I shall hope to hear from you, and especially in our revival columns. . . . The Church cannot do without colleges. We must educate for Christ and his cause."

The authorities of Otterbein University had taken steps to raise $60,000 to endow six professorships. The coöperative conferences had been divided into six districts, and each district was asked to endow a chair. Bishop Weaver was still residing at Westerville; was a member of its executive committee and board of trustees; had, for eight years, been its agent in some form or other. Dr. L. Davis had been soliciting for some time for the endowment, and desired to have some help. He asked that Bishop Weaver might be appointed, and it was so voted. He was voted a salary of twelve hundred dollars, and what the conferences did not pay the college would assume. He was asked to commence soon after the close of his fall conferences.

He began his work in Sandusky Conference. Concerning it, he makes this published statement: "To say that I like the business is not correct. Eight years of experience in this work has taught me that it is a hard business. But then it must be done, and, rather than lose our oldest school, I am willing to unite with others and help to bear the burden. We must do something to save our young people to the Church. If the ministers will take hold in earnest, and help us, the work will soon be done. What is the use of men passing resolutions in conference to do all they can, and then do nothing at all, either in word or deed? The sun will rise and set, and the world wag on after they are out of the way.

"Why not make the Sandusky Conference the banner conference in the good work of endowing Otter-

bein University? I understand that President Davis proposes to make Scioto Conference the banner conference. He sustains some sort of relation to that conference, perhaps he considers himself a full member; at least, I think he has passed the course of reading. It would be much like him to want to be identified with the banner conference. But Sandusky has the numbers and the wealth to be the banner conference, and if its ministers will unite heartily with Brother Barlow and myself, it can be done."

The work was being done in the fall and early winter. It, perhaps, did not go as enthusiastically as it might have gone, so he writes: "This, in many respects, is a cold and cheerless world, and at this time it is literally so; but there is no use in complaining; that will make it no better. We must take the world as it is and not as it ought to be. That man has the true idea of life who takes hold and labors to make the world better. There is a demand now for bold and earnest-hearted men—men of God, men of large views. The conflict is upon us, not the conflict of ages, but of this age, and we must stand for the right. Sink or swim, live or die, we must stand for the right, though the heavens fall. God is on the side of right, and it must, and will prevail. We must meet the foe manfully, courageously, and God will help all that are in the right."

He gives a general summing up for the East Mississippi District for the year 1867, saying, "The year, in many respects, has been very pleasant, made so by the presence of God." The year had been at-

tended with considerable prosperity. In nearly every department there had been an encouraging increase. The membership had increased about four thousand above all losses. The money received on the district had exceeded that of the previous year by $20,000. During the year, thirty-one new churches had been completed. Sunday schools had increased about one hundred in number, and six thousand pupils added. The conference sessions, with one or two exceptions, had been pleasant.

Concerning the missionary outlook, he says: "It is not what it ought to be. The money raised exceeded that of last year by $1,488. It might have been increased four times that amount. The more we do for the spread of the gospel, the more our Father in heaven will do for us. There are some ministers who should improve or quit the field. Year after year their reports are imperfect. How a minister with the love of God in his soul can afford to neglect a work of such vast importance as the missionary work, I cannot tell."

He names four institutions of education in this district, and the fact that several thousand dollars had been collected during the year for their benefit. "These schools are doing a good work for the Church, and every minister and member in the several coöperating conferences." He writes again: "I have just finished reading a number of the *Telescope,* and, whether it is in me or in the paper or in both, I cannot tell, but one thing is certain, it seems to me to be one of the best numbers. Just look at the long

list of revival notices. Scores of immortal souls have been born to Christ within a few weeks. This is good news, like cold water to a thirsty soul, an oasis in the desert. This is the hope of the Church. We must increase by adding to our number converted men and women. We might increase more rapidly, numerically, if we would open the doors a little wider and take in numbers without regard to the internal work of grace, but this would weaken rather than strengthen our ranks. We must insist upon regeneration, the new birth, and holiness of heart. Look, too, at the number of churches being dedicated. God is with us, and will remain with us if we continue to be humble. We must stick to the old paths, the old-fashioned religion, the fullness of the gospel of Jesus. This will stand when we shall have heard the wail of expiring time."

He then proceeds to show how cheap the *Telescope* is; that it is getting better and better. He is surprised that there are some preachers of the Church who do not take it. *"Woe to the circuit that has such a preacher!* We cannot tell much about his church; and then it seems it would be awkward business for him to solicit subscribers. We should be liberal, of course, but if we do not sustain our own paper, who will do it for us?"

On March 1, 1868, he left home (probably Roanoke, Indiana) and started for the Missouri and Kansas conferences. He left under some depression of spirits, owing to afflictions in his family. He says: "If all is well, I can leave home cheerfully and go

anywhere that duty calls me. Perhaps if I had more faith and could trust more implicitly in God, it would be less difficult to leave under any circumstances. I remember that David said, 'They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion which cannot be removed.' "

He had prepared himself for a rough time getting there, but did not so find it. The place for holding the conference was some forty miles from the nearest railroad, and the roads across the prairie at that time unusually bad. He had prepared his mind for wading deep mud and crossing miserable sloughs, but was very happily disappointed. Unexpectedly to himself, the roads were fine, the weather was cool, and most of the ministers on hand. The session was a pleasant one. Because of their small salaries, the year had been a very trying one to some of them, yet, with all their sacrifices, they were cheerful and happy. They had a good degree of prosperity during the year. A number of very promising men were received into the conference.

During the session of the conference, he was called upon by a prominent minister of another church, who said he would like to unite with the United Brethren Church, but he could not on account of our rule on secrecy. "He said that if that were out of the way, we could, and would increase tenfold more rapidly, and he asked whether I thought it would be taken out of the way. I told him I did not pretend to know much about the future history of the Church, but, judging from her past history, it did not seem

very probable that the rule would be rescinded. If he wished to labor with us, he had better break off from those orders at once, for I did not think he would live long enough to see the rule materially changed. Moreover, we had often been reminded that if we would change our tactics we would grow very rapidly, but I was not sure of that. The real growth of a church was not always to be tested by the increase of her numbers. The prophet Isaiah speaks of increasing the number but not the *strength*. Again, it seemed to me that the world had need of just such a church as ours. There were plenty of churches that would take in members of secret societies. If we should give it up, God would have to raise up another church, because there were thousands of good men and women who would not unite with a church that would receive members of secret societies into its communion; and as we had started out on that platform, and had met with reasonable success, I thought we would fight it out on that line. One thing I knew beyond peradventure, which gave me consolation, and that was that God was with us, and had been with us all the time; and if we could not take the world, we were determined, by the help of God, that the world should not take us."

From Missouri, he went to Kansas Conference, in company with Professor Shuck, of Lane University, whom he characterized as a most agreeable traveling companion. "He is a practical nonresistant, except when he attacks sin, and then he is for war to the hilt. In the pulpit he is plain, earnest, and elo-

quent." They reached the place of meeting in due time. The session was a very pleasant one, not a jar, nor an unkind feeling was manifested at any time during the session. "The ministers are devoted to the great work of winning souls to Christ. Intellectually, they will compare favorably with those of any conference in the Church."

This was a pleasant conference, and he came away much encouraged with the hopeful outlook. There seemed to him, at that time, a bright future for our Church in Kansas. "The country is fine, climate, soil, etc., not surpassed anywhere. The Church has an excellent start, with a college in her midst, and an earnest, intellectual ministry. There is nothing to prevent her from growing very rapidly. Add to this the fact that a constant tide of immigration is flowing into this State, and among the immigrants there is a fair proportion of well-tried members of the Church from the eastern States. All these things unite in saying there is a bright future for the Church in Kansas. Although the early history of this State was written in blood, those days are ever past; and now the sun shines brightly and the birds sing sweetly over a pure and enterprising people."

At this session of the Kansas Conference, the following resolution was passed: *"Resolved,* That in the person of Bishop Weaver we have found that combination of suavity, mildness, and firmness that constitutes the efficient superintendent; and for the courteous manner in which he has presided during this session of conference we hereby express our hearty

appreciation, and for his visit and services, and our ardent desires that he may some time in the future seek a home in our midst."

A national temperance convention was arranged for Cleveland, Ohio, to begin July 29, 1868. All synods, conferences, etc., were entitled to send delegates. In case the organization could not meet and appoint, the presiding officer was to do this. Bishop Weaver appointed seven delegates from each of the conferences in his district, namely, White River, Indiana, Lower Wabash, Upper Wabash, Central Illinois, Illinois, St. Joseph, and North Michigan. If any could not go, the others were to fill vacancies. Having done this, he then said to them: "Brethren, we ought to go. We are a temperance church; our record has been a noble one for many years. Although we have not given our assent to the manner in which certain organizations have undertaken to manage this great reform, yet we are for temperance, first, last, and forever. Let us go. This is our chosen method of attack, and the history of the past demonstrates that it is the only way for carrying on a reform successfully. When it is settled who will go, let the chairman of each delegation inform me, and I will send him the required credentials."

The Board of Missions met in Westfield, Illinois, May 21, 1868. A part of the time Bishop Weaver presided, and at other times took part in its proceedings. Near the close of the meeting, a resolution was introduced pledging them to give the world a "pure gospel unadulterated by secret societies." Each mem-

ber of the Board was asked to make a statement. Weaver said he had no sympathy with secret societies. He could not be a member of an order and be a Christian. He would not, for any consideration, if it were left to him, wipe that law from our book of Discipline. He had said to persons who had inquired of him whether our law would be expunged, that they would not live long enough to see the day. He felt that we should now be encouraged to retain our position, for others were coming to our help. We had once fought this battle almost alone, as we had once stood almost alone among the churches in opposing slavery. Circumstances were now changing; a strong current was setting in the direction of our position. Many friends are now rallying to our aid.

It had been asserted again and again that a number of our ministers and members were connected with secret societies. The bishop did not attempt to show whether it was true or not true, but gave his opinion as to the conduct of men who belonged to an antisecrecy church, and yet, in violation of their vows, would join a secret organization. "If it be said that there is nothing wrong in these orders, that by no means justifies a man in violating the law of his church, and deceiving his brethren. There is another and a better way for members of this Church. If a man feels that it is his duty for Christ's sake to unite with a secret order, let him, like an honorable Christian gentleman, leave the Church, and then go. To join a secret society in this clandestine manner is anything but honorable. If he leaves the

Church first, he will be more respected by those he left behind; and if there is a single particle of honor among the members of the order he joins, they will think so, too. I know of no organizations or associations of men, whether political or ecclesiastical, that tolerates deception, except secret societies. The Bible, morality, and everything pure and honorable is in eternal opposition to the spirit of deception, and just such deception as that man is guilty of who will, in a clandestine manner, join a secret order contrary to the law of the Church. If I believed that these orders were as pure as the angels of light, (but I do not,) I could not be induced to join them until after I had left the Church" (*Telescope,* June 17, 1868).

A committee had been appointed to secure a parsonage for the bishop of the East Mississippi District. The members who could do so met in Westfield, Illinois, May 22, 1868, and J. Weaver was made chairman. It was voted that a neat and commodious house should be built, the whole to cost not less than $3,000, nor more than $4,000. Propositions had come from Hartsville, Indiana, Westfield, Illinois, and Lexington, Illinois. These were all considered, and it was finally agreed to locate at Lexington, Illinois, the people of that section having agreed to raise $3,000 themselves, so there would be only $1,000 to raise in the conferences. J. Weaver and H. Hilbish were made a committee to secure the balance of the money needed.

Bishop Weaver always traveled with his eyes open to see what was interesting about him, and then he

had a peculiar skill in describing what he saw. He takes his readers into such familiar relationship with himself that they can almost see with his eyes. He went out to dedicate a church in Council Bluffs, Iowa, June 28, 1868. There was a very small society there, numbering about twelve members, but they were earnest, working Christians. By hard work they had succeeded in building a house at a cost of about $1,400, one-half of which was yet to be provided; this the bishop secured, but not without great effort.

Even then he saw what we are enjoying to-day. He writes: "What a pity it is that we have no church extension fund. There is nothing so much in the way of our success in the West as the want of meeting-houses. Our members are scattered all over this new country in small groups. Many of them are poor, just commencing, and are not able to build houses. The consequence is, that many of them unite with other churches. We will never be able to hold our position in any country unless we devise ways and means to build houses of worship. Some of our own more wealthy members in the Eastern and Middle States ought to start the ball rolling."

He sends an apologetic note to the editor (Dr. Berger) for his attempting to write anything more about the West, for the subject is about exhausted. "But how can a man help it when the inspiration comes upon him? Here I am, not far from the middle of the State of Iowa. The day is beautiful, and we are jogging along click, click, click, at the rate

of about twenty miles an hour. What magnificent scenery, what fields—cornfields—stretching along on either side! There are the prairie and the prairie flowers. I tell you, Mr. Editor, if you were here you would want to forget that little room in the third story of that elegant building on the corner of Fourth and Main, or if you would think of it, it would bring a pang with it. I don't mean a bit of harm by this reference to your office, with your big basket chuck full of refused manuscript. I mean it is cooler here than there, and I wish you were here."

In the midst of his description of scenery and road and courteous conductors and all, he exclaims: "How liable we all are to be mistaken! The last penciling was at Lisbon, and how the stop there brought back the associations of three years ago! Now we have reached Marshall. From the length of time that has elapsed, I supposed we were getting well on to Council Bluffs, but, bless my life! the figures in the depot tell me it is yet two hundred miles. My inspiration is pretty much gone, and I shall lay myself down in dust and dirt, and learn to be content. Lay me down? No, I won't, for just now a tremendously large man comes in and claims a part of my seat. I wonder why he did not wait for the next train or charter a car especially for himself. It is really terrible to have such a large man in the seat with you when the weather is so hot. Then, from his appearance and language, I am pretty sure he has been drinking lager beer, and will be asleep in ten minutes."

As he reaches the place of his destination, he is pleased with the outlook: "Council Bluffs at last! This is rather a fine town, but you cannot see much of it from any one place. It is here and there and yonder. It has a population of about ten thousand. The city is back from the Missouri River about two and one-half miles. The houses, for the most part, are built at the base of the bluffs. Behind the bluffs and the river there is a beautiful plain, extending up and down the river for many miles. This, in contrast with the steep bluffs, presents to the eye a most beautiful picture. Across the river, and in full view of this city, is the famous city of Omaha. On the plain between the cities the great depot of the Pacific Railroad is to be built. All in all, there is a very flattering prospect for this city. The natural advantages are not to be surpassed anywhere. Soil, water, climate are all good; the growing crops (except where the grasshoppers have destroyed) are very fine. If anybody would offer me a good-sized farm here and money to move to it and stock it, I would be under great obligations to him."

At the National Temperance Convention, held in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1868, to which reference has been made elsewhere, about fifty delegates were present from the United Brethren Church. Permission was secured for J. Weaver to speak five minutes, in order to give the position of the United Brethren Church. He thanked them courteously for the opportunity, and then said: "We are not well understood in this great temperance movement. We are a quiet people;

we are a temperance church. Fifty-two years ago, we were organized into a temperance society. The subject is called up at all of our annual conferences. We have a stringent law on the subject which I will read to you from our book of Discipline [he opened the book and read]. The reason we are not well understood is that we are opposed to secret organizations, and because of this, it is supposed we are opposed to temperance, but this is not true; we hold ourselves ready at all times to coöperate with the friends of temperance in an upward movement. We are opposed to secret temperance societies because we believe there is a better and more successful way of meeting and overcoming this giant monster. We believe in an open, earnest, persevering effort against the sin of intemperance, and, Mr. President, the correctness of our position has been conceded more than twenty times during this convention."

CHAPTER IX.

Second Term as Bishop—1869-1873.

First Trip to the Coast.

The fifteenth General Conference met at Lebanon, Pennsylvania, May 20, 1869. Thirty-eight annual conferences were entitled to representation. The questions that came up for settlement made this conference more exciting than any one that had preceded it. Among these was the secrecy question, which later rent the Church. There was a large committee appointed to make report on this subject, of which Dr. L. Davis was chairman. Two reports were submitted. The majority report defined a secret society and asserted that all such are evil in their tendency. Those of our people connected therewith must sever their connection. Six months' time was allowed in which to comply with the admonition given, and if the offending member refused to comply, his name should be erased. The minority report asserted that such societies are objectionable, liable to be used for evil ends, unnecessary, and our people, both ministers and members, are advised "to abstain from all connection with them." This debate continued during two days and a half, and showed that, while there was not much difference of opinion as to the nature of these organizations, there was a dif-

Rev. Jonathan Weaver.—About 1865.

ference as to how they should be dealt with. There was a steadily-growing minority which believed that there was such a difference in these societies that the Church should not make a law excluding all. After a long and thorough and earnest discussion, the majority report making the law prohibitive was passed by a vote of 72 yeas and 25 nays, with 14 members absent. Bishop Weaver voted with the majority.

The question of lay representation in General Conference also came up, and was discussed. Bishop Weaver was then, and until his death, an advocate of this principle. On the ground, however, that there was, at this time, no general demand for it on the part of the laity, the proposition in its favor was defeated. Thirty-two were in favor and fifty-five to defer, Bishop Weaver voting with the majority.

The work of Bishop Weaver, four years before, recommending the schools to establish biblical chairs, had borne fruit. Much of the opposition had dwindled, and some at this session openly advocated a theological school. A board of education was appointed, and authorized to devise a plan for the founding of a biblical institute, and was enjoined to raise funds and locate said institution. This action resulted in the founding of Union Biblical Seminary at Dayton, Ohio, of which institution Bishop Weaver was, for many years a trustee, and always a devoted friend.

It may not be out of place to note here as a matter of history, that when the time came to give the institution a name, the managers hesitated to call it a

theological seminary, which it really was to be, and which name would have been entirely appropriate, for to do so would arouse and intensify the prejudices of many of the older ministers. This must be avoided, as the institution is without funds, and will depend for some time on the sympathy and help of the people. They had found by experience that even these would approve of almost anything with the biblical affix to it. So this was agreed upon. It would be open to those of other churches who should apply, as well as those of our own, hence, in this sense, it would be union. This seemed a happy suggestion, so it was called "Union Biblical Seminary." The initials, "U. B.," would answer just as well, if they so desired, for "United Brethren Seminary."

Bishops Glossbrenner, Edwards, and Weaver were reëlected as bishops, Weaver receiving seventy-seven votes, the highest number cast for any one person, Glossbrenner seventy-four, and Edwards seventy-one. J. Dickson was elected in place of Bishop Markwood, whose health had failed, receiving forty-eight votes, just the number necessary to a choice. Bishop Weaver was later stationed on the East District, comprising East Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania, East German, Virginia, Allegheny, Parkersburg, Erie, Western Reserve, and Tennessee conferences. He was not altogether a stranger to the people here, for he had, years before, canvassed a number of these conferences in the interests of Otterbein University.

At the close of the conference, each bishop made a few remarks, Bishop Weaver speaking as follows:

"I cannot divorce from my own heart and mind the constant feeling that the position to which the Church has promoted me is far beyond and above my ability. If it is possible to feel and realize one defect more than another, I realize this, that my preparation of heart is not all that I feel it ought to be to fill such an important position in the Church.

"In coming to labor in this part of the Church, and with these dear brethren, as best I can, to promote the interests of the cause of Jesus, as a matter of course, I do it with feelings such, perhaps, as you could not realize. I will be associated with those whose experience is far beyond my own; who have been in this great and blessed work, perhaps, long before I was even a member of the Church. To sit with them, counsel with them, and pray with them, is pleasant; but that I should be intrusted with this additional responsibility to preside over them, I feel this and realize it, perhaps more than you could read on the outside.

"As a matter of course, I feel a little degree of tenderness in being severed from those with whom I have labored so pleasantly and agreeably for the four years that have passed. I do not now call to remembrance a single dark shadow upon my heart. I cannot now, in turning over the leaves of memory, find a single record against a single member of those conferences over which I presided.

"I come to labor with the brethren of this district, as a matter of course, with the very kindest of feelings. I would ask of these brethren in advance to

bear with all my weaknesses, and especially to pray for me. I think I am honest, I think I am sincere, and I think my heart does not deceive me when I say that my one purpose is, as best I can, to advance the interests of the cause of our Lord Jesus Christ. I pray that God, in his mercy and kindness, may give us most abundant success."

There were four bishops' districts determined upon, and the bishops, in their turn, were to look after the conferences on the Coast. It fell to Bishop Weaver's lot to make the first visit during this quadrennium. He held the Erie Conference at Little Cooley, Pennsylvania, August 19, 1869. He held the Muskingum Conference at Louisville, Ohio, August 26. He started, September 16, on his episcopal journey to the Coast. This was his first visit to our Western possessions, and, in some respects, was a hard trip for him. He was, however, in good health and vigor and able to endure. His eyes and ears were open to see what was presented to them. He had studied human nature, so he knew how to properly estimate its value when he came in touch with it. We have decided to give quite at length the interesting accounts of this trip which he wrote for the columns of the *Telescope,* and which its readers at the time perused with pleasure.

He left Roanoke for Fort Wayne, thence for Chicago, passing through Davenport, which he reached in the early morning. He says, "There were two or three persons on board that might have been spared without militating against the morality of the rest

of the passengers." On the way he says: "I am a woman's rights man, but I cannot say that I like to see too much of it. We have on board this morning, as we most always have, a few of the loud-talking kind. Mercy, how they can talk! They can be heard all over the car, and, I presume, could be heard above the noise of a good-sized thunder-storm. I most positively object, not to the talking, but to the *muchness* of it." We wonder if ever he had heard *men* talk on the train about election time.

He reaches Omaha, and stops at the International. "Fare only four dollars a day, and not a very good time for charging, either. I have slept in just as good beds and eaten just as good meals many a time, and did not pay a cent. Omaha is a bristling little city, with here and there a first-class gentleman. Train now moving out of Omaha. From here to Sacramento City only 1,777 miles; time, if on time, four days. Pullman palace-car is a fine institution, with the single exception that the berths are a little too short for *extended humanity*. . . . Farmers in Nebraska busy; engaged in making hay; men, women, children, mules, are all at it. As I look out over these vast prairies, stretching for many miles along each side of the road, with only here and there an inhabitant [this was thirty-two years ago], I cannot avoid thinking how much better it would be for thousands of families now crowded in eastern cities if they were here breathing the pure, fresh air, and cultivating these rich grounds. If our lands were cultivated, and the strength of our soil developed as

in Europe, there could be stuff enough raised to supply the inhabitants of the whole world. I feel like saying, Hurrah for our country! Free trade, free labor, free press, free church, free institutions, now and forever." Reaching Grand Island, 153 miles west of Omaha, he writes again: "We dined at this place; had a fashionable dinner; only cost $1.25. If hotel-keeping was my forte, I should certainly come West to open up."

He slept during the night, and in the morning was in Wyoming, a little east of Cheyenne. Not a tree or a bush was to be seen in any direction. "It looks as if our great-grandfathers might have lived here, cleared up the ground, wore it out, and then burned up their cabins and left. The soil, from appearances, is worthless. Just now, as I looked out of the window, I saw a drove of antelopes and more prairie dogs than I had ever dreamed of. The dogs sat close to their burrowing-places, and seemed to enjoy the sight of the passing train."

He passed through Cheyenne, and writes again: "The officers on the train are very kind and gentlemanly. The passengers, for the most part, conduct themselves nicely. I have not heard an oath since we left Omaha. . . . We are on the down-grade, and moving at a rapid rate. One must see these mountains and plains before he can properly appreciate the scenery. When you think of these, however, you must not associate with the scenery trees covered with foliage, as in the Alleghenies. No, they are as bare as the pavements of your beautiful city.

. . . We are now at Como Lake. The region round about presents a most dreary appearance. No living thing to be seen, except, now and then, a bird that must have lost its way. The territory of Wyoming is yet the home of the Indians, and is a land of sublimity and grandeur. It is useless to attempt to give a description of this wild region. Now in Utah. I wish I could describe these surroundings. Mountains piled on mountains, deep gulches, peaks and rocks. I cannot write, for looking and looking bewilders me. Here is Echo Canyon. What I saw in Wyoming, and for the first fifty miles in Utah, is but mild scenery to what is seen at this place. Shall I tell you of the houses? Some are built out of round poles, covered with dirt; some are entirely constructed of muslin, which makes one think of camp-meetings in the wilderness; the greater number, however, are sided with rough boards, covered with common muslin. They much resemble a soldiers' encampment. We are now in the Mormon country, and there are more signs of life. The valleys are narrow, but tolerably well cultivated.

"We have just left Promontory, 1,084 miles from Omaha, and 690 from Sacramento. The town is no great scratch except for gamblers. It is rough, rougher, roughest. I passed a number of gambling tables and saw piles of gold. Many a green one loses his cash at these tables. It must be very unpleasant for the traveler to lose his money; but then he ought to go away and stay away. Here, for the first time, we met with 'John Chinaman.' Here greenbacks are

at a premium, only you have to pay the premium, that 's all. Reached Elko, Nevada, September 11; one of the largest towns I have seen since we left Omaha. Most of the houses are covered with muslin. Here you see those large teams, ten or twelve horses or mules, hitched to one wagon. The town is hard. We stopped at this place one hour and a half for breakfast. We had a good meal and plenty of time to eat it. On the average, while outside the cars, I felt for my pocketbook about six times per minute. I did it in a very sly way, however. The people here love money, and they do not seem to be a bit particular as to how they get it."

Thus far he has not told of his fellow-passengers: "While we have about one hundred and fifty through passengers who took the train at Omaha, four of this number are ministers. Then we have some old men and women, and some young men and women. Some of this latter class are hard, and some of them are soft—say about half and half. Some are dressed very plainly, and some are dressed within an inch of their lives. Almost every imaginable fashion is represented here, even to the 'Grecian bend,' and some of the women have this latter very badly. Poor things! how they must suffer. I have never seen a more barren and uninviting country than this. Not a human being to be seen, except at the little stations, and here and there a few 'John Chinamen,' with shovels and picks. We are now passing through the Humboldt Mountains. The dust, being full of alkali, is very disagreeable. This is a mining region of

large hopes, extensive prospecting, and small returns —lizards, jackasses, all this and no more. Not a spear of grass is visible. Sage-brush, somehow, makes out to live, but how I cannot tell. Indians gather round the train at every station, not in a warlike attitude, but as suppliants, willing to receive anything from the passengers that they may choose to give—bread, apples, cakes, tobacco, money, no matter what. Their appearance is most pitiable. Many of them are almost in a state of nudity. To say that they are filthy is putting it in the mildest possible language.

"At four o'clock in the morning (September 12), the porter called me up to see the Sierra Nevada Mountains. We soon after entered the snow-shed. This is a great structure. Heavy posts are set down on each side of the track, then boarded up and covered, and this continues for forty miles. Here and there, while passing through the snow-shed, we passed over trestleworks ranging from fifty to one hundred and twenty-five feet high. It was grand, but a little *skeerish*. Between Omaha and here we have changed climate about six times. Winter and summer alternate. . . . Thank fortune, we are out of the snow-shed. We have just passed the first view on the road, called Giant's Gap. It is 1,500 feet deep, but I could not see the bottom for the smoke. Our train ran very near to the edge of the precipice, and, as it wound around the mountain, resembled a huge snake. We are now in Sacramento, a town of 25,000 inhabitants, and full of life and business. Almost

every nation is represented, and, from appearance, the morals are not to be boasted of."

He reaches California in safety. After a week in which to look about, he gives his opinion: "Some say it is the best country in the world, and some say it is the worst. It is neither. The climate is better than in most of the States, but it does not prevent disease. Fever, ague, consumption, may be found here as well as in some of the eastern States. The water, for the most part, is poor. The principal crops are wheat and barley. It is the finest wheat country I have ever seen. The average yield is from forty to sixty bushels per acre; so of barley. Potatoes grow well, but are not so well flavored as those in Michigan. Farmers have no need to provide against the rain in harvest-time. Not a drop of rain falls from the beginning of harvest till late in the fall. They need take no pains in stacking wheat. When they thresh it, they often leave it lying in the fields in sacks for weeks before they haul it to market. I saw on the banks of the Sacramento River thousands of bushels piled up in this way, ready to be shipped. *But, oh! the dust!*"

He gives a most glowing account of the fruit, as well he could. Pears, apples, peaches, plums, figs, grapes, lemons, oranges, pomegranates, etc.: "I have seen bunches of grapes as large as any four I ever saw before. Pears will sometimes measure from twelve to sixteen inches in circumference, and weigh two pounds. *But, oh! the dust.*"

Concerning the people whom he met, he describes

them, for the most part, as kind and hospitable: "They were generally well-behaved at church, but hard to move towards Christ. They have much less to say about the gold mines than the people in the East. They know more about them. They will boast about their country. In some instances, I think it is a little like the boy in the graveyard, whistling to keep his courage up."

About the meeting of the conference, which was a pleasant one, he writes: "Some of our older conferences would hardly know how to hold a conference and camp-meeting together, but that is the custom here. They were held under the shadow of one tree —a good old oak. These trees are very low, but the trunks are large, and the limbs reach out from thirty to forty feet all around the tree. The ministers are good men, and most of them have the work at heart. The members are much devoted to the cause of Christ. How much they need help!—earnest workers. If I were younger, and really desired to work for Christ, I would come to California. Young men in the eastern States who can hardly find work to do ought to look to this rich and needy field. What if it is a few miles from home; Jesus is here, and immortal souls are here. There is much work for the Church to do in this State, and now is the time to work. The country is settling up very rapidly. One great want is church-houses. A few years of faithful and earnest work by energetic men would establish the Church."

Having completed his work in California, he made

arrangements to start for the Oregon Conference. He could go by land, on the stage-coach, or by water. "From the representations of others, I had a right to expect that if I should go by water there would more than likely be a pretty general revolt of the internal states, and not liking secession movements of any kind, I concluded to try the stage. So gathering up my baggage, I was off. Six hundred miles by stage, through a mountainous country, looked rather formidable; but having set this as a mark in life, to go as far as I could, I resolved to try. The first day out from Sacramento was a day of considerable trial. The dust was so intensely bad as to almost suffocate the passengers.

"Reaching the foothills, we commenced the gradual ascent. On and on and still on we went, through deep ravines, around terrible gulches and canyons, until we reached the foot of Trinity Mountains. There we commenced to go up in earnest. For more than a day we had been ascending, and now we had six miles more to the summit. There opened the finest scenery I had ever looked upon. The road winds along the side of the mountain, where, to the unskilled engineer, it would be impassable. In some places, the road is very narrow, on one side it may be two hundred feet high, almost perpendicular, and on the other side as far down. Everything seems to depend on the skill of the driver. A variation of one foot, and you go down from two to three hundred feet. Reaching the summit, you might imagine the worst is now over; but no, it is just commencing. The

driver cracks his whip, and away you go, down, down, down, full speed, from eight to ten miles an hour, never checking up until you reach the bottom on the other side. We now pass over a dismal region, with hills, bluffs, rocks, gulches, and mountains all around, until we reach the foot of Scott Mountain."

He crossed this on a beautiful moonlight night. An incident occurred which he never forgot: "We were moving up the grade at a very slow rate. The night was cool—rather chilly. All the curtains were fastened down. Two or three of the passengers were asleep. The road, except at a few places, was very narrow. We met the stage coming from the north, and our driver took the lower side. I supposed we were passing nicely, when suddenly our driver called for help. I tore the curtains loose to spring out, but was hindered, for the other stage was in the way. I could get out only by jumping on the top of the other stage, and then jumping down at the rear end. Up to this time I did not comprehend the situation. In attempting to pass, the leader horse had been pressed so near the edge that he had gone over. There was a stone wall about three or four feet high; at the bottom of this there was a projection of some two or three feet, and he had caught in that. The off horse seemed to comprehend the situation, and stood firm as a rock, and thereby kept the other from going over. By a hard effort he was gotten back into the road. Our vehicle stood on the very edge of the road. If this leader horse had not caught on the projection, he would have drawn the other horse after him, and

the two would have drawn the two wheel-horses over, and, of necessity, we must all have gone down from two to three hundred feet. But the Lord reigneth, and the mountain was crossed safely."

The mountains in the Humboldt region are not as high as those already crossed. Soon he came in sight of good old Mt. Shasta, which was forty miles away, and yet did not seem more than five, rising up in the shape of a cone about 15,000 feet above the level of the sea. It was refreshing to look upon it, and see the snow glistening in the sunlight. Soon he was over the line into Oregon. "Here is the finest timber, and the most of it, I ever saw in one country. The fir-trees attain the height of three hundred feet, ranging from three to six feet in diameter at the base. For more than one hundred miles we passed through this kind of country. Here in this dismal region we passed through what is called the Ten Mile Canyon, the wildest place I ever saw; sometimes we were above the tops of the tallest trees. Many years ago, an emigrant train got into this place, and was nine weeks in going ten miles. Soon we reached the Willamette Valley. I am now in Philomath, some seventy miles from the head of the valley.

"Do you ask me how I feel? Five days and nights in the stage through those mountains gives a man a bit of experience that he will not soon forget. I slept four hours during the trip; not on the stage, mind you; that was out of the question, but they stopped at one place that long. I am badly used up. Every bone and muscle is sore—I am sore all over;

and that, you know, is a good deal. Artemus Ward said that Brigham Young was the *most married* man he ever saw. I presume I was the most sore man in this region. There was but one through passenger, and he gave it up the fifth evening. I advise all men everywhere that have the least regard for a common humanity never to undertake to go through without stopping at least twice to rest and sleep."

In a late letter, when he had visited somewhat, he gives an interesting account of Oregon. It was, in many respects, the opposite of California, which he had just left. The latter was warm and dry; here it was cold and damp. He was charmed with the Willamette Valley, one hundred and fifty miles long and from twenty to fifty miles wide, almost a state in itself. He found the largest and most delicious apples and pears he had ever seen—wheat, barley, and potatoes in abundance. Like all others who go there, he was charmed with the view from Philomath. "The valley, with all its richness spread out before the eye, is dotted over with farms and farm-houses. Then the foothills rise up in a solid mass. Then beyond, and far above them, rise, in quiet grandeur, the mountains, around the tops of which the clouds hover today, as if delighted with their beauty. Away in the distance, old Mt. Hood rises up with its snow-capped summit, looking down in silent mockery upon other mountains that elsewhere would be regarded as great in themselves. Then there are Mt. Jefferson and the Three Sisters, all covered with perpetual snow and ice, rising up far above the surrounding mountains.

All in all, the view from Philomath is most delightful."

There were present twenty-three of the twenty-eight members of this conference. In some respects, they were doing well. The bishop complains that a number of their best men are not consecrated to the work: "They are local, exceedingly so. I pray that God may thrust them out. I would remind those dear brethren that those who will be rich fall into divers temptations."

He finds a prejudice here against the Chinamen, as he found it in California. He thinks they are shamefully abused. "The same spirit that reduced the Africans to slavery is hovering around the Chinamen. If the law would allow it, they would be made slaves at once. Our Church stands up for them, as she always did for the slave in the South. If the people along the Coast could lay aside their ungodly prejudice, and try, by every reasonable means, to educate and elevate the Chinaman, it would ultimately turn to their advantage. Chinamen, upon first coming here, eat little or no bread, but they soon learn to eat it. Many of them return to their own country, and will introduce our manner of living among their own countrymen, and, by this means, there will be opened up to the Coast a market that will be a source of great wealth. If the people would look at this, instead of nursing their petty prejudices, they would give stronger evidence of good common sense. God will hold this nation responsible for the manner in which it treats this poor, ignorant people. In the

providence of God, they are here, not to be abused and trodden down, but to be civilized and Christianized."

He takes a steamer at Wheatland, on the Willamette River, for Oregon City. "There is nothing prepossessing in the appearance of the city, except, it may be, the beauty of the scenery. Rocks piled upon rocks, with here and there a fir-tree rising up from among them. Here the river comes rushing down over the rocks for a distance of forty feet, dashing its waters into foam. The natural advantages for water-power are not surpassed anywhere, and the Oregonians are availing themselves of them. There is sufficient available water-power at this place to drive all the machinery that Oregon will ever need. If I were a poet, I would describe this place in verse, but I am not. I feel some poetic flashes once in a while, but they are only flashes."

Leaving Portland, he goes up the river Columbia, and is charmed by his surroundings: "Mountains and rocks rise almost perpendicularly to the height of from one to three thousand feet. Here and there a large rock rises up fifteen hundred feet. If I say it is weird, grand, magnificent, it will be but faintly describing the scenery to those who have never seen it. Here is where poets are said to catch their inspirations."

When he reaches Cascade Falls, he finds a wild-looking place. He takes the cars, the first he has seen since leaving California, and rides around these falls, a distance of six miles, and then takes a steamer

again. A ride of forty miles brings him to Dallas, a town of one thousand people. "The river at Dallas winds among the rocks in narrow channels, sometimes falling from eight to fifteen feet. Here and there, as we are passing up the river, we come to what are called 'rapids.' It seems impossible that any craft could be built to pass over them where the water runs as rapidly as it does here. The water rushes down between and over rocks, boiling and whirling, until it is all in a foam. Yet our little boat, guided by a skillful hand, and under a full head of steam, passes over them beautifully, and then pursues her even way."

Passing on, he soon comes in sight of Blue Mountains. He is one hundred miles above Dallas; does not stop during the day; does not see a house or a white man on the shore all day; sees Indians in plenty; not a tree to be seen anywhere; all is barren and unfruitful. The boat goes no further than Wallulah. Takes the stage for thirty miles through sage-brush and grease-wood, and reaches Walla Walla. Ten miles more on horseback, most of it after night, and he reaches the conference room, weary and tired.

While pleased with the scenery, he saw other things not so pleasing. "At the hotels, on the steamer, almost everywhere, you will see men gambling. Almost every man seems to understand it. Men who, at first sight, have the appearance of gentlemen, are first-class gamblers. On my whole trip from Portland to Walla Walla, I did not find a single Christian. I could not tell their politics, but I observed that they

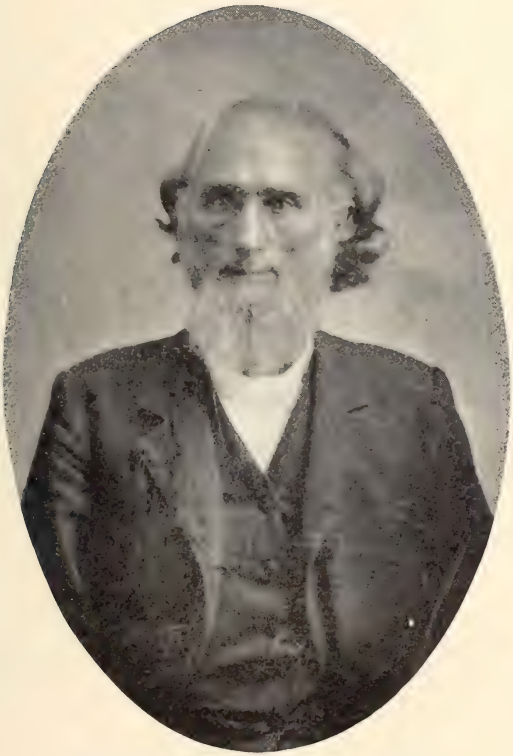
were all down on John Chinaman and the fifteenth amendment. They are white men, and believe in white man's government. Concerning the Indians, it seems that every effort to civilize and Christianize them is a failure."

He held the Cascade Conference. "Ten ministers and about two hundred members would compose the whole conference. More could have been done here but for lack of men. Ministers are poorly paid, and the people have no means to erect houses of worship. Some had worked very faithfully, but a few of them would very easily bear a little more energy." His work on this trip is now done, and there is a discouraging look ahead of him. He has some five hundred miles to travel before he reaches the railway, and many more miles before he gets home.

CHAPTER X.

Second Term as Bishop, Completed.—1869-1873.

Soon after Bishop Weaver's return from the Coast, he removed his family from Roanoke, Indiana, to Baltimore, Maryland, and occupied the parsonage there which belonged to the East District. This had been assigned to him as his special field of work for this quadrennium. At the appointed times, he held the conferences as usual; at other periods he was busy dedicating churches, assisting the brethren in special meetings, and when not otherwise engaged, using his pen for the edification of the Church. Dr. Theodore Cuyler, for a number of years in his more active ministry, wrote communications for the New York *Independent,* usually on some phase of religious life or teaching. These soon became very popular, and added greatly to the value of the journal. In his later years, in consultation with a friend, he said he was not sure but he had been of more service to the church by these contributions to the religious press than he had been by his more direct ministry. We are not sure but Bishop Weaver endeared himself more to the whole Church by his writings than in any other way. His other work made him more or less local. By these articles he kept his hand, so to speak, on the whole Church. They were simple, and



Bishop Jonathan Weaver.—In 1870.

thus easily understood, eminently religious, and thus adapted to the earnest Christian; they showed a good knowledge of human nature, as well as of the Church and its wants; they had in them a little vein of pleasantry now and then, which added to their enjoyment. Thus, full of good sense, earnest, sincere, brief, and penetrating, they were read, admired, and did their work.

In one of these he helps to answer the question which was always pressing his heart, Why do not all our ministers succeed in winning souls to Christ? "There are, indeed, many hindrances to the good work. There are the natural enmity of the human heart and the power of Satan, worldly-mindedness, and formality; all these stand in the way of a minister's success, and must needs be overcome. But I am convinced that the greatest hindrance of all is want of entire devotedness to the work. The apostolic standard of ministerial devotedness was this: 'Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all. Take heed unto thyself and unto the doctrine; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee.' The resolution of the apostles was, 'We will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the Word.'

"It is a lamentable fact that they who have taken upon themselves this most solemn pledge in their ordination may wear the ministry as a loose garment, without any apparent compunction of conscience. It is to be feared their hearts are not in the work. If

they were ever called of God to the work of the ministry, they have backslidden in heart. How can any man that feels the responsibility of the sacred office treat it with so much indifference?" Words wisely and courageously said!

In a later article, he shows that, in accordance with the principles of human nature, the way to get men away from one course of life is to show them a better: "Earnest, persevering efforts are being made to induce men to turn away from the vanities and sinful pleasures of this world, yet the vast majority go right on as if wrong-doing would as certainly end well as right-doing. While I would not call in question the honesty of any man, yet I am well convinced that a vast amount of labor is lost by being misdirected, or in not fully comprehending the nature of man. Now, whether it is certainly lawful to expose to view, at proper times and in a proper spirit, the evil tendency of any and every evil practice, I am sure it is not the better way to be continually dwelling on that side of a question. We seldom, by a law in our nature, let go an existing attachment, except by the superior force of a higher and a stronger one. 'It is the lower attachment that is dissolved by the higher.' If I were preaching to Chinamen, I would not expect to win them from paganism by heaping abuse upon Confucius and Fo; but by letting them see what Christ is, show them a more excellent way; dissolve the lower attachments by a higher."

"Herein, I conceive, lies the real power of the church of Christ; not in constant denunciations of

the practices of wicked men, but by such a life as shall demonstrate that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness. Here, also, lies a great advantage, growing out of open-door experience meetings. Let Christians, whose every-day deportment is consistent with their profession, relate in the hearing of those who take pleasure in sin something about this better way. They have tried both roads, and are prepared to report. Wicked men will listen, and not a few of them have been won to Christ in this way."

In his earlier ministry, he knew something of the sufferings and privations of the poor itinerant. So he is always ready to put in a plea for a living support for him. He lived to see a marked improvement in this respect, although we are not yet at the top of the hill.

"For those men who are earnestly engaged in the itinerant work, I would speak. There is no class of men more abundant in labors and sacrifices than they, and there is no class of men so poorly supported as they. The faithful minister is a laborer, and God says he must be paid; that he shall live *of* the gospel, not *on it,* as some might desire. I have had the heartache more than once while visiting ministers' families. Everything in and about the house indicated want. They live in poor houses, have but a little, plain furniture, and children barefooted and ragged in cold weather. You say I should not name this so publicly; but how else can we reach it? An occasional earthquake is better than eternal silence; only so the people are moved.

"In urging this matter, I am not wholly governed by any sympathies for the minister and his family,—to be sure this has its influence upon my mind,—but I am looking to the best interest of the cause of Christ. I tell you that ministers are men. They must have something to feed and clothe themselves and their families. Now when these things are wanting, it is impossible for them to do the work they otherwise could and would do. The cause of Christ must suffer under the pastoral care of a half-supported minister."

He not only saw the great need, but suggested a remedy: "In the first place, we want live men in the steward's office, men who have some heart in this matter. Then let them canvass the whole community, in the church and out of it. There are scores of men outside of the church that will help to support a faithful, earnest minister. If the society has no male member that is fit for the office of steward, put a good sister into the office. All that is necessary is for the minister to go to work as a man of God, full of the Holy Ghost and faith. Then let the leaders, stewards, and all who feel the importance of the work, take this matter in hand, urge the necessary, yes, the absolute duty of supporting the minister, and it will be done handsomely.

"If this is not done, serious results will follow. Some of the very best talent is driven out of the itineracy for want of an adequate support, and others are compelled to connect some other business with their appointed work in order to make a living. The con-

sequence is, they are crippled, the work is crippled, and souls will be lost. Ministers ought not to be ashamed to work with their hands, but I tell you that if ministers do the work that ought to be done on their charges, they will not have time for other work. They must read, study, write, preach, and visit. There is enough to fill their heads, hearts, and hands without working half their time for their bread and meat."

He has no good word for lazy preachers. They do not earn their pay: "A faithful minister has just as good a right to lay by a little for old age as have other men. The majority of our ministers that die leave their families in a very destitute condition. Their wives, who have shared in the trials and deprivations of an itinerant life, are left to battle with the waves and storms of life without anything to lean upon except their own physical energy, and that often broken and shattered. These are facts too painful to dwell upon; nevertheless, they are facts, and the time has come when they ought to be remedied. All that is necessary is for the leading members in each society to unite with their stewards and urge this matter forward, and the work will be done, and well done."

He was always more or less optimistic in his nature, and in his new location at this time, and with his surroundings, he may have felt more hopeful than ever. Indeed, a faithful child of God must believe that God will carry forward his plans in spite of all opposition. Strong in this faith, he summons us to the same courageous outlook:

"I believe the world is growing better. Things look more hopeful to me than ever before. There are more Bibles in the world to-day [1870] than there were at any time past. There are more ministers at work; there are more missionaries in foreign fields. A little while ago, the Bible could be had in but one language, then in two, and now in more than one hundred and fifty different languages and dialects. There are more religious periodicals than ever before; more books on theology, sacred biography, and religious subjects generally, than ever before; more colleges under the supervision of the church, more children attending Sunday school in 1870 than in any year since the world began. Every revolution of the wheel of progress develops some new plan for advancing the cause of Christ. I know little about what people call a millennium. Whether Christ will reign with his saints a thousand years, I cannot tell. This much I do know, that Christ is reigning, and will reign until all enemies are put under his feet. Infidels may scoff and deride, and papal Rome may issue her bulls and edicts and declare papal infallibility; no matter. Hell from beneath may move, and the old lion roar, but the morning cometh, slowly, it may be, but surely."

He was thoroughly loyal to his own Church, and did not like to hear anything said against her, but this did not put him under obligation to abuse other good people. He had the warmest sympathy and friendliness for other Christian people, of whatever church or order, and hence he could well say: "An

ecclesiastical bigot is one of the most detestable characters on earth. No matter how cold and selfish a man may be in an unregenerate state, pure religion and undefiled before God will make him generous. Oh, this narrow, bigoted, self-righteous spirit, how I hate it! It carries in its forehead the mark of the beast. It is a relic of barbarism, baptized in the cesspool of Rome. It is high time that Christians everywhere should have done with their bigotry. It is time they should exercise Christian liberality, by allowing those who may differ from them as much virtue and integrity as they possibly can. There need be no sacrifice of principles in the exercise of Christian generosity."

Bishop Weaver held the Allegheny Conference at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, January 27, 1870; in February, the Virginia Conference at Chewsville, Maryland. He was present and helped to dedicate the "Biblical Chair" provided for by Bishop Russel.

In the fall of 1870, he started to hold a session of the Tennessee Conference. There had been a flood, which swept away a number of railroad bridges. He was delayed at Lynchburg, Virginia, from which place he wrote:

"To add to the difficulties, some of the railroad companies are at war with each other. I reached here last evening, over the Orange & Alexandria Railroad, just five minutes too late for the Tennessee road, and, there being but one train a day, I was compelled to remain here twenty-four hours. This is Saturday, and my conference commenced on

Thursday afternoon. I am two hundred and fifty miles from the place, and cannot leave until 5:30 P. M. By the time I reach Tennessee the conference will be, as poets say of winter in springtime, ''T is over and gone.' But I cannot help it, for I am doing my best. The president of the Baltimore & Ohio road told me before I started that I had better give up the notion of trying to get through, but I told him I did not belong to that family. Nothing can be accomplished without an effort, and I will try."

Try he did, but that did not prevent him from having his own opinion of the spirit that seemed to actuate these railroad managers:

"If certain officials at this place could have more regard for the traveling public, and less regard for their codfish dignity, forty or fifty passengers would not be laying over here to-day. Our train was not more than a mile from the depot when the Tennessee train moved off. This is an imposition on the traveling public. Some of the passengers were men of business; there were ladies with children, anxious to get on, and others that were scarce of money. But, no matter, these dignitaries must gratify their noble feelings; the world must know and feel that they are powerful men. Well, well, time will make all things even. There are little acts of kindness and generosity that men can show, without costing them a cent, and that would be worth vastly more than their willfulness, but they are so blinded by their ideas of self that they cannot see it. Who will praise a man for exercising his willfulness where nobody is, or can

be benefited by it, not even himself? It is scarcely worth while for men to show, or attempt to show their dignity, for the little time they will live. Who will praise their meanness when they are dead? Why not be noble, generous, and good?

"All along the railroad I see houses draped in mourning for Robert E. Lee. There are thousands of hearts draped in mourning over the dear ones that fell in defending the flag that Robert E. Lee strove to trail in the dust. Whatever may be said in favor of Mr. Lee as a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian, that one act of his life will remain a dark spot on his character as long as there are hearts that love the Stars and Stripes.

"It is a beautiful day. The sun is shining brightly, but for my life I cannot feel cheerful. If I had no engagements, it might be otherwise. I submit simply because I cannot help it. Boarding here is four dollars a day. I can do better than that at home. I must stop writing, lest I say something that ought not to be said."

But patience and perseverance will accomplish a great work. He finally reached the conference room on Sabbath, at ten o'clock, just three days behind time. He called the conference together, closed up the business, arranged to spend a week in the neighborhood, here and there, so as to attend a dedication the following Sunday at Greenville, Tennessee.

The conference was small, composed of only seven members, most of them young and inexperienced, but

earnest and good men. "The church membership, in the main, is poor, but they are able, under a proper discipline, to do more than they have been doing. The country is good; climate all that can be desired. What is wanting is system and energy. A little powder under some of their heels, with somebody to touch it off, would be a good thing, so it seems to me. In times past, the opposition has been very strong, and now it exists, but not as heretofore. The United Brethren Church has a work to do in this country, and she will not be guiltless if she neglects it. Many of the churches in this section are exceedingly formal. A great reformation is needed. The plain, simple, spiritual worship peculiar to the United Brethren Church is needed among this people. The field is large, and the harvest is fully ripe, and if we thrust in the sickle in the name of the Lord, we shall gather a rich harvest."

Everywhere he went he met with a kind reception. "The people here are generally very hospitable. One cannot help but feel at home among them. No matter how plain the fare is, it is free, and you are made to feel that it is so. If the people had more enterprise, with the advantages they have of climate and soil, this would soon become one of the best countries I have ever seen. They can raise wheat, corn, cotton, potatoes, and fruit in abundance."

He was taken sick a few days after he returned from this trip, probably brought on by over-exertion in meeting and filling his engagements. His physician bade him remain at home for some time, to

rest and recruit, and he did so, canceling the engagements then made.

His report for the East District for the year 1870 shows an increase of 2,705 members, with other *data* showing a good growth. He then adds: "There has been a good degree of prosperity in the district during the year, and, in some of the departments, a very encouraging advance. God has been with us, and strengthened our hearts and hands. The ministers, almost unanimously, agreed to give themselves more earnestly to the good work. If this is done, we shall prosper more and more. God will give us success in proportion as we consecrate ourselves to him, and to the work of winning souls to Christ. In the name of him who has committed unto us the words of conciliation, let us thrust in the sickle and gather in the ripe grain. Remember that he that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall presently come home rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. Work to-day and to-morrow, and the next day you shall rest."

Not long after this, Bishop Weaver was appointed by the executive committee of the proposed theological institution at Dayton, to solicit donations in books for the library. His heart was thoroughly enlisted in this enterprise. In a note, he said: "I am deeply interested in the Seminary. We must have it; should have had it long ago. We are late in commencing, and must work all the harder. God will help us, if we let him." The editor adds, "We hope the bishop will not only meet with abundant success in securing books for the library, but that he will also meet with breth-

ren who will propose to him liberal donations for the endowment and buildings."

His first newspaper article in 1871 was on "The Church's Power," which he shows does not consist in members, nor wealth, nor in alliance with worldly institutions, but in God's spiritual presence. Following this came others, "Religions, Natural and Revealed," "Forsaking All for Christ," "More About Jesus"; more should be heard in the pulpit, in class-meeting, prayer-meeting, in the family, in the streets, in business circles, everywhere.

He held East German Conference in Myerstown, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, March 1, 1871; twenty-six members present. A missionary meeting was held in the afternoon of Sabbath, and over $700 secured. The Virginia Conference had been held February 16, at Mt. Hebron, Grant County, West Virginia. Parkersburg Conference was held March 15, at Pennsboro, West Virginia.

After holding his fall conferences, he returned to West Virginia to dedicate three churches. He was not in the best of health. The trip, however, had benefited him. He says: "The country, in the main, is rough, and many of the people are poor. The ministers, for the most part, are a hard-working, self-sacrificing class of men. For their age, there is not a more intelligent class of ministers to be found anywhere. They are studious and earnest in the great work of the Master, but they are poorly supported. Their circuits are large, requiring a great deal of hard traveling. Their salaries will range

from $100 to $350. Hilly as the country is, if some of these well-to-do farmers would give me a farm, with some, say about fifty, of their fine cattle, I should be very severely tempted to take it. They had better not make the offer unless they are serious."

He reported for the year, in the East District, 1,165 appointments, 1,031 classes, 34,740 members, an increase of 2,755 for the year. Money for all purposes, $189,768.32.

"What Shall I Do with Jesus?" is his opening article in the *Telescope* for 1872. We must all do something with Jesus; he stands in the way of each one of us. Others follow, as for example: "Experience"; the knowledge derived from experience is the most valuable of all knowledge. "Preaching"; if there is any one work under the heavens in which men ought to be in earnest, it is in preaching the gospel. "Observation"; those who have been deprived of the advantages of an early education may supply this lack by carefully cultivating the habit of observation. "Selfishness"; "That Better Country"; "On and Off"; a little difficult for him to understand how it is that men professing to be called of God to preach the gospel can so easily lay it aside and take up some secular employment. "Contentment"; "Our Ministry"; we need more workers; God will send them if we will let him; our colleges cannot meet the demand. Later, he pleads through the press for a church in Washington City.

He reports for the year 1871: Appointments, 1,002; members, 35,769; increase of 1,647 during the

year; collected for all purposes, $205,199.89. The sessions were all pleasant. There should be five times as many parsonages. There are about two hundred and thirty traveling preachers, and only five parsonages reported. The Church paper should be more generally circulated; there is about one *Telescope* to every thirteen members. He made this report from Baltimore, Maryland.

His discussion with Rev. Josiah Davis occurred this year, a fuller account of which will be given in a later chapter.

His book on "Divine Providence" appeared about the opening of 1873, and was well received. He held the Virginia Conference at Hagerstown, Maryland, February 13; Pennsylvania, at Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, February 19; East Pennsylvania, at Annville, Pennsylvania, March 6; and Parkersburg, at Parkersburg, West Virginia, March 12. He reports for the year 1872, as follows: Appointments, 1,177; classes, 1,113; members, 36,820; increase, 1,562; total paid for all purposes, $227,687.50. There had been an encouraging advance in nearly all departments of Church work. A few articles written for the Church paper, and he had reached another General Conference.

CHAPTER XI.

Public Discussions.

In northeastern Ohio, where Bishop Weaver was reared and began his ministry, the people, especially the older ones, still have a tradition of him as a wonderful debater against the heresies of Universalism. He was early driven to study this question because of the people whom he met; and when he went to the bottom of it, he spoke with a courage and power which seemed almost invincible.

When asked by a friend as to his experience in, and also his judgment as to the value of theological discussions, he wrote him this reply: "I have had eight public debates, three on the mode, design, and subjects of Christian baptism, four on Universalism, and one on slavery. In each case I was challenged. As a rule, I would say that public debates are of doubtful propriety. In some instances, good has been accomplished. Much depends upon the spirit in which a debate is conducted. It would not be proper for me to express an opinion as to the effects following the debates in which I was engaged. If there ever was a time when debates on theological questions were necessary, that time is not now. One very hopeful sign of the present age is that teachers of divine things are less inclined to keep in front those points

on which there is known to be differences of opinion, and more inclined to magnify those great cardinal truths upon which the majority are known to agree. If I do not misjudge, the spirit of the age is tending toward harmony. There seems to be a disposition to gather around the great cardinals truths of Christianity, and allow all the minor questions to fall in the rear. While I think it is well for each denomination to express somewhat in detail its belief in articles of faith, it is not wise to insist upon minor matters. The watchword of the great spiritual leaders of to-day is, 'I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord; who was crucified, dead, and buried; . . . the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.' Here is solid rock, upon which all can stand."

One of these debates occurred near Elmwood, Illinois, in 1872. It had its origin in a sermon preached at a session of the Illinois Conference held in Elmwood, by Rev. Joshua Dunham, on the second coming of Christ. Rev. J. H. Snyder was pastor of the United Brethren Church at that place. There were some Universalist families living in that neighborhood at that time, who took exception to the teachings of the sermon, and began to clamor for a debate. Rev. J. H. Snyder consulted with Bishop Weaver, and, having privately secured his consent to a discussion, he began negotiations. Rev. Josiah Davis

was the choice of the other side. He was at that time regarded as the ablest defender of Universalism west of the Alleghenies. He had already conducted twenty-four discussions, and this was the twenty-fifth and last. He was a brother of Rev. William Davis, at one time president of Otterbein University, and later of Western College. Josiah Davis began his career in the United Brethren Church, also, and at one time was very prominent in the Wabash country. He was a member of the General Conference of 1841, and was an aspirant for the bishop's office. He had, before this, debated with Universalists, but finally, disappointed in his ambitions, he went over bodily into the ranks of Universalism. He had followed Bishop Weaver for three or four years, urging him to debate with him, but the bishop did not seek such controversy. Davis had just closed a controversy with a Methodist presiding elder, and delighted in this sort of work. He was a pleasant and interesting speaker, and not unskillful in arranging his arguments. Bishop Weaver took Davis over a route he had not before traveled. The question agreed upon was, "Do the Scriptures Teach the Ultimate Holiness and Happiness of All Men?" Davis was to affirm, and Weaver deny. A little later in the debate, the bishop threw him on the defense of Universalism as a system of religion. The result was the overthrow of this heresy in that section of the country.

The discussion was to last four days. Bishop Edwards was Bishop Weaver's moderator; for two days President Weston, of Lombard College, Galesburg,

Illinois, the other two days, Rev. John Hughes, of Tablegrove, Illinois, were Davis's moderators. Mr. Snyder wrote to the Agent of the Publishing House an earnest request that a reporter be sent to secure a *verbatim* report, with a view to the publication of the results in book form. It would be interesting now if we had such a volume, but the Agent did not think the outlook would justify the expense, and it was not done.

The night before the discussion, the two bishops were entertained at Mr. Snyder's house at Elmwood. Bishop Edwards was known to be rather opposed to public debate. In this instance he manifested a somewhat fearful spirit, as he had evidently never heard Bishop Weaver in debate, and did not know his strength in discussion. After supper, some twelve or fifteen United Brethren ministers dropped in for a visit with the bishops, among them Mr. Dunham, N. A. Walker, S. Mills, and Isaac Kretzinger, all of them being well versed in public religious discussions. At an opportune moment, Bishop Weaver went to his valise and brought out a bundle of manuscript, and said, "I want to read a little to you." He had written out in full his introductory speech and his leading arguments on the several doctrinal subjects which entered into the discussion. These were later thoroughly reviewed and published in "Universal Restoration."

The object in this reading was to obtain the moral support of his brethren, and especially to put confidence into Bishop Edwards. When they saw the

manuscript, some one said that if the bishop intended to depend on that, his opponent would floor him. Bishop Weaver would read a while, bringing out his strong points, and then would turn to Bishop Edwards and say, "Brother Edwards, how will that do?" and Bishop Edwards always replied, "That will do." One hour was spent in reading. The look of fear and anxiety in the faces of the brethren gave way to confidence and courage and faith in the final result. Bishop Weaver then said, "Have you any questions to ask or any suggestions to make?" Brother Walker said, "I suppose you know that Davis is a Winchesterite, and will make a strong argument on that scripture which speaks of 'preaching to spirits in prison'?" Bishop Weaver asked, somewhat anxiously, "Where is that?" Brother Walker turned to the Epistle of Peter and read it. Bishop Edwards asked Bishop Weaver if he was acquainted with that passage. Those who heard his answer will never forget their feelings when he replied, "Oh, yes, I know all about that," and then, raising his hand and waving his index finger, he added, "Brethren, there is not an argument or position taken by the Universalists *that I don't know.*" The whole subject was dropped at this point, and the evening passed cheerfully. Bishop Weaver had won the complete sympathy and confidence of all his brethren, and the results of the discussion forever strengthened their confidence.

The debate was held in Paradise Chapel, three miles north of the town of Elmwood. It is a large church, but was crowded at every session. Two hours

of the forenoon and two of the afternoon were occupied. There was preaching in the evening, the Universalists occupying one evening and the United Brethren the alternate one. There were some thirty United Brethren preachers present to hear the discussion. Bishop Weaver's first address upset Davis. The bishop, instead of following Davis in the direct negative, ran a counter affirmative. After the second day, Davis was on the direct negative. At noon on the fourth day, it was suggested to the bishop to reserve about ten minutes at the close for an exhortation. When his final review was done, he turned to the moderator and asked, "How much time have I yet?" and was answered, "Eight minutes." He paused, and then said, in substance: "We have now come to the end of this discussion. We are all going to eternity. How awfully solemn the reflection. We shall soon all be there. I have taught you the doctrine I believe. Christ, our salvation, died for us. All who believe in him shall live forever. All who come to him by faith shall have a present salvation from sin. They have peace with God. Believe in him, and you shall never die. When the end comes, you may say with Alfred Cookman, 'I go sweeping through the gates into the New Jerusalem.' I warn you against the lake of fire. I tell you, friends, there is danger of trifling with eternal things. God is good, but he is also just. I cannot promise you eternal life, according to Universalism, but if you obey the gospel, thank God, you shall live forever. The city of God is open for you now. You shall eat of the tree of

life, in the midst of the paradise of God; and when death-drops stand on your marble brow, you may say, 'Light breaks in,' and you shall meet the moving millions, who, like a cloud of glory, are circling around the great white throne. In hope of the joys of the better land, we say farewell. Let us sing, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.' "

No one can describe the effect of that appeal. The people arose to their feet, and amens and shouts came from all over the house. Mr. Davis looked as pale as a corpse. A glorious victory for truth and righteousness had been won. The result was the destruction of Universalism in that community.

Some interesting little incidents occurred during the debate. Mr. Davis, at one time called Bishop Weaver's presentation of his views of truth "a bankrupt system." The bishop replied, "Yes, we are all bankrupt; but Christ has paid the debt and set us free." As they were bidding each other good-by, at the close of the discussion, Bishop Weaver said, "Brother Davis, I advise you to take advantage of the bankrupt system."

At one time, Mr. Davis endeavored to present some statements in Bishop Weaver's book on the "Resurrection." The bishop answered: "Brother Davis is welcome to all he can get out of that book. I would like to sell about thirty copies here to-day." There was no further allusion to the book.

Mr. Davis, in referring to the loss of the wicked, said, "If Brother Weaver's position is true, I don't see how he can afford to be happy." Said the bishop:

"I can tell Brother Davis why we can afford to be happy. It is because we have two chances. If our position is not true, we have Universalism to fall back on." At this Mr. Davis sprang to his feet, but made no further reply.

Some two years after this, this same pastor (Mr. Snyder) suggested to Mr. Davis another debate, but he said he had left that work to other hands. Mr. Davis, we are informed, is still living, in advanced years, near Virgil, Kansas.

At the close of the discussion, the United Brethren ministers present met and adopted the following resolutions: "We hereby tender our worthy Bishop Weaver our thanks for defending in an able manner the Bible doctrine of endless punishment, and for the valuable service he rendered the United Brethren Church. We further express our entire satisfaction with the spirit and manner in which he conducted this discussion; that he successfully met every proposition affirmed by Rev. Mr. Davis. We also extend our thanks to Bishop Edwards for the impartial manner in which he presided as moderator."

Bishop Weaver had a debate before this time, before he became a bishop, in the northeastern part of the State of Ohio. The Universalists in that section were somewhat aggressive in their methods; and, knowing that Bishop Weaver was not much of a scholar, and presuming he was not familiar with their creed, they concluded it would be a comparatively easy thing to hold him up to the public as not competent for his place. So two men of some note in that

community pressed him to debate with them on the principles and teachings of Universalism. The bishop never challenged, but was always the challenged man. He hesitated in this case, but his Church brethren urged him, as there were several in that neighborhood who inclined to that delusion, and if he declined, it would militate against him. He finally consented, and arrangements were made. It was agreed that the debate last four days. After the first day, one man gave up. After one speech on the second day, the other man retired from the contest. It was reported that the first man was sick, and hence could not go on; but his associate said he could not do anything. The second man finally said to Bishop Weaver, "You give us a talk on the immortality of the soul, and we will stop right here. I do not intend to carry this any further."

His last debate on this subject was near New Philadelphia, Ohio, with a Rev. N. S. Sage, a scholarly man and a good speaker. The discussion came about as follows: Bishop Weaver was well acquainted with a Dr. Otis, of that community, a prominent physician and member of the Lutheran Church. Mr. Sage was a Universalist preacher, who gave a broad challenge to all creation, almost, for a debate on his pet theme. The ministers in New Philadelphia at this time were comparatively young men, and hesitated to accept such a challenge from that self-appointed Goliath of Universalism. The more prominent men in their respective churches dissuaded them, fearing the result. Dr. Otis knew Bishop Weaver quite

well, and, having faith in his ability to defend the orthodox views, urged him to accept the challenge. After considerable correspondence, the bishop yielded, and agreed to undertake the debate. The judge of the court was selected as moderator. The discussion was to continue four evenings and one day. The three evenings were occupied, and the next day being Saturday, it was not possible for the judge to be present. Nothing was done during the day, and the debate closed with Saturday night. It was the beginning of the end of Universalism in that section.

In his contest with Mr. Sage, Bishop Weaver would again and again press the question as to when the wicked would all be converted. The doctrine of the Universalists asserted that they all would be. Mr. Sage's friends grew a little restive under the galling fire, and complained. The bishop knew a young lawyer in town who was not a Christian. So, one day, he said to him, "You are skilled in the presentation of arguments before the court, and you have listened to me in these debates; do you think I am unfair in pressing this question?" "No," said the lawyer, "that 's just the thing we fellows want to know. I think it is right to make them tell it."

Some six months after this debate, Bishop Weaver and Mr. Sage met in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and greeted each other pleasantly. Mr. Sage was on his way West to preach. He said to the bishop, "I did not know you before we met to debate; if I had, the debate would not have occurred." Some years later, Mr. Sage came back to New Philadelphia as a minis-

ter in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and united with the Pittsburg Conference. The man who introduced him to the Methodist Episcopal Conference said, "The theological drubbing which Rev. J. Weaver gave Mr. Sage, some years ago, made a Methodist preacher out of him."

In the *Tuscarawas Advocate,* dated September 23, 1886, there appeared the following item: "Rev. N. S. Sage, who was a prominent figure in the North Ohio Conference at Canal Dover during the past week, is the former apostle of Universalism who is so well known in this city in connection with the famous debate held here, many years ago, between him and Bishop J. Weaver, of the United Brethren Church. It was stated in the conference on Tuesday morning that the logical drubbing which Mr. Sage received on that memorable occasion was the means of opening his eyes to the truths of orthodoxy, and afterwards led to his conversion to Methodism. This seems to be one of the few cases we hear of alteration from a *standard* to a narrow-gage."

Dr. H. J. Becker, now residing in Dayton, Ohio, then an unconverted man, was stopping in New Philadelphia, having some bills printed, at the time of this debate. He says: "I heard of the battle of the doctrines, and distinctly remembered the name of the bishop, and can recall some of the remarks made at the hotel. The 'boys' feared that Mr. Sage was not enough for Bishop Weaver, and that the doctrine of 'calorics' was orthodox after all."

It is reported on good authority that Bishop

Weaver was invited to remain over Sabbath and preach in the Methodist Episcopal church, which he consented to do. At the close of the sermon, Rev. Mr. Ball, the pastor, arose and said to the audience: "Brother Weaver has done a great and good work in this community by reason of presenting arguments against Universalism which all the Universalists this side of hell cannot answer, and I want you to show your appreciation of his work by giving a liberal contribution to his support." A collection of seventy-five dollars was lifted, which was considered unusually liberal.

Rev. J. G. Baldwin says: "It was my privilege to attend a debate he once had with a Universalist minister in Canaan, Wayne County, Ohio. His first speech drove his opponent into restorationism, and for three days and evenings there was as complete a floundering as was ever seen in a theological battle. The preacher said himself that he was no match for Bishop Weaver. I remember, on one occasion, when we were both attending a meeting of the board of trustees of Otterbein University, business was a little dull one day, and the bishop came and sat down by my side and asked, 'Baldwin, what do you think when you think about nothing?' I answered, 'I think of your debate with Binns, the Universalist.' 'That 's so,' he said, and was greatly amused at the retort."

These same two men, Baldwin and Weaver, were in Alliance, Ohio, one day, walking up and down the platform waiting for a train. A well-dressed stranger followed them, and finally, stepping forward,

asked the bishop if he were Rev. Mr. Weaver. The bishop answered, "I am called that sometimes." The stranger then said, "I am a Disciple minister, and should like to ask if you would debate the question of baptism with some one that I might select?" Bishop Weaver, in rather a comical manner, stretched himself to his full height, and replied, "Certainly; I am a little like a lightning-rod, *always ready for a crack.*" The gentleman looked at him in amazement for a short time, and then walked away without another word. The reference to lightning may have frightened him, as the debate never materialized.

He did have three debates with the Disciples, or Campbellites, as some call them, on the mode, subjects, and designs of Christian baptism. It is the opinion of the writer that all these occurred before he was elected bishop. One of these occurred near Beach City, another not far from Wooster, and the third near Sandyville, Ohio. These all awakened considerable interest, especially the last, in which a Mr. Moss was the contestant. There was a Disciple Church at this place, with a large membership. The Methodists, who were located here, opened the way for the debate. Two days were given to each subject, making six in all. Some years later, Bishop Weaver was invited to return to preach in the Methodist Episcopal church. He went, and found it a fine new church. Some of the members told him this church was the result of his debate.

During one of these discussions, a disputant whom, because we do not know his name, we shall call Mr. A,

was aiming to show from the original Greek, as well as from common use, the meaning of "immerse," as he understood it, and said he could prove his position from Bishop Weaver's own use of the word, claiming that when they were canvassing a time that would be most convenient for them to hold the debate, the bishop declined to come at a certain time, alleging he was so immersed in business and other duties that he could not come. When Bishop Weaver came to reply, he said: "True, I did write Mr. A that I was immersed in business; but I was not immersed in his sense. I did not go down into the business; *it came down upon me.*"

Bishop Weaver possessed several qualities which made him a good controversialist, among them we may mention:

1. His perfect self-composure. He was never rattled, never thrown off his balance, always fair to his opponent, and sweet in his temper and manner. The following story is told by Bishop Edwards: "Some strictures had been made upon an article written for the press by Bishop Markwood. In replying to it, Bishop Markwood used some stormy phrases, accompanied with some trifling and sarcastic remarks. Bishop Weaver, then a young bishop, wrote a reply under an assumed name, taking the very proper position that the bishops should be more careful in their published productions, and should not give anything to the press which would not comport with their own dignified position, or which would reflect on the good name of the Church. Bishop Ed-

wards did not approve of this quiet rebuke administered to Brother Markwood, and so sought to find the author. After several failures, he, one day, accosted Bishop Weaver, saying, in an inquiring tone, "Jonathan, did you write that article concerning Markwood?" He finally confessed that he did. Edwards in relating this story afterwards, said, "I just took off my gloves and gave him a good talking to; just what he deserved." The listener, anxious to know what effect this had on Bishop Weaver, inquired, "Did it make him mad?" "No," said Edwards, as if in a disappointed tone, "he is the best-natured man I ever saw. You cannot make him angry." Nor could his opponent in a debate.

2. He thoroughly believed what he sought to teach. He was conscious he was on the side of truth. He sought to get to the very foundation of truth. There were some questions on which he had not yet come to a positive conclusion; but when he did come to a conclusion he had a reason for the faith that was in him. He thoroughly prepared himself for the undertaking by seeking to answer his own arguments, and if he could not, he had a reasonable hope that others would not be able to do so.

3. He also thoroughly studied the side of his opponent. He knew both sides of the question. He knew as well beforehand what his opponent must say as he did after he had spoken. It was not mere boasting when he asserted that there was not an argument to be adduced in favor of Universalism that he had

not examined. Thus thoroughly fortified, there were no surprises in store for him.

4. He had an abundance of incidents and illustrations which would help to make plainer his argument. They would help, also, to interest his audience, relieve, at times, the logical tension, and keep him in closer touch with his hearers.

5. His quickness at repartee, combined with a happy delivery, made him an interesting speaker. The rich vein of humor running through his nature served him to good purpose. His was always the "retort courteous," but was, nevertheless, amusing. He compelled even those not in sympathy with his teachings to respect his fairness and courtesy.

In his earlier history, he found these debates to be the best mental drill he had ever gone through with up to that time. He was compelled to study, not one side alone, but both sides of a question. This made him fairer in his judgments, helped him to put himself in place of another and see truth as the other saw it. It helped him to think on his feet, and to face an audience without trembling. He honored his Church, and made it better known to many. It helped to make him an excellent presiding officer, who sought to deal fairly with all and to oppress none.

CHAPTER XII.

Third Election as Bishop—1873.

The sixteenth General Conference met in Dayton, Ohio, May 15, 1873. One hundred and twenty-five delegates had been elected. During the previous four years, the membership had been increased over seventeen thousand, making the entire membership at this time over one hundred and twenty-five thousand. The conference was, in the main, quite conservative, and yet some radical steps were taken. The address of welcome was made by Rev. C. Briggs, the pastor of the First Church, and Bishop Weaver was chosen to reply, which he did, in part, after the following fashion: "We have come here to greet each other and the kind Christian people of this city; and you may be sure that up to this moment, as far as I have the means of knowing, we feel ourselves wonderfully at home. If we needed any proof at all of your hospitality, or if we had needed any, it would be altogether at hand just now; for we have already sat by your hearths, and warmed by your fires, and slept in your beds, and ate at your tables; and if ministers are not judges of these things, I should like to know where you would find them," etc.

Later during the session, Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, the

veteran Sunday-school worker, who for years represented the American Sunday-School Union, spoke very cheeringly of the good work the Church was doing in this direction, and the help our members gave him. Bishop Weaver was selected to respond to this address, which he did, as follows: "I would say, brethren, that I have always counted myself a miserable platform speaker. I can make just as good a speech on the platform as any man, if I only know just what to say. That is always in my way. I think, however, I ought to say, in behalf of these Christian men, these delegates representing the United Brethren Church from all over the land, that we are in the field. We went out into the field a good while ago, and we are in the field now, and there we intend to stay and fight it out on this line. I am happy to say that in this great, good, and blessed work, to which reference was made by our good brother, we are heartily with them in that department of work, and our mission shall be, to gather in all the youth of this land, as far as it is possible, under the influence of our Sabbath-school work, and thereby win many, very many of these to Jesus Christ. I unite with that brother in bidding God-speed to everything that has for its object the gathering in of our youth to the fold of our Lord Jesus Christ."

He was, by turns, one of the presiding officers of the Conference, and was not so much accustomed to talking, unless on questions concerning which he had special information, or to help out of difficulties. He had none of that itch which puts men on the floor to

hear themselves talk. He spoke on the proposition to make Parkersburg a self-sustaining conference after two years, for he had learned something of their condition during the last four years: "They have a membership of five thousand, it is true, but it is not like the same membership north, east, or west. The people are poor, very poor. You are not prepared to judge of their circumstances unless you have visited them among the hills and mountains. It has been difficult to keep in the field some of the very best men that are there. There are half a dozen now just on the point of leaving. They say they cannot stand it any longer. They are earnest and faithful workers, but have families dependent upon them for support, and receive one hundred dollars, sometimes one hundred and fifty dollars a year. I have no sympathy for Parkersburg that I have not for any other conference, but I know how they are circumstanced. They have not yet recovered from the effects of the Rebellion."

The matter of lay delegation was one of the subjects which came before this Conference. There was nothing in the constitution of the Church to prevent lay delegates in the annual conferences, provided the General Conference was willing to order it, but lay delegates could not be admitted to the General Conference except by a change of the general plan of government. In the Conference of 1869, a standing committee was appointed on this subject, but its report was voted down by fifty-five to thirty-two, mainly on the ground that there was no special desire for it on

the part of the laity, but mostly, we take it, because the older men believed that ecclesiastical power properly belonged to the ministry. A report was made providing for a change of constitution, and for the election of delegates, and it was earnestly and vigorously discussed. It was agreed to submit a change of constitution, so as to secure this result, and Bishop Weaver voted for it. He had always been an advocate of lay representation. The plan provided for its adoption, if two-thirds of those voting on the question were friendly to it. It was asserted, however, that there should be no alteration of the constitution, except by request of two-thirds of the whole Church. The question as to what was meant by "two-thirds" was referred to the bishops, who were a tie in this vote, and no conclusion was reached; so the plan for lay delegates at that time failed.

Another revision of the Discipline was proposed, which provided that the ministers in charge who found members of the Church members of a secret society, should erase their names, thereby dismissing them from the Church without a vote of the class. This was on the supposition that the membership might be divided in sentiment, and might hesitate to vote for expulsion, but that the pastor would be more likely to carry out the rule of the Discipline. This proposition elicited no little opposition, as being un-American in nature and unjust in its effects. It was finally passed by a vote of seventy to thirty-one, Bishop Weaver voting against it. We are of the opinion that this law was unjust in its operation, and

did not a little to lead to the unrest which finally resulted in disintegration.

Late in the session, a committee on *pro rata* representation made report. It was moved to amend this to say that each conference shall have two clerical delegates and one layman. Dr. Garst moved to so amend as to say, "Equal lay and ministerial delegates," one for every two thousand members. On this proposition, Bishop Weaver was recorded in the negative.

It was voted to celebrate 1874 as a centennial year, 1774 being the year in which the first independent congregation was founded at Baltimore by William Otterbein. The bishops were appointed a committee on centennial interests.

Bishop Weaver was appointed "to classify and arrange the subject matter of the book of Discipline, and submit it to the Board of Bishops for approval during the ensuing quadrennial term; and that this Board present the same to the next General Conference for ratification or rejection."

In his personal remarks at the close of the Conference, he says: "I have been at work in my own way in this Church twenty-eight years. I have not been local an hour in all those years. I have not done the work as well, to be sure, as some others might have done it, but, in my own way, I have been engaged in it during this time; and I feel willing to-night to continue in this work. I expect to continue to labor for Christ in some way as long as I have strength to do so. I want to say to the brethren who represent,

on this floor, the district I have been traveling for four years past, that I think it due them that I should say in a public way, I thank you, and also the conferences you represent, for the kindness you have shown me from the first to the last. I shall leave this district with the kindest feelings toward every minister and every member of it. So far as I know in my heart, while among you I have received encouragement, not only of heart, but of a substantial nature; and I want it to be recorded in the thoughts and hearts of the friends constituting these conferences, that I return to you my most sincere thanks, after the four years past. And in regard to the members of the Ohio District, I have no other thought than to meet you as colaborers in this good cause, that we may unitedly send to heaven earnest, fervent prayers for God's blessing upon the work intrusted to our hands."

At this conference, the bishops were reëlected, Weaver for the third time. He received eighty votes, Edwards eighty-two, Dickson sixty-eight, and Glossbrenner sixty-three. Edwards was assigned to the East District, Weaver to the Ohio District, Dickson to the East Mississippi, and Glossbrenner to the West Mississippi. Bishop Weaver's territory comprised the following conferences: Scioto, Sandusky, Miami, Auglaize, Ohio German, Michigan, Canada, North Ohio, Western Reserve—nine in all.

In June, he appears in the *Telescope* with an article, entitled, "Moving," showing its advantages and disadvantages. Just then he was packing up his

goods to move from Baltimore to Dayton. Later, there appeared articles, entitled, "In Union There Is Strength," "Power in Religion," and also a vigorous appeal for donations of books for the Union Biblical Seminary library. July 30, he writes a letter to an anti-secret society, which was published in the *Telescope* of August 20: "Let Christians be content outside of the lodge-room. It is enough for them to know and feel that they are members of a brotherhood that takes in all the pure and good; a brotherhood of loving hearts, baptized by one Spirit into one body; a brotherhood whose Elder Brother has gone to prepare them a home."

He held Miami Conference, August 13, at Arcanum, Ohio; Sandusky, September 3, at Osceola, Ohio; Scioto, at Pataskala, Ohio, September 10; and Western Reserve, September 17, at Newman's Creek, Chapel, Ohio; and the others in their order. Then came another appeal for the Seminary, whose faithful friend he always was to the day of his death. "That Prayer of the Prophet," "O Lord, Revive Thy Work," "He Lived for Others," "On the Death of John Howard"—these articles, with the dedication of First Church, Dayton, Ohio, closed his labors for 1873.

It had been decided that 1874 should be observed as a centenary year, so early in January there came an article from his pen, entitled "Our Centenary Year," and another on "Church Building," in which he said that it is easier to raise money for a church before it is built than afterward. Another article

appeared, asking for larger contributions. Then the following articles: "The Atonement"—the leading truth of Christianity; "More of Christ"; "Stopping Over"—thoughts that came to him while waiting for a train; "Who Shall Roll Away the Stone?" we must not be deterred from doing our duty because there are difficulties in the way; "How Is It?" no excuse or apology for Christians who indulge in saying hard things. May 13, he made an address to the graduating class of Union Biblical Seminary; held Ohio German Conference, March 12, at Danville, Illinois; held Ontario Conference at Gainsboro, Ontario, May 7.

He reports for the year 1873: Appointments, 1,032; organized churches, 844; membership, 34,947, an increase during the year of 1,026; total money collected, $206,877.49.

Later in the year, he wrote an article on "Law Principles," in which he takes exception to an editorial by Editor Wright reflecting on the Ohio District, which Bishop Weaver was then serving: "No man, living or dead, ever heard me say a word in favor of secret societies. Yet, because I may not interpret every item of law just as the editor does, the implied charge of insubordination, rebellion, usurpation, treason, self-conceit, inactivity, and dodges is laid at my door. If a brother finds it in his heart to use such language, he is at perfect liberty to do so. I shall not complain." The skirmishing which led to the final contest had already commenced.

He held his usual conferences belonging to the

Ohio District, and found time to furnish some articles for the Church paper. "Money" appears first; "Is Life a Dream?"—many act as if they thought so; "Hereafter"—things there will seem strangely different from what they do now; "Watchman, What of the Night?" closes the year; from the human standpoint the night is long and dark, but the day is dawning.

The first issue of 1875 contains an article on "Ecclesiastical Tests," in which he asks the question, Can a church establish a test of membership, by which to exclude from her communion any whom she recognizes as Christians? which question he answers affirmatively. Later, comes "An Idea," in which he shows we should not be men simply of one idea. In May, he starts West to visit the conferences on the Coast, and writes a few letters, which he entitles "Here a Little and There a Little." In the first one he says: "We are now more than a thousand miles west from Omaha, and I have seen only one person reading the Bible; yet we have on board more than a score of members of church. There is one man from Philadelphia who is a member of a popular church. He can play cards, read novels, and talk religion all in the same hour; and there sits a minister who just at this moment said he had drank only two glasses of lager beer since he left New York. Some people have a powerful sight of religion at home, but when away from home they have none worth speaking of. A gentleman on the train, who hails from a city in Indiana, stated that the best danc-

ers in that city were members of church. He is himself a member of church, and thinks that dancing and theater-going are all right. It seems to me the devil is getting looser and looser all the time. The time has come when Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and United Brethren will apologize for almost any sin under the heavens."

He writes at some length concerning his visit. The churches seem to him very formal: "The people are drunken with the love of pleasure; church fairs and festivals are kept up more closely than prayer- and class-meetings. At these gatherings they will talk, eat, drink, and dance, and at the close will gather up the proceeds and give them to their preacher."

The California Conference met at Fairview, seventy-five miles from Sacramento; thirteen ministers were present. He spoke of the mirages which he saw, and pronounced them the most perfect optical illusions he had ever met. He had six hundred miles to travel to Philomath, where the Oregon Conference was to sit. He went almost one hundred miles by railway, and then three hundred by stage. Conference was held May 21, and fourteen ministers were present. From here he went to Walla Walla. The Board of Missions had ordered this conference to be dissolved; but there were some alienations which made it difficult to proceed. The camp-meeting arranged for being over, he took the stage for Kelton, Utah, some five hundred miles away. He had been over the road once before, and the outlook did not look pleasing; but there was no other way. Having

gone thirty-five miles, he was compelled to wait seventeen hours, which did not add to his comfort. He had planned to reach home by July 25.

Speaking of Kelton, where he had been delayed so long, he says: "It is the hardest place I ever saw, and next to the hardest place I ever read of. It hardly seems possible that human beings could get as low down as they seem here. . . . You gave me [he says to Kelton] a poor dinner, a wretched supper, and a bed that was at least ten inches too short, and made me pay three dollars in pure silver for my miserable comfort. I wish you no harm, only I trust that the miserable vermin, the name of which must never be mentioned in polite society, may gather upon your carcasses as they did upon mine, and drain your life current until they shall raise you from your bed for the sixth time. That is the way they served me."

The *Telescope* for June 30 reports him at home and in good health. The great need of the West he found to be more men, consecrated men. The Board of Missions is not able to send half as many men as should go. He adds this statement: "It does seem that when men consent to go West as missionaries, many of them do not more than get across the Missouri River until they are seized with the notion that they must make money. The result is, they are divided in their interests, and are not more than half men in the ministry. The ministry is our work. It takes a whole man to make a minister."

He reported for the Ohio District, 1874: Appointments, 1,033; organized churches, 943; mem-

bers, 36,687; increase during the year, 1,740; total collected for all purposes, $233,700.04. For the Pacific Coast District: Appointments, 110; organized churches, 65; members, 1,444, an increase of 30; collected for all purposes, $8,469.26.

He held his fall conferences as usual, and so closed another year. The report for the Ohio District for the year 1875, rendered some months later, gives this result: Appointments, 1,082; organized churches, 939; members, 37,780; increase during year, 1,376; collected for all purposes, $216,351.93.

Early in 1876, he takes up his pen to aid the *Telescope*. "Not Yet—By and By," gives him occasion to say there will be a by and by, and when He shall appear we shall be like him. Next, "As Far as Bethany"; "Martha" proves to be a defense of this misunderstood disciple. "Reflections," an inquiry as to what will probably be the first impression upon the soul when it passes the boundary line between time and eternity. "Thinking—Thought," enforces the duty of thinking for ourselves.

His conferences were held as follows: Miami, at Vandalia, July 19; Auglaize, at New Philadelphia, August 23; North Ohio, at DeKalb County, Indiana, August 28; Erie, at Pleasantville, September 13; Michigan, at Beach City, September 20; Scioto, at Mt. Hermon Church, October 4; White River, at West Canaan, October 11. A few *Telescope* articles, such as, "What Next?" an inquiry as to what we may next look for in the effort of the Church to ape the follies of the times, and another on "Unity," the

great want of the age, and the year closes. Later, a few more communications appear. Parkersburg Conference is held at Bachtel Chapel, March 14, 1877; Canada, at Freeport, April 19; and another General Conference is here.

Before the close of 1876, he was in Summit County, Ohio, attending a dedication, but did not reach the depot in time to take the train south. The agent told him to go to Cleveland, and he could reach Dayton about as soon. When he reached Cleveland, he was informed that he had nine and a half hours to wait. "I was not angry, but felt a strange warmth in the region of my heart or liver; perhaps it was what they call heart-burn."

While waiting here, he had time to think of his first circuit: "It took in this city and all the region round about. It was two hundred miles around, with seventeen appointments and twenty-three members, all told. I traveled on horseback, for there were no railroads, and the roads were too bad for a buggy. Some one asks, 'Why in the world did you not resign?' Why, bless you, at that time I did not know that a man dare do such a thing. I was silly enough to suppose that an itinerant was expected to go wherever he was sent. I was young and hearty, and rather liked it. I rather like the old-fashioned itineracy to this day. I was broken in at the start. Rev. A. Biddle had much to do with my early training as an itinerant. Some of these days, when the chariots of Israel are sweeping around and about Galion, the old man will get in, and hie away to the home of the pure and good."

CHAPTER XIII.

Fourth Election as Bishop—1877.

The seventeenth General Conference convened in Westfield, Illinois, May 10, 1877. The bishops reported an increase of members during the quadrennium of 19,223. During this period there came into use two words, "radical" and "liberal," which will always be associated with the history of the Church. Those who were in favor of a less severe law on the secrecy question, who favored lay delegation and *pro rata* representation, were denominated by the term "liberals," while those who were opposed were characterized as "radicals." This Conference was a little stormy, and, in some particulars, its work was censurable. Nearly every question was reviewed, and often settled in the light of its bearing on the secrecy question. A proposition to form a new conference out of parts of three others was opposed because it might send liberal delegates to the next Conference, and the growth of this sort of sentiment must be opposed. *Pro rata* representation was apparently opposed for the same reason, though it was a principle which was thoroughly American. It was earnestly discussed, and finally lost by a vote of forty-five to fifty-four. A protest signed by twenty-four delegates, giving their reasons for the same, was read, but the request that it be placed on the records was refused.

The secrecy law had been ambiguous; for eight years it had not been satisfactory. It allowed six months to all offenders. There were three interpretations: Some thought the classes should expel the member of a secret organization; others understood it was the preacher's duty to declare him out of the Church; and others said it was self-executing. When the item, "Duty of the Bishops," was considered, a radical brother introduced a resolution instructing the bishops, if they found a member of any of their conferences who had in any manner failed to enforce certain requirements, to at once erase his name. Such a requirement seems to us, to-day, little less than high-handed tyranny. The proposition was finally lost by a vote of thirty-two to seventy-three.

At this juncture, Bishop Glossbrenner said that the conference was acting very inconsistently in asking the bishops to do what the conference would not do itself. He urged that the body itself proceed at once to examine the annual conferences. This was a thunderbolt. If this were honestly done, it would show that those who were so intensely radical here, at home were just as apathetic and guilty as others. Plans were discussed, the most unsatisfactory adopted, and then the farce began. At the close, one intense radical brother said he was glad to find that "the conferences were *all* loyal to all the laws of the Church," when every man knew they were not. It was a fine example of ecclesiastical whitewashing.

There were two reports on secrecy, a majority and

a minority report. The former did not require or allow any action of the class, but when the preacher found that a member was connected with a secret society, he should mark him as having left the Church. The discussion of these reports was able and interesting. It would have been well had the full proceedings been kept. A brief summary has been preserved. One brother, who has gone to the good world, said: "A tremor on the subject of secret societies pervades the whole Church. I never sailed under the flag of treason. I have enforced the law on secrecy as fairly, probably, as any member upon this floor. I have never belonged to any secret society, nor do I ever expect to; but I regard the report now before us, and proposed to be ratified and become a law, as the most infamous document ever offered to this Church. I cannot believe that there are ten of my constituents who would, when they thoroughly understood this report, reach forth their hands to sign this damnable paper. It is now proposed, after the ridiculous, unprecedented, and shameful exhibition witnessed on this floor yesterday, in the examination of the doings of the annual conferences, by which the paralyzed condition of the Church upon this question was fully shown, to pass this sweeping and unholy law as a remedy for this disease. . . . No one can possibly tell where all this will end. I tell you, we have the slipping glaciers of the Alps to climb, and no Bonaparte to lead us. We are marching over the plains, a vast army, to take a strong city, and we have no Hannibal as our guide and leader. We have a

Rubicon to cross, and no Julius Cæsar among us to lead the van. Let us stop and consider."

Another, who has also left us, said, with earnestness of his heart: "The length of this law utterly condemns it. Why a cart-load of law on a single subject? This proves to the thoughtful that you are not sure that your position is just. Why such a long apology and such special pleading, if the law is the will of God? I cannot enforce this law and preserve my self-respect, and I would sooner die than sacrifice that. I can locate, and so can others, and you can send missionaries back to occupy the churches, if you can find any one to preach to. Five hundred congregations will go out, and while they are too honorable to take the property with them, they have paid for it, and in equity it is theirs. We can preach in the schoolhouses and under the trees. You seek to enforce this law, and a hundred doors now open to you will be closed in your faces. You will go ragged over the bleak prairies and shiver in the storm. I enter my protest against this suicidal policy. You have no right to transform this Church into an anti-secret society. This is not the Church that Otterbein planted. If he were here, he would disown you. I protest, in the name of Protestantism and Christian liberty against this measure."

Another brother, who is no longer living, closed an earnest protest, as follows: "Mr. Chairman, if that paper passes, which is altogether likely, it will be an occasion of more tears shed over a distracted and bleeding church. What folly to pass a law that you

know will not be enforced! You who are clamoring for it will not enforce it. It will not be enforced in our conference. I will be no party to its enforcement. If that be treason to this Church, make the most of it."

There were earnest talks in its favor, and it finally passed by seventy-one to thirty-one votes. A vigorous protest, signed by twenty-two members, was read, but was refused a place in the proceedings by a vote of forty-two to twenty-one.

The bishops took no active part in these discussions, and they were excused from voting. There were intimations even here that Bishop Weaver was not satisfied with this policy. It was not quieting the Church nor saving the people. Later years show us that even at this time he was seeking a better way. He was growing towards a belief that there must be a safer course of action.

He was sent to the East Mississippi District, comprising St. Joseph, Upper Wabash, Lower Wabash, Central Illinois, Southern Illinois, Illinois, Indiana, White River, Michigan, and Saginaw conferences.

Bishop Weaver had been elected for the fourth time by a vote of seventy-six. Glossbrenner received eighty-one, Dickson, eighty-two, and Castle, sixty.

He held White River Conference at Blue River Chapel, Indiana, August 15; St. Joseph, at Dayton, Indiana, August 22; Upper Wabash, Marysville, Illinois, August 29; Michigan, at Waterloo, Michigan, September 5; Central Illinois, at Arrowsmith, Illinois, September 12; Illinois, at Buck's Chapel, Sep-

tember 19; Lower Wabash, at Center Point, Indiana, September 26; Indiana, at Dale, Indiana, October 3; Southern Illinois, at Walnut Grove, October 12. These were included in the East Mississippi District.

When he had nearly completed his round of conferences he writes: "I have now held eight conferences; one more, and I will be through for this round. The attendance has been good, and the spirit of love and brotherly kindness prevailed. The ministers, for the most part, have resolved to enter upon the work of the new year with increased energy. No man, I care not how learned he may be, will ever succeed in winning souls to Christ until he is consecrated to the work. . . . Great changes have taken place during the nine years I have been absent from this district. Some have gone to other conferences, some have gone to heaven, and others have come to fill their places. I have never held so many conferences where there was so little complaining about the general management of our Church interests."

Bishop Weaver and Rev. D. K. Flickinger were on a boat on the Ohio River, on their way to attend a conference. The boarding was poor, playing cards the order of the day, and morals fearfully bad. He writes: "I have a good deal of trouble with D. K. Flickinger. The water is low, and it requires a great deal of working and turning to get along. Half the time he does not know whether we are going up or down the river. He has an indistinct idea that we are going to the Southern Illinois Conference, but is not certain whether we will land in Kentucky or Illi-

nois. With the eating he can get along well enough. You see, he has been to Africa several times, where they eat everything, even rats and monkeys; that is why he is fond of rare meat. For my part, if I must eat rare meat, I want it fresh from the butcher. This lukewarm stuff—away with it! . . . Four o'clock, A. M., and we are landed; it is dark; we are strangers in a strange land. Find a man up; ask the way; miss the road, but at last turn up at a little hotel. After an interesting walk of a few miles, we reach the place for the holding of the conference."

The following contributions to the Church paper appeared this year: "Progress—Expensive"; many a prayer has gone unanswered because the person praying was not willing to pay the price. "With Christ in Glory"; an answer to the query, Why does Christ want to have his followers with him? "Too Much Talk"; men must learn to think more and talk less. "The Precious Blood of Jesus"; forms and ceremonies are not without their uses, but they can never take the place nor answer the end of the blood of Christ. "The Church's Mission"—the salvation of souls. "Even at Last"; the rich and the poor are alike when death comes. "Growing in Grace"; all who are in Christ Jesus must grow in grace.

At the request of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Friends, and the United Brethren societies of Dublin, Indiana, on four successive evenings in November he delivered four discourses against the doctrine of the ultimate happiness and holiness of all men.

His report for the East Mississippi District for 1877 is as follows: Churches, 989; members, 38,049; increase, 1,040; ministers, 529; collected for all purposes, $128,090.51. "On account of the scarcity of money in the West, the collections are far below what they would be if money were more plenty. But this is not the only difficulty. Some men in charge of fields of labor would not bring in a full report if money were as plenty as the flies were in Egypt. This is not confined to one conference, but such men can be found in almost any conference in the Church. It will be a relief to the Church when that class of men retires from the field. It requires energy and perseverance to succeed in any enterprise, especially in the ministry."

The conferences for 1878 were held as follows: White River, at Bethlehem Chapel, August 14; Indiana, at Georgetown, August 21; St. Joseph, at North Manchester, August 28; Michigan, at Gainers, First Church, September 4; Saginaw, North Star Church, September 11; Central Illinois, Decatur, September 25; Southern Illinois, Liberty, Illinois, October 8; Illinois, Mound Chapel, October 2; Lower Wabash, October 9.

A number of the conferences passed strong resolutions this year opposing secrecy and against nullification and revolutions.

He reports for 1878: "Eight hundred and forty-nine organized churches; 863 classes; 34,689 members; ministers, 561; collected for all purposes, $136,841.57. Many souls were born. The ministers,

for the most part, are hard-working men. Depression in money matters cut some of the collections short."

The Church was not at rest along some lines. Dr. L. Davis, in the *Telescope* for July 17, 1878, in an article, entitled "Rebellion," calls attention to the condition of the Church: "It is apparent that some of our brethren are seeking to overthrow certain forms of our Church government by revolution. They openly and repeatedly say that the constitution is a fraud, and hence it ought not to be respected. These brethren have been fairly met and routed in argument, and then defeated by a large majority of votes in the General Conference; but, no matter, they will go on in their lawless course." He advises "that the bishops speak out by tongue and pen; and that the *Telescope* stand for law and order; and that those who are willing to stand for the Discipline should often meet and counsel together."

During the year 1879, Bishop Weaver does not appear frequently in the paper, as heretofore. We find a little tilt with the editor of the *Cynosure;* an article on "The Church's Power," which is in the presence of the Holy Spirit, and another, "Go Up Higher," calling attention to the truth that most men are content to remain too low down, both morally and mentally; "Christian Unity"; "In It, But Not of It"; and "We Must Have Revivals"; the Church was born in one.

The Bishop was in a boat on the Ohio River, seeking to reach a point in Kentucky; the boat was late.

He writes: "One thing impresses me this morning, and that is the uselessness of grumbling. There are church grumblers—men who complain and find fault with everything and everybody but themselves. Such men are not content to pick at, and find fault with their fellows; they even complain of what God does, and what he does not do. On board this boat there are men who, if they had their own way, would probably dethrone the Creator and undertake to rule according to their own notions."

St. Joseph Conference for 1879 met at Berrien Springs, September 3; Michigan, North Castleton, September 10; Saginaw, Elmhall, September 17; Upper Wabash, Mt. Zion, September 24; Illinois, Alexis, October 1; Central Illinois, Mt. Zion, October 8; Lower Wabash, Vermilion, October 15; Southern Illinois, Mt. Nebo, October 22.

Early in 1880, President Allen, of Westfield College, had issued a circular in behalf of the college, which was supposed to contain some reflections on the conduct of some of its supporters. A presiding elder in one of the conferences replied to this circular. Bishop Weaver interpreted this reply to reflect on him, so he wrote the following statement: "My character has been before the Church for forty years. No man, dead or alive, has ever heard me say one word in favor of secret societies. I have written, spoken, and preached against them. I have never, to my knowledge, received into the Church a member of a secret society. I have more than once refused to receive persons as members, even after they had come

forward, simply because they could not answer the third question directly. I have faithfully executed every law we ever had on the subject of secret societies. Never a case that came under my jurisdiction has passed by my consent. I have more than once refused to proceed with the business of a conference until they had executed the law in cases where it had been violated."

He proceeds to say that he had never joined any outside association, believing that in the Church he could do and say all he wanted against any form of evil. He then speaks of his anxiety: "For more than ten years I have witnessed with deep concern a growing restlessness in the Church. Men of long standing in our denomination have changed their views, not so much in regard to secrecy itself, as in reference to the manner of dealing with it. Without attempting to conceal or exaggerate the matter, the fact is before us that there are two parties in the Church. Another fact is, that there is danger of a rupture. I have heard men on both sides of this question say, 'Let it come; we are ready.' I do not feel thus; we are not ready. There is too much at stake. Those who remain near at home, whose duties do not require them to travel throughout the whole Church, do not, and cannot know the extent of this restlessness. To prevent what I most dread, I have counseled moderation on both sides. President Allen got a glimpse of this want of harmony during the sitting of the last General Conference, and was not slow in offering his compromise. The United Brethren Church has a grand

field open before it. It has a record on moral reform of which it need not be ashamed. We want harmony. In my opinion, harsh, unkind, and uncharitable words and thrusts from either party are unwise, and tend to separate them more and more.

"The last night I spent with our lamented Bishop Edwards, he talked freely and with deep concern about the future of the Church. He knew as much about the Church as any man in it, and had as deep an interest in its welfare as any man ever had. He was a pure-minded, noble man of God. He saw, or thought he saw, the very danger I have herein expressed; and, like a true friend of the Church, he was anxiously looking around to see if there was not an honorable way out of this trouble. He concluded by saying, 'The Lord reigns, and will lead us out of this difficulty, if we will but trust him.' So I believe; but harsh, unkind thrusts through the *Telescope* will never bring harmony and peace, but will tend to alienate feeling and destroy confidence. I dictate to no one; I impugn no man's motives, for we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ. Each must answer for himself. If counseling men on both sides of this vexed question to be moderate; if opposing harsh, unkind words; and if trying to secure harmony throughout the Church are crimes, then verily I am guilty."

September 5, 1880, from North Star, Michigan, he writes a personal letter to the editor of the *Telescope*, from which we make the following extract:

"This is my fifth conference this fall, and I am

glad to be able to say that the Master is with us all the time. The sessions thus far have been very pleasant. There appears to be an earnest desire, with a settled determination upon the part of nearly all the members of the conference, to go up higher in Christian experience. With a hearty good will they often unite in singing, 'Nearer, my God, to thee.' There have been frequent baptisms of the Holy Ghost, such as I have seldom witnessed during conference sessions. My brother, there is a divine fullness in gospel salvation. If any man should doubt this, let him turn to Ephesians 3:18-20. In these verses, Paul talks of the breadth, length, depth, and height of the love of Christ, and all the fullness of God. This is wonderful—yes, it is wonderful, glorious, and gloriously wonderful; but it is just that state into which the Holy Ghost will lead us all who will trustingly consecrate our all to Christ. It is a present, full salvation, complete in all. There is nothing that so well qualifies ministers for conference work as the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It sweetens their dispositions, makes them firm and bold, yet humble. Where this grace abounds, every interest of the Church will be looked after. The fathers of the United Brethren Church started out with the consciousness that a vital union with Christ is essential to a life of godliness. From this central idea we cannot afford to be divorced. We must hold to it, not simply because the fathers taught it, but because Jesus taught it. . . . Thus far the sessions of the conference have been characterized with the spirit of brotherly kindness. There has been

an encouraging increase in all the interests of the Church. My own health is comparatively good. With plenty to do, plenty to eat, sound sleep, and the help of the Spirit, the work goes on smoothly."

He was holding a conference in the vicinity of Springfield, Illinois, and, in response to the editor of the *Telescope* for a letter, he wrote him privately, saying: "For two reasons I cannot write: The first is, I do not have time. I am giving all my time and energies to my conference, trying to help them in every department of work. The second, and main reason is, that I have had the ague. I had an awful hard twist with it some two weeks ago, and am not over it yet. Did you ever have the ague? I do not mean the chills, but the regular old-fashioned, blue-stocking kind? First, I was in Greenland, among the everlasting mountains of snow, shaking for all that was out. Doctors say a well-developed man has two hundred and forty-four bones in his body. Just imagine, if you can, that all these bones are aching at each end and also in the middle. That will make seven hundred and thirty-two aches, all going on at one time. But that is not the real ague, only an incident connected therewith. From Greenland's icy mountains I was carried to the center of the torrid zone in about forty-five minutes—hot, hotter, hottest. But this was only another little incident connected with the ague. Add all these little incidents together, and drop in here and there all the mean and unearthly sensations that you can think of, and you have a faint idea of what the ague is.

"But I did not have the ague. I deny the charge. I was a little like a man of whom I once heard, who had resolved that on a certain evening he would steal his neighbor's calf. But his neighbor found out his purpose, and, having a pet bear, removed the calf and tied the bear in its place. The evening came, and so did the man, and brought a friend with him to help carry the calf home. Arriving at the barn, he crept cautiously to the place and took hold of the supposed calf. Presently his accomplice, who remained at the door, heard quite a scuffle going on, and, in a loud whisper, said, 'Have you got the calf?' 'No,' was the curt reply, 'but the calf has got me.' This is exactly my case. The ague has got me. I was all alone at my little room at the hotel, and it was very interesting."

He held the Southern Illinois Conference in October, 1880, and spoke very pleasantly of the outlook. The ministers had gone to the fields of labor with a fixed purpose to do better work than before. Concerning this feeling, he says: "I am more than ever convinced that our want of success in winning souls to Christ is owing mainly to our want of consecration to the ministry. A man whose whole heart is not given to this one work will not likely succeed. Paul said, concerning himself and colaborers, 'We will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word.' Herein rests the true power of the minister of Jesus. No wonder Paul and those with him succeeded."

Two days after this conference, he started for

Sedan, two hundred miles southwest of Kansas City, to dedicate a church. When he reached St. Louis, everything was astir. "The railroad companies were on a bender, cutting the fare down to almost nothing, and the result was, that almost everybody, from the short-limbed Dutchman to the long, gaunt, gangling Yankee, seemed bent on going somewhere, no matter where, or whether they had any business abroad; they must go on that very next train or die. Elbowing my way through the crowd, I got within some distance of the ticket office, and, looking over the heads of all the rest, I inquired the fare to Kansas City. 'Eight dollars and fifty cents,' was the answer. I did not invest 'to wonst.' Having a little leisure, I looked about, and finally bought a ticket for one dollar. Three hundred miles for one dollar—cheap enough. After I had my ticket, I just thought, if railroad companies wanted to cut, they could cut away for all of me. I take things just as they come. When the price is up, I have to pay it, and when it is down, I do the same."

After an all-day's ride, he reached Independence, where he was entertained by Rev. R. J. Evans, one of the presiding elders of Osage Conference. He was one of the pioneers of Southern Kansas. "The district is large, requiring a great amount of travel; and, although he is over sixty years of age, he thinks nothing of going one hundred miles on horseback. He is even now holding himself ready, at the bidding of the Board of Missions, to go further south or west and commence a new mission." Twenty miles by

stage, and he reached the house of Rev. J. C. Ross, where he tarried for the night, and the next morning was taken by him twenty miles further to Sedan. There was a small membership here, who had built a little church, and needed $500 to pay for it. After an earnest effort, he secured the money. He left the next morning at three o'clock for the railroad, which was reached in three hours, and, after a steady ride on that for forty-two hours, he reached his home in Dayton, a distance of nine hundred miles. In his record of the trip, he says: "If I were a young man seeking a home, I would go to Kansas. If I were a young preacher, and willing to make some sacrifice for Christ and his cause, and had no field of labor here, I would go to Kansas. It is a poor place for drones, however."

Some of Bishop Weaver's most interesting articles were written at depots, waiting for trains. In this manner he helped to pass away the otherwise weary hours. At such times he always tried to find the brighter side. Here is a specimen, entitled "Saturday Evening": "It is now Saturday evening, November 13, 1880. There can be no mistake, for I saw it in the almanac. I am here at Elmwood, Indiana, on my way to dedicate a church, somewhere in the country. I had to change cars here, and was told I must wait four hours and fifteen minutes. I sat and wrote and read for about three hours. Just then the agent poked his head through the ticket-hole, and, in a provokingly cool manner, said, 'Mister, your train will be late.' Astonished, I arose to my feet, and said, 'How much?'

'I cannot tell, exactly, but I should think about six hours.' Bless my life! it is now 6 P. M., and that will make it midnight. I will get to Frankfort about 2 A. M., and then ride several miles in a private conveyance. I will be in a lovely condition to talk to the people, and I think I will feel eloquent. Think of it! ten mortal hours lingering around with nothing to do but wait on a belated train.

"But if we will keep our eyes and ears open, we may learn something despite our unfavorable surroundings. While eating supper at the hotel, I heard with my own ears some young people talking of a *chewing-gum* party to come off the next week. I never before heard of such a thing. I would like to look in on that party when they get everything in operation. I do not know how they would proceed, but we shall suppose that twenty or thirty persons are seated in a room; at the tap of the bell the waiter enters with the gum; each takes a piece, according to the dimensions of his or her mouth. When all is ready, the master of ceremonies gives the word of command, and every mouth goes off at once. For a given time, say two hours and a half, they sit and chew with a relish. I do not know whether they sit facing each other or not. Being a stranger in the place, I did not wish to expose my ignorance by asking questions. For anything I know to the contrary, they might change cuds from one mouth to the other. This would add interest to the occasion, especially if some used tobacco or had decayed teeth. . . . Only four hours more, and the train *may* be here. I

say it *may* be here. Nobody can tell sure and certain when a belated train will arrive. . . . Later: I did not have to wait the full ten hours. A freight train came along, and, by special arrangements, I shipped as freight, and saved one hour."

From a touching article written at the close of the year, entitled "All Is Quiet Beyond," we make the following extract: "Millions have gone from us, and they are still going at the rate of 3,600 every hour. Of all who have gone from us, not one has returned to tell us how it is over there. To us, all is quiet beyond. And yet, there are questions that awaken deep solicitude. What will be the first impressions of the soul as it passes the boundary lines between time and eternity? We must remember the soul will lose none of its consciousness in the passage through the shadowy regions of death. . . . What will be the first impressions upon the soul as a legion of angels passes in review before it? Here, we have not had so much as a glimpse of an angel, but the soul having passed the boundary line to them, the angels pure and spotless come trooping down to give it a grand welcome. . . . What will be the first impressions upon the soul when it is brought into the presence of the Lord Jesus? There, he is a real person. Memory will not be dethroned. The soul will not have forgotten how, by faith, it clung to him amid the smoke and dust of life's battle. Gethsemane, Calvary, and Joseph's new tomb will come thronging back upon the memory. Here I am at home, saved through the blood of him before whom I stand, and here I am to remain forever."

CHAPTER XIV.

His Fifth Election as Bishop—1881.

The eighteenth General Conference convened in Lisbon, Iowa, May 12, 1881. Forty-five conferences were represented by one hundred and twenty-six delegates. A number of petitions came before the Conference concerning the secrecy question, *pro rata* representation, and other questions of interest. The report on *pro rata* representation of the annual conferences in the General Conference was submitted, embodying this change in a modified form. This was earnestly discussed, some urging that territory was to be represented; and others, ideas and principles; while others insisted on membership as the basis. Underlying the whole discussion, and cropping out here and there, seemed to be the inevitable secrecy question. It appeared to be assumed on both sides that an increased representation to the conference having the largest membership would lead to an increased representation on the part of those who desired a modification of our secrecy law. The report was finally adopted by a vote of sixty yeas and fifty-seven nays, one absent, and two excused from voting. By a previous vote, the bishops were all excused. Bishop Kephart, who voted in the affirmative, was, at this session, elected bishop, and was understood to be in sympathy with the aggressive minority.

It was very evident to one familiar with our previous history, that dissatisfaction with the manner of dealing with the secrecy question was growing stronger. The number of those who wanted a change was increasing. The bishops themselves had been divided in opinion when they came to interpret the meaning of two-thirds. Where there was opposition to the law, it was not enforced. Where the sentiment of the conference was not in sympathy with it, the traveling preachers were not held to a rigid account. They claimed they did the best they could. It was asserted that even those who claimed to be more radical and more consistent did no better than the others. If they did, they only divided the Church and made enemies for it, instead of friends. Some measures must sooner or later be found to reconcile these discordant elements, or the Church would not do her work.

Bishop Weaver met his conferences in the Northwest District at the times appointed. When the year closed, he made this report of his work: "The districts having been changed at the last General Conference, I have no means at hand by which I can compare the past with the present year. Some of the interests of the Church seem to have been advanced, and others not. Some of the members are hard-working, earnest men; but a good many lack consecration to the work of soul-saving. I state it plainly, but kindly, that a good many who ask for, and obtain fields of labor ought to seek a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit, or retire from the field. We have on

this district some two hundred and fifty itinerants at work, and over two hundred local ministers. There are scores of quarterly conference preachers and over five thousand Sunday-school teachers; and when we sum up the result of the year's work, we have an increase in membership of seven hundred. Beloved brethren and fellow-workers in the Master's vineyard, we must arise and go forward."

About this time, with these thoughts in mind, he writes an article for the *Telescope* on "The Church's Greatest Need," from which we make the following extract: "What power for good has a formal church? The house of worship may be beautiful, the pastor may be thoroughly educated and accomplished, the singing may be of the highest order, but what of it? They have power to please, but no power to lead men and women to Christ. The church at Laodicea felt rich; they did not think they needed anything, but they were in a most wretched condition. They had all the forms of religion, but they were destitute of the quickening power of the Holy Spirit. Yet they were as well off as many of our congregations to-day. They had lost all power to lead perishing souls to the Water of Life. The same is true of many of our congregations at present. The greatest need, therefore, of the church to-day is a mighty baptism of the Holy Spirit. I know full well that, to what some people call the refined ear, this sounds a little old-fashioned, but to those who are under the quickening power of this divine agent, it is in perfect harmony with their heart's experience. To receive this much-

needed power, we must make a full and complete consecration of all we have and are to God. The gift will not be accepted until it is on the altar."

In the month of January, 1881, he writes an earnest plea for soul-saving. He shows that this is the special work of the minister. This has been a passion with the best and most successful preachers. It takes earnest, persevering work to win souls to Christ. "There are men called of God to go out and work for the salvation of souls who seem not to care whether they are saved or not. I would not be uncharitable toward any man, but when men come to conference year after year, and scarcely report one soul won to Christ, and almost every interest of the Church neglected, I must conclude that there is no love for perishing souls in their hearts. Good, earnest men will sometimes fail, but not always; nor will they neglect the interests of the Church committed to their care. In the matter of saving souls, the past year has not been equal to former years. I need not speculate on the probable cause. I only know this, that if the two thousand ministers in this Church were wholly consecrated to the great work of soul-saving, it would show different results. I insist upon it, we must have the baptism of the Holy Spirit."

From his home at Lisbon, Iowa, December, 1881, he sends out the following letter to every minister in the Northwest District:

"My Dear Brother: Permit me, as your fellow-laborer in the patience and kingdom of our Lord, to call your attention to the following:

"1. *Ministerial Character.* Isaiah 52:11; Acts 11:24; II. Timothy 1:9; I. Peter 1:15; II. Timothy 2:15; 4:1-5. These passages teach us what we must be if we would succeed in winning souls to Christ.

"2. *Ministerial Work.* Acts 6:4; Proverbs 10:1-5; Daniel 1:2, 3; Psalm 126:5, 6. These, and many similar passages, teach us these three facts: (1) Soul-saving is the first great work of a Christian minister. (2) Souls won to Christ must be carefully and tenderly cared for; they must be led and fed. (3) The faithful laborer shall receive his reward.

"3. *We must have revivals.* If souls are not won to Christ, and finally saved in heaven, through your instrumentality, the work will be a failure. To seek and to save the lost, the Son of man came into the world. For this he suffered and died on the cross. For this he was buried and rose again. For this he ever liveth to make intercession. For this he called you into the ministry. Remember, my brother, that all heaven is in sympathy with your work, and the angels are ready to rejoice with you when souls are saved. Oh, for the burning zeal of the Lord's prophet! (Isaiah 62:1.) Because the work of soul-saving is great and difficult, the Master said, 'Lo, I am with you alway.' We must have the enduement of the Holy Spirit, and the abiding presence of the Lord Jesus Christ. With these, we can succeed.

"4. Carefully and prayerfully study the *what* and the *how;* that is, what to say and how to say it; also, what to do and how to do it. 'He that winneth souls

is wise.' Any minister, in order to succeed, must be an organizer; that is, he must carefully study how to utilize all the forces there are in and around him. If he would lead to victory, he must, as far as possible, find something for every one to do.

"5. Be careful, my brethren, to look after every interest committed to your care. Let us have one faithful, earnest year's work for Christ and the Church. For your own benefit, read Section X. of our Discipline. Let us pray night and day for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. We must have revivals. Your brother in Christ,

"J. WEAVER."

These are faithful words, and just as precious today as they were then.

He had arrangements made to go East and dedicate a church. It rained on the way there, and on Sunday. He had a good congregation, however, and raised $1,400, and dedicated the church. Part of the time he was annoyed with the toothache: "Not a little grumbling among the grinders, but the regular old-fashioned jumping, pounding, kicking, everlasting, indescribable toothache. It commenced on Saturday, and kept it up all day. I had to soothe it by using cold water, red-hot liniment, and everything I could think of, but it went tearing on as if the perpetuity of the universe depended upon the amount of aching that particular tooth could get in by the hour. Finally, feeling brave and resolute, I entered the dentist's office. He looked at it, and said he could do nothing for it only to take it out. I was in a tight

place. I told him I did not want to spare it, for fear I would lisp. He grinned, and said he did not think I would lisp much. I said I could not spare it, and that I might call back in the morning. I did not say for certain. I only said, *maybe* I might. I could not run the risk of lisping, so I did not go back. I have that one particular tooth yet. If a man think of himself a little more highly than he ought, just let one of his teeth get on a bender, and if he don't forget everything on earth and under the earth but that one particular tooth, then he is a hopeless case. Then I know of nothing in all the range of human thought that will try a man's patience more than the old-fashioned toothache. I have tried it, and know that my patience has been worn so thin that if a dog barked at me I was insulted."

He visited Colorado Mission District about this time, to look after the interests of the Church. He was at Loveland Mission, and dedicated a church. "After this dedication, in company with Rev. Mr. McCormick and wife, I started across the plains for Denver, a distance of forty miles. It was a grand ride, but I am a little like the man who ate the crow; when asked if he could eat another, he thought he could, but he had no particular hankering after it. Those who want to take such rides, and think they cannot live without them, can, by paying a small sum, have my place hereafter, henceforth, and forever more. We reached Denver in good time, and by the next morning I was all right again.

"From one cause and another, the Church has not

advanced in Colorado as it should have done. It has not been for want of talent in the ministry, for, in proportion to their members, there is not a more talented class of ministers in any conference in our Church. Two things have hindered their progress—want of harmony and consecration. This is a hard field to cultivate, and it requires faithful, earnest work to win souls to Christ. A Methodist minister told me he had been preaching some two hundred miles from the city, and found a number of United Brethren. He had eaten at their tables and had slept in their beds. They told him they thought well of the Methodists, but better of the United Brethren. They were waiting in hope that some minister of the United Brethren Church would visit them. Those in Colorado cannot reach them, for they have not time. I insist, it takes grit and grace to succeed in Colorado" (*Telescope,* July 12, 1882).

April 21, 1882, he met some of the ministers at Blair, Washington County, Nebraska, and organized what was called the "Elkhorn Conference." There were eleven fields, mostly missions, and frontier ministers united in the organization. The territory was good, and to the bishop the outlook was hopeful, especially if they would carefully guard some points which he named to them, such as: "The reception of men into the conference who could not be useful in their own conferences, and men of like character from other churches; also, men in their own midst who are too old ever to pass the course of reading. It is time quarterly conferences should cease to recom-

mend to the annual conferences men who can but poorly represent the Church as preachers. I advise all our conferences, and especially our mission conferences, to raise the standard of ministerial qualification. Another thing to be guarded against is party spirit; nothing will ruin a conference more quickly than this. Some men seem to think that God has called them to be leaders; they will work with all their might to be elected presiding elders, and if not elected, they will not work at all. The desire for office is often the first step to conspiracy. Parties are formed, jealousies are cherished, and then away goes the peace and harmony of the conference. I saw none of this spirit in the Elkhorn Conference, but I have seen it elsewhere, and I refer to it as a warning for the future."

While residing at Lisbon, Iowa, some of the ladies of the United Brethren Church took it into their heads to present Bishop Weaver with a set of Chambers' Encyclopedia. So they put their mites together, and found they had enough and to spare; and they added a handsomely bound copy of Ralston's "Elements of Divinity" to the collection. They sent Rev. J. S. Smith to the bishop's residence to make the presentation. Through the city papers, the bishop replied: "Will you permit me to say to somebodies in and about Lisbon that I am ever so much obliged for the presentation of a complete set of Chambers' Encyclopedia and Ralston's 'Elements of Divinity.' It was on this wise: I was sitting at home the other evening, and Rev. Mr. Smith called

at my home and presented me with the books. He said it was a slight token of respect from one and another. Well, I could see the token as clear as a sunbeam, but I have not yet been able to see where the *slight* comes in. If this is the way they slight people out West, I will send for all my friends to come West 'to wonst.' "

In an article showing the great danger of being "nearly saved," he told this story concerning himself: "Some time since, I started on a short tour eastward. All went well, and I reached Chicago in due time, and had a little over an hour to go from one depot to another—about a mile. I made the distance in twenty minutes. I wanted to see a railroad official, and, to my horror, learned that his office was seven squares away. Nothing daunted, I struck out between a trot and a run, and made the distance in twelve minutes, but the official was not in. I waited, and every minute seemed five, but at last he came. My business was soon done, and I said, 'I must make that train.' 'Can't do it,' was his curt reply; but I went out bent on making the train. It was early morning, and everybody seemed to be on the street going somewhere. I pushed through and around the crowd, sometimes on the curbstone, once in the gutter, (all straight, though,) but on I went, bound to make that one particular train. A boy, just behind me, yelled out, 'Go it, dad!'—the miserable little rascal! I had no time to stop, else I would have turned around and looked at him. This was my first insult. On I went three squares. I saw a street-car

going my way, hailed it, and got in. It seemed to me I did not have more than an inch of breath in my body. I told the conductor I wanted to make that train. He looked down upon me,—for I was sitting,—and, with one of those broad, don't-care sort of grins, quietly said, 'I guess you will come very nearly making it.' That was the second insult. After all that running and fussing, to be told that I would very nearly succeed! What comfort could that be? If I failed, I might just as well be ten hours behind. I did not quarrel with him, for I had no breath to spare. I was just about tuckered out. But I did succeed. I reached the train, and had all of a half a minute to spare. After I was seated, and had recovered some of my lost breath, I thought that if I could have had that miserable boy who yelled at me, and that cold-hearted street-car conductor in a corner, somewhere, I should most likely have told them that I trembled at the mere suggestion of what this world might have been if the Lord had forgotten to make them. Moral: If you stop to fuss with every one whom you imagine intends to insult you, and look cross at every boy who yells at you, you will get in too late."

Late in the fall, he furnished the *Telescope* with an interesting article on "Our Need," in which he pleaded for charity and sweetness of spirit, from which we make an extract: "We have been passing through a long struggle on the secrecy question. Much has been said and done on both sides. Many things have been said and done that were not in harmony

with the mood and spirit of Christ. My advice to all would be this: Stand firmly by the long-established principles of this Church. If our present method of dealing with this great evil is not what it should be, the Lord will show us a better way in due time. If ever I believed anything in my life, I believe this, that the Lord will lead us out of this difficulty, if we will let him. I suggest that we hold an election at the throne of grace for a leader, and all vote their affections, heart, and will to the Son of Mary. Then let us all fall in line, and follow where he leads. He will lead us to certain victory. Rash words and rash acts will never lead to peace and harmony. We have too little faith in God, and too much confidence in our own opinions. We sometimes speak and act as though we believed it were impossible for us to be mistaken. We forget that great and good men do sometimes make mistakes. A man may be sound in principles and wrong in method. Concerning any matter not clearly defined in the Word of God, we may be mistaken. It is always right to go to God and ask for wisdom. It seems to me that any method, however wise it may seem to be, which does not aim at the salvation of the soul is not of God."

His conferences this year—1882—were held as follows: April 4, Elkhorn Mission District, Blair, Nebraska; June 22, Colorado, Denver, Colorado, First Church; August 23, St. Joseph, Manchester, Indiana; August 30, Michigan, West Odessa, Michigan; September 6, North Michigan, Salt River, Michigan; September 13, Upper Wabash, Veedersburg,

Indiana; September 20, Rock River, Adeline, Illinois; September 29, Fox River, Spring Lake, Wisconsin; October 4, Wisconsin, Rutland, Wisconsin; October 11, Minnesota, Eyota, Minnesota; October 19, Dakota, Pleasant Valley, Iowa; October 25, Iowa, Toledo, Iowa; November 1, West Des Moines, Davis City, Iowa; November 8, West Nebraska, Lone Tree, Nebraska.

In his report for the Northwest District for 1881, he says: "I have been permitted to complete my round of conferences in twelve weeks. Excepting a few days, I enjoyed good health. The sessions were generally very pleasant, some of them unusually so. The greatest apparent need is a more complete consecration to the one great work of soul-saving. Some of the ministers realize this, and are earnestly seeking for a baptism of the Holy Spirit. If all would realize it as they should, very much more would be accomplished. Strange that all do not realize the true nature of the work! It is spiritual, a combat between light and darkness. A soul lost in sin can be reached only by the agency of the Holy Spirit. A minister may smite with his fist, stamp with his foot, or raise his voice until he may be heard for half a mile, but without the quickening power of the Holy Spirit, the souls of the people will still sleep on. It is the power of God that wakens the dead. The Spirit-power will come to the pulpit whenever the minister makes a full and complete consecration to God, and not till then. To expect this God-power before we receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit, is to expect the effect

to go before the cause. It is clearly taught that we shall receive the power after the Holy Spirit has come."

In nearly every circumstance he can find something "to point a moral or adorn a tale." He is constantly on the lookout for some incident, illustration, or event, that will illustrate some phase of life, and he usually finds it. The man who is looking towards the heavens is the man who sees the stars. Bishop Weaver was always full of such events, and scarcely anything came up in conversation that did not remind him of something else. While sitting in the depot waiting for a train, he found the following, which, doubtless, put inspiration into some one who read it: "Just now four or five heavy trains from the East have pulled out of the spacious transfer depot at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and the depot policeman is yelling at the top of his voice to the crowd, 'Hurry up! Keep moving!' Just see how they crowd along—men, women, and children, hundreds of them, jostling against each other; some with grip-sacks, and some with bundles larger than themselves, all bent on going somewhere; strangers from almost everywhere, elbowing their way through the crowd. Who are they, and where are they going? I do not know; but noticing that each has some sort of nose, mouth, eyes, ears, hands, and feet, and that all walk upright and face forward, I conclude that they all belong to the same race, and are going to some place, but where I know not. All doubtless have aims, hopes, and fears, but what their thoughts are I can-

not imagine, for some think in Dutch, some in Irish, and some in—dear knows what! but all are thinking, just because they cannot help it."

And now comes the application of all this, for the author always writes with a purpose in view: "Preachers who want to succeed must keep moving on and up continually. This is high noonday. Light is pouring in from every nook and corner. These are the brightest and clearest days this world has known since Adam sinned, and yet the chronic grumbler goes whining along wishing for the days of his fathers. If it were not wicked, I could wish that he might wake up some morning and find himself just fifty years behind the times.

"Keep moving; do something; take hold anywhere and lift, not only until you see stars, but until you see beyond the stars. Every department of Church work is suffering for want of earnest workers. We have too many drowsy preachers, lazy educators, and cold-hearted men and women in the Church. If you can do nothing better, then, for mercy's sake, get out of the way; get down into some corner and watch the multitude; but look out for your toes, for of necessity the passing crowd must step somewhere. But my time is up; the train is ready, and I must be moving or I will be left."

In opening the Michigan Conference, August 29, 1883, held at Salem Church, in Allegan County, Michigan, he alluded to the changes which had been wrought in the eighteen years that had elapsed since he first met the conference, and said that no member

of the conference should expect to work eighteen years more, but make the best possible use of the present hour. This was wisely and well said. How many who flatter themselves in the opportunities of the future allow the present hours to pass unimproved!

His conferences this season were held as follows: St. Joseph, August 22, at Lafayette, Indiana; Michigan, at Salem Church, Allegan County, Michigan; North Michigan, September 5, at Lebanon, Michigan; Rock River, September 19, at Vanorin, Illinois; Fox River, September 28, at Eden, Wisconsin; Wisconsin, October 4, at Pleasant Valley Church, Wisconsin; Dakota, October 19, at Milltown, Dakota; Iowa, October 24, at Lisbon, Iowa; Minnesota, at Cordova, Minnesota; West Des Moines, October 31, at Scranton, Iowa; West Nebraska, at Union Chapel, Adams County, Nebraska.

Before beginning the fall work, and perhaps with a thought of turning the minds of the preachers to their great work, an article on "Divine Help" appeared in the *Telescope,* from which we make this extract:

"The greatest and most difficult work on earth is to win a soul for Christ. It seems to me that if all the ministers in our land were under the immediate divine direction, scores of precious souls would be saved where one is now. Can it be that God will call men into the field and permit them to work for years under his direction and with his help, and no souls be saved? There seems to be a want of heart-earnestness in the pulpit and out of the pulpit. So many

are holding the ministry as a kind of profession; they follow preaching somewhat as a mechanic follows his trade; they are sound in doctrine and orderly in their walk, but souls are not born to Christ through their instrumentality. Every one should ask, on his knees before God, why this is so. The pulpit of to-day does not fail in the presentation of the truth, pure and simple, but in reaching the hearts of the people with the truth. This can be done only by the power of the Holy Spirit. We must have this, or our work will not succeed. How can a minister content himself with preaching day in and day out, week in and week out, and no souls won to Christ? In the end of the harvest, he will come from the field, but where are the sheaves?"

While waiting at a station, in Wisconsin, for a train to carry him to his next conference, possibly Fox River, he is inspired to write another letter to the *Telescope,* from which we take the following extract: "In passing from one conference to another, I notice that some men succeed better than others. The successful men are not always the most talented. Some men succeed almost anywhere, and others hardly succeed at all. My conclusion is, that, as a rule, the chief difference lies in the differences of their consecration to the work. I am satisfied some men do not feel the awful responsibility of their work. By this consecration, I mean one whose whole soul, body, time, talents, influence, reputation, property, and family are devoted to the one grand work of saving souls to Christ; less than this on the human

side will not suffice. When all this is laid upon the altar, God can, and will accept the offering, and bestow special power. I am tired of these ragged reports at conference. Not a few of them report during twelve months not one soul won to Christ, and half the interests of the Church neglected. How long would it take such men to win the world to Christ?"

Minnesota Conference met in October; it had enrolled seventeen itinerants and twelve hundred and six members. In behalf of this conference, he writes from some railroad train: "I am now on my way to Dakota Conference. It is after midnight. I cannot say just whereabouts on the road I am, but I am sure I am not lost. Minnesota is in need of some workers—not drones. They need men who are willing to make some sacrifices. The pay is not large, but a faithful, earnest man will be comfortably sustained, and, in a few years, will be well supported. One trouble with some men is, they are not willing to bear their share of the hardships. A feathered nest is a nice thing, but somebody must feather it. It is just as religious and noble to feather a nest for somebody else as to go into one that somebody else has feathered."

He briefly tells something of the people and the kind of men they need: "It will require grit and grace and common sense to succeed on the frontier. Sacrifices will have to be made, but what of it? If somebody had not made sacrifices long ago, nothing would have been accomplished. The demand now

is for men to volunteer to go to the frontier and work for Jesus. Minnesota is an inviting field to men who can put their all on the altar and work for souls. The people of Minnesota are kind and generous, and pay more money in proportion to their members and wealth than they do in the older conferences."

This great need reminds him of his own early ministry on the frontier, and what it cost him. It will cost no more to-day. He says: "If I were twenty-five years younger, and felt as I feel now, and know what I know now, I should go to the frontier. It is no harder than it was on the frontier in Ohio, forty years ago. My first mission in northern Ohio was two hundred miles around, with seventeen appointments, and twenty-three members, all told. I traveled on horseback, for there was not a foot of railroad in that country, but I lived through it, and had a splendid time."

As to who is responsible for this indisposition on the part of young men to seek the frontier, he is not sure. He says: "There seems to be something wrong in the training of our young men. They are not impressed with the necessity of going to the front. I believe I will lay the blame on Dr. Davis. He is, I believe the oldest educator in the Church, and started the ball rolling; and now, of scores of young men attending our colleges and Seminary with a view to the ministry, scarcely one of them goes to the front. Our educators should turn a new leaf by urging young men to turn their thoughts to the frontier. Maybe they do occasionally refer to it, but I think they are

too lamb-like in their counsel. Will the doctor and his colaborers in the educational work please wake up and take the hint, or must they all be discharged for neglect of duty?"

His heart constantly goes out to these frontier people, who are building up the civilization of the great West, and are asking for the bread of life at the hands of the United Brethren preachers, and the bishop has none to send them. At the close of the Dakota Conference, held in Milltown, Dakota, October 19, 1883, he makes another earnest appeal: "We must have help on this field, or fail. This is a grand country, and is settling up rapidly. Many of our people have moved in here, and we have no ministers to send them. The whole field is open, and no one to occupy it. Are there not a few men whom God has called into the ministry, and who are not engaged in the active work, who could come here and work for Jesus? We want earnest men, and not men seeking ease and comfort; we want men of God, willing to make some sacrifice for Christ's sake. With half a dozen more earnest workers, we could soon make this a self-supporting conference. Those who go to Africa, that dark heathen land, make sacrifices that are worthy the name. In this beautiful and healthful country, the sacrifices are not to be compared to them. What if a dozen or two of miles lie between appointments? What if some are poor and have but little means? What if some of their homes are small? To balance all this, the people are kind and generous, and a good, faithful man of God will be

kept above want, and, in a few years, will be well sustained."

At the close of the year, he makes his report of the Northwest District, as follows: "My district is composed of fourteen conferences, twelve of which I have held in the last twelve weeks. To make this round of conferences, I had to travel nearly seven thousand miles. God has been very good to me, and here I wish to record, to the praise of the Heavenly Father, that in nineteen years of travel, including two trips to the Pacific Coast, I have not, in all these years, missed a conference. I never felt more like singing that old doxology than now. The conference sessions this fall have been unusually pleasant. With but few exceptions, peace and harmony prevailed. The Discipline of the Church, in the main, is respected and well observed in all the conferences. There was manifest at all the sessions an earnest desire for a general revival of religion. I shall expect to hear of gracious revivals during the year. In spite of all my imperfections, I received nothing but marks of kindness from first to last. It did seem that all were baptized by one Spirit into one body. I often felt the force of David's words, 'Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.'"

And yet, there were things that, as a bishop interested in the welfare of the Church, he could but regret: "The only discouraging feature is the pressing need of additional laborers in the northwest. The harvest is very great and fully ripe, but the laborers are few—few when compared with the great number

of the unsaved. Would that the Lord of the harvest would send out more workers. The need is for earnest men, men of God, men of one work."

The work done, he thinks, entitles him to a little respite, and he says: "I feel the need of a little rest, and trust the good brothers will excuse me if I remain at home for a few weeks. My heart is as young and fresh as ever, but I cannot endure constant work as I did years ago. It seems to me that it requires more grace to remain at home for a few weeks than it does to go."

He reports for his district: Itinerant preachers, 344; local, 261; members, 29,337; an increase for the year of 1,132; children in the Sabbath school, 27,574; teachers and officers, 4,982.

This reference which he makes as to his age gives us occasion to introduce his own statement as to where he was at this period: "A few days ago, I passed the fifty-ninth mile-stone in my pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave. Something tells me I am getting old, but I mean to die young. My heart and spirit, so far as I know myself, are just as young and buoyant as forty years ago. Some one said to Mr. Venn, 'Sir, I think you are on the wrong side of fifty.' 'No, sir,' answered Mr. Venn, 'I am on the right side of fifty.' 'But, surely, you must be turned of fifty.' 'Yes, sir, but I am on the right side of fifty, for every year I live I am nearer my crown of glory.'

"Never in my life have I had more of the spirit of work in me than now. Yes, if need be, I could sit up at night and work for the Master. What seems to

trouble me most is, I get too little done. Life is going, and I will soon be gone, and what have I done? Maybe in the end I shall know that I won a few souls to Jesus. That will be more to me than if I had won an earthly kingdom. A few weeks ago, as I sat down and looked into the face of Dr. Davis, and listened to his kind, gentle words, while, ever and anon, tears would fill his eyes, I said to myself, 'The old doctor is on the right side of fifty, and will die young.' Dr. Judson said, as he neared the river, 'I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world, yet when Christ calls me home, I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from school' " (*Telescope,* March 28, 1883).

This, as would be natural, brings up some of the memories of the past: "Of the members who belonged to the Muskingum Conference when I joined, all are gone. Through the abundant mercy of God, I have not been local a day in all these years. If health and strength would permit, I would be willing to contract for forty years more of itinerant work. I have often been tired in the work, but never tired of it. Of the Church, I have not a word of complaint to make. I was only a poor boy when I entered the ministry. I have held my own all the way along. I have not given a fortune to the Church, for I had none to give. All that I have given is my life, thus far, and, by contract with the Master, whatever of life remains is to be given to the work. I have had food and raiment, if not always the best, it was better than I deserved."

He never failed to put in a plea for the missionary, whether home or foreign, whenever he needs it. He writes, April 18, 1883, of the privations of our men on the frontier: "Many of our earnest, faithful workers have suffered not only from the severe cold, but from actual want. I am personally acquainted with many of the ministers in northern Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska, and Colorado. Many of them are faithful, earnest workers, and the sacrifices they have made none can realize but themselves. Most of them have held on, but some have been compelled to leave their work, while others are somewhat disheartened, and think they will be compelled to abandon their fields in the near future. Many of our frontier workers with large families receive from fifty dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars a year. Do you ask me how they live? I frankly say, I do not know. There never was a time when so many people were moving westward as now. Shall the Board call in some of the missionaries and abandon some of the territory already occupied? What would the Master say?"

CHAPTER XV.

The Gathering Storm.

We have seen that during the last ten or more years there was a growing dissatisfaction with the antisecrecy law of the Church. When a man came into the Church, it had to be by consent of the membership. To make it possible for the pastor to put him out of his own accord seemed so un-American, so opposed to all principles of justice and individual liberty, that many men were unwilling to enforce it. To say that it could be submitted to the class, and that they could vote in the affirmative for expulsion, but not in the negative, was no better, for it was no real vote at all.

In September, 1873, an independent journal, called the *United Brethren Tribune,* was started as an advocate of lay and *pro rata* representation in General Conference, and for a modification of the law concerning secret societies. It was not an advocate of secret societies, as its enemies reported, but of a more rational method of dealing with them. In an early issue, one of the corresponding editors wrote: "We think our law connected with what we define secret combinations, whether so or not, even the Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, Trades Unions, Farmers' Granges, Grand Army of the Re-

public, is needlessly severe; brings us into merited disrepute before the more intelligent classes of the country; stands as an almost insurmountable barrier to our entrance into cities; divides and destroys many of our long-established churches; alienates brethren; and, contrary to the Bible and the noblest aspirations of the human soul, attempts to put fetters on the conscience and reason of men made in the image of God."

Another editor thus expresses himself: "Either the secrecy law must be obeyed and executed, or it must be ignored. If it be carried into execution, the best congregations in the Church will be broken up; disaster and ruin will be the result. . . . The prospect is beginning to brighten. We see signs of the morning dawning. A great change for good is being wrought in the minds of our people, and soon will they rise up in the strength of their might and declare the Church shall be no longer trammeled by this unnatural law." This writer advised a non-execution of the law as the best thing to be done.

Another, discussing the law as passed at Lebanon, Pennsylvania, said: "It will be an occcasion of strife as long as it remains. It will invite needless external opposition, and foment internal discord. Its stringent enforcement (which will never occur) will cost us thousands of good members; and if the legislation of the General Conference is found to be impracticable, and not sustained by the average sentiment of the Church, let the General Conference correct its errors."

The men who edited and controlled this paper were men of conviction and ability, and their teachings, no doubt, produced an effect, and helped the sooner to bring on the final conflict. With this bone of contention out of the way, other matters in the Church could have been adjusted. It was not out of the way, and, instead of seeking to harmonize by moderating the severity of the law, every opportunity that came the screw was given another twist. There could be but one result—something must give way.

Said a correspondent in 1883: "One extreme begets another. If one party leads out in the conflict, it must not be supposed that the other will remain neutral. Needless agitation should always be avoided. The middle ground should be sought by us, as it best represents the true sentiments of the Church, and, having found it, hands should be plighted in the great mission of soul-saving. We must agree to be brethren. We cannot afford now to divide, and lose the toils and sacrifices of a century. The achievements of the past and the memories of our sacred dead forbid such a calamity."

If any man tried to find out the real sentiment of the Church, it was Bishop Weaver, and he learned to know it as no other man, perhaps, did. For a number of years he had been witnessing the trouble caused by enforcing the law, and was seeking to find some golden mean on which both sides could harmonize and allay the bitter feeling in the Church. The first year after he was elected bishop, he was holding a meeting in Roanoke, Indiana. After the meeting,

a number presented themselves for membership in the Church, among the number a man and wife. The man informed him that he was a Mason, and Bishop Weaver told him he could not take him in. This was a very perplexing situation. It happened to him elsewhere, as it happened to hundreds of others.

He and Dr. Davis were personal friends, Dr. Davis representing the most radical wing of the Church, and Bishop Weaver the more moderate. He presented to Dr. Davis, one day, a case like the following, which happened more than once, and asked his advice, but he did not receive it: "For example, here is a young man who has completed his course in the Seminary, and has a personal debt on him incurred in securing his education. He wants to find a place to preach where he can do good, and save a little money to pay his debts. I go into the stationing committee with this on my mind, and finally I find a mission field which he can fill. The membership is small, but they can pay something, and, besides this, the conference will make an appropriation. He works faithfully, and has an interesting revival. The outlook is hopeful every way. He opens the doors of the Church, and some women and children come in, while the men go elsewhere. They belong to the Sons of Temperance, the Grand Army, or some other organization of that kind, and cannot be received. The young man is discouraged. He has worked hard and faithfully, and others have received the result of his labors. He wants to pull out of the Church, and go elsewhere. Now, what shall I

say to him to keep him faithful to the Church and to encourage him to go forward?"

Bishop Dickson was present when this conversation occurred. Dr. Davis had listened to Bishop Weaver, and then told him, in reply, the story which Lincoln is reported to have used when he was asked what to do with the contrabands, and he replied, in substance, as follows: "If I were plowing in a stumpy field, and found a stump which had partly rotted away, and its roots did not take very strong hold, I would hitch to it and pull it out, so it would not disturb me any more. If it were a stiff, solid stump, which I could not pull out, I would go around it. If I did not, I might break my plow and not be able to do any more plowing." After listening to the story, Bishop Dickson replied, "Yes, but the stump is there, all the same."

It was either during the year 1882 or the early part of 1883 that Dr. Davis, in communication with Bishop Weaver, urged that they two go into the *Telescope* and discuss the question as to what sort of legislation touching the secrecy question would be the best for the Church. It seemed to the bishop, on reflection, that this might be a good thing to do. It took some time and correspondence to state the matter so as to be satisfactory to both. Bishop Weaver was anxious to arrange so that Dr. Davis should have the affirmative, but the latter declined to do this, and pressed the bishop to affirm, which he finally agreed to do. Bishop Weaver went to work to prepare his first article, and wrote and rewrote it, until he had

it about ready to print. At this time, a letter was received from Dr. Davis, in which he declined to discuss the matter, as formerly agreed upon, alleging as a reason that Bishop Weaver was well known in the Church, and that he was known to but a small circle, and that therefore Bishop Weaver would have the advantage of him. On the receipt of this letter, Bishop Weaver wrote Dr. Davis that he had his first article prepared, and, as they were personal friends, both anxious for the good of the Church, he would send it to him to read, which he did. Dr. Davis, even after reading it, declined to proceed any further. After some little delay, Bishop Weaver wrote him again, and said that, as he had already prepared this one article, he would publish it, and perhaps another one or two, without any thought of controversy. In spite of all this, after Bishop Weaver's article appeared in print, Dr. Davis replied to him.

The position of Bishop Weaver, made known to Dr. Davis through his communication, may have inspired the communication of Dr. Davis in the *Telescope,* January 11, 1884, on "Our Rule," from which we make this extract: "Our fathers maintained this position [opposition to secrecy], and so can we. To surrender now would be disgraceful in the extreme. Some think if this question is let alone, it will settle itself. Did slavery go down by letting it alone? Let us not be deceived by this dangerous and treacherous policy. It will prove a snare and a crime. If we do not wish to affiliate with secret orders, let us say so, and act accordingly.

"But what shall we say of those who profess to believe that these secret orders are evil in their nature, and yet adopt the say-nothing and do-nothing policy respecting these corrupt and dangerous orders? Could inconsistency be more gross and palpable? There are also others who are bold and defiant in their opposition to the constitution and rule of the Church. The let-alone policy is also applied to them. I hold, these abuses ought to be corrected. If it cannot be done, church authority among us is little more than a rope of sand."

This was the occasion for Bishop Weaver writing the first of his "Outlook" articles. He was then living at Lisbon, Iowa. He rewrote and rewrote until it was as well done as he thought he could make it. He laid it away for a time, to reflect over it, then read it to friends, among the rest, Rev. I. K. Statton, then residing at Lisbon. Mr. Statton said to him: "Don't you publish it. It is the very thing that should be said, but I don't want you to say it. It will kill you." Bishop Weaver replied, "It don't matter what becomes of me; if it is the right thing to do, it should be done." It was then sent to Dr. Hott, editor of the *Telescope,* and he was asked to counsel with W. J. Shuey and some other friends, and then advise him what they thought of it. They agreed that it should be published, and so advised him. He acted upon their judgment, and published the article, which fell like a thunderbolt in the camp of the more radical men, but was a signal for rejoicing among the more moderate. It was a ray of hope

to them in a dark night. When it was published, he received a number of complimentary letters, as well as some that were not. All of these were destroyed, the latter, as he said, because he did not want any one to see them. After all this previous correspondence, Dr. Davis took up his article and replied to it. So they had their discussion through the paper, after all.

The first and more moderate of his "Outlook" articles appeared in the *Telescope* August 22, 1883. In this he speaks of his opportunity for knowing the average sentiment of the Church. Men differ in opinion as to the best means of dealing with secret organizations. Of those he has met, not half a dozen have shown any sympathy with secrecy itself. He shows that he has been unjustly assailed. He cannot consent to denounce men who are good men, and with whom he has labored for years. He makes a few suggestions: "(1) Let men of God who have carefully studied the whole question point out the evil nature and tendency of secret organization. Let this be done in the name and spirit of Christ. (2) Let those who believe that our present law is not what it ought to be, formulate a law based upon what they may conceive to be the principles and spirit of the gospel of Jesus, and submit it to, and for the consideraton of the Church. If men will only stop, think, and pray, there will be found a true basis upon which the great majority of our people can, and will stand. (3) Let all the true and tried friends of the Church rise up in the spirit of the Master, and demand that this

wholesale way of denouncing the brethren who see differently from themselves must be stopped."

In the issue for September 26, 1883, Rev. W. W. Knipple takes exception to the statements of Bishop Weaver, and intimates therein that he had not been very rigid in looking after the execution of the law of the Church, and that his sympathies seem to be with those who are not enforcing it.

In the issue for October 10, the bishop recognizes Knipple's article in a very brief note, and says: "We do not see alike what ought to be done in a case of this kind. One way of fixing it would be for me to denounce him in bitter terms, and then he in like manner denounce me, and end up by politely inviting each other to leave the Church—all because we cannot agree. That would be unity with a vengeance.

"I did not write with a view to entering into controversy, and shall not do it. His deductions from the principles I laid down may be strictly logical, even though I may not comprehend it. His imagination is certainly very fine. But the future—and may be the near future—will demonstrate who is right. The Lord reigns, and all will be well."

This may be a good place to introduce an extract from one of his communications on "Fault-Finding": "I remember to have read of a service that was held by the Quakers, or Friends. They sat quietly for a long time, as is their custom. Finally the Spirit moved a woman to speak. She arose in her place and said: 'My friends, I think we ought all to turn our sacks end for end. We each carry a sack, and

carefully put in our own faults in the bottom and throw it over our shoulders. Then we put our neighbors' faults in the mouth of the sack; we just hold them with our hands, so that at any time we can let out these faults. Suppose we change the sack end for end, and get our own in front.' "

He was always an earnest advocate of revivals. While residing at Lisbon, a wonderful revival occurred, and this gave him an occasion for an article, in which he says: "I give it as my opinion that when scores of souls are born into the kingdom there will be some demonstration. Some pass from darkness into light in a very quiet way, but it is not so, and cannot be so in every case. It requires a tremendous power to renew a soul. Nothing less than the power of the Holy Spirit can do it. In the gracious revival now in progress in this place (Lisbon), when over one hundred souls have been converted, I have been at the altar when scores of them were saved. Some were calm, some wept, and some gave expression more vigorously. One man nearly eighty years old was among the converts. I chanced to be near him when the blessing came. I shall never forget his countenance when, with trembling limbs, he arose and looked around, tears running from his eyes, and exclaimed, 'I am saved, oh, how light! Glory to God!' I do not advocate excitement for the sake of excitement. I only advocate thorough revivals of religion, and it is my opinion that when scores of souls are saved by the power of the Holy Spirit, there will be some visible stir."

There comes a gentle admonition for those who want an improvement on the old methods: "There is a kind of itching to be like somebody else, but this proves a miserable failure. It is like some young preachers who try to preach like somebody else, and the result is, they are themselves, and they cannot be like somebody else, and they are very nearly nobody. God has something for us to do, and we want to do it in our own way. Along this line we always did succeed. If we undertake to work on somebody else's line, we shall fail. Presbyterians have a tremendous work to do in their way, and they are doing it. But we must not undertake to do as they do. Our ecclesiastical machinery is not adjusted to use on their truck. We must, under God, do our work in our own way."

During March, 1884, he assisted Rev. G. F. Deal in holding a two-weeks' meeting at Canal Dover, Ohio, in the bounds of his own conference. In May, he addressed the students of the Union Biblical Seminary on the subject of "Winning Souls." Says the editor of the *Telescope:* "This discourse was prepared with great care, and delivered with that clearness and beauty of style which is known to belong to the bishop in so marked a degree. It was, of course, directed to the students of the Seminary, and its aim was to lead them to a fresh and thorough consecration to the work of winning souls, and to direct them in the most successful methods of accomplishing this work. No one is more fitted to speak to our young men on such a theme than Bishop Weaver.

. . . He is in better health, and looks well. The past year has been one of earnest work on his district. He has borne the work well, though his marked iron gray locks indicate that quadrenniums have passed since the miter was placed on his head."

He was not a little stirred at times, and especially when holding the frontier conferences, to find some very able-bodied men who had retired from the ministry. They do good service for a time, and then drift into some other business. In his judgment, men should continue in the ministry as long as they are able. He approved of the opinion of Dr. Adam Clarke, that "as every genuine preacher receives his commission from God alone, it is God alone who can take it away. Woe to the man who runs when God has not sent him; and woe to the man who refuses to run, or who ceases to run when God has sent him."

He himself thus writes: "So far as I know, all the apostles continued in the work until death. Men not a few have retired from the work more for the purpose of making money than anything else. They were abundantly able to run a store, or do a good day's work on a farm. As a rule, you will find that class of men to be a little harder on the itinerants than any other person; they are so hard to suit. An old, worn-out minister, who has been faithful until he could work no more, is usually kind and sympathetic; but many of these half-worn-out men, who quit the active work because they can make more money at something else, are often snarly and almost unfeeling toward others. Nothing on earth is more

to be admired than a firm, kind-hearted, cheerful old minister; but the Lord deliver me from an old snarl."

This only prepared the way for a more positive statement of his own convictions: "Before any man retires from the active work, he should take counsel at the throne of grace. It is not a matter that any man can afford to trifle with. I give it as my opinion that no man ought to retire as long as he is able to perform the work of a minister. There may be some exceptions, but they are few. Those whom God calls to the work, if they are faithful and true, will find a place in the Church as long as they are able to do anything. The most useful ministers the world has ever had were those who worked on until they died. Luther, Wesley, Otterbein, and Asbury worked until they could work no more. The last public act of Bishop Otterbein was to ordain a few brethren to the office of elders in the Church. When Bishop Newcomer was old and feeble, he made an effort to reach Virginia Conference, but his strength failed him, and ten days afterwards he died in the work. I trust I have no improper ambition. I think I am willing to die poor, if need be; but I do want to die in the active work." The Lord granted him his request, and he died in the active work.

Elsewhere we have referred to his assisting in a meeting at Canal Dover, Ohio, March, 1884. Concerning this meeting he said: "Twenty-nine years ago (1855), I was stationed at this place; twenty-seven years ago, I removed from this place. The river that runs beside the town seems as young as it

did twenty-seven years ago; nearly all else is changed. Those that were children then have grown up, and have families. Those that were then in the prime of life are now old and feeble men, and some have fallen asleep. Those who were called old then have gone beyond. . . . The dear Master has been with us in this meeting, and a number of souls were saved and joined the Church. We were on the old line—'the mourner's bench.' There was good singing, loud praying, and a small amount of shouting. I have known some of these brethren for many years. Forty-three years ago (1841), when I was at the mourner's bench, this Brother Stauffer prayed for me. God bless him! . . . Many reminiscences of the past rush through my mind. When I took the hand of one dear brother, I remembered that thirty-seven years ago we joined the old Muskingum Conference together. Almost all have gone, some to one place, some to another, but most to eternity. Thirty-seven years more, and my name will be on some old conference journal; that 's all—no, not all; there is a heaven beyond, where the good will be forever. Lord, make us good, and keep us good evermore."

He reached his sixtieth birthday while aiding a minister of Monticello, Iowa, in holding a series of meetings. As he was about to close the services, one evening, the Methodist pastor spoke to him and said, "A little girl has something to say." He paused, and the little girl, stepping in front of the altar, made a neat little speech, and presented

him with a pair of slippers. He responded as best he could, and was about to dismiss, when the pastor, stepping up, presented him with fifty dollars, as a birthday present. This was a complete surprise to him.

In speaking of the event, he writes to the *Telescope:* "I have never been sixty years old before, and I just wonder if this is the rule to so treat every one when he reaches sixty. Will this continue every year after he is sixty? Things are so uncertain in this world, you do not always know what to do, and so I should like to know. Now, I might go to work and prepare an excellent speech for my next birthday, and there might not be fifty dollars around to call it out. In spite of everything, a man past sixty must feel that he is getting old in body; but no matter for that if all is well beyond. Such exhibitions of kindness make an oasis in the down-hill journey of an old man. Thanks to all, with an earnest wish that we may all meet at home in the morning."

Speaking further of his field of work, he says: "Rewards here and there still continue. Letters not a few come to me full of cheer. Souls by scores and hundreds are coming home to Jesus. Let the blessed work go on. Why not? In the winter and summer shall it be. Why not have revivals all summer? It used to be so; why not now? A consecrated ministry, with a consecrated church, may keep the revival spirit all the time."

In his address to the students of Union Biblical Seminary, he urged the importance of sending hale,

healthy, educated young men to the frontier. He said that if it were in his power, he would send them for five years. Dr. McKee took him to task for this, and urged it would be better to send young men of families, who could divide their time between preaching and farming. The inference was, that the frontier did not need as well-informed men as did the fields at home. The bishop replies to this: "When I speak of frontier, I do not mean simply rural districts, or circuits taking in whole counties. I mean, also, the growing towns and cities, where education and educated citizens take the lead. While in Dakota, last fall (1883), I met a young Methodist minister who was in search of some of his appointments. He was from Boston, and informed me that a number of other young men from the New England States had just landed in Dakota. They were hale, hearty, educated young men. This is the way other churches are building up on the frontier, and they hold the towns and country as well. Brother McKee would have us neglect the growing towns just as they did in Ohio when he and I were boys; repeat the same thing over and over.

"If we had had the men fifty years ago, and our fathers had thought it wise to put educated young men into some of the then growing towns of Ohio and other States East, we should most likely be better off to-day. This is precisely what I want to do on the frontier now. In our growing towns and cities, a young minister will come in contact with representatives from nearly every State in the Union; and if

he is not wide awake he will be left standing in some corner feeling for a nickel to pay street-car fare to go somewhere. While five years in the West might help to develop the bones and muscles in the body of an educated man, it will also tend to broaden his views and sharpen him up. In my sermon, I said it will take grit, grace, and common sense to succeed anywhere, but I thought a young man would acquire these in the West a little sooner than anywhere else. It were wiser for us to pitch our tent in some of the younger towns that will, by and by, become cities and centers of influence" (*Telescope,* June 18, 1884).

Dr. McKee having called in question some of Bishop Weaver's theories, he takes occasion to explain more fully his sermon before the students of the Seminary, and also his interest in young men. His position on the educational question is well known. He has always favored young men who were in earnest in acquiring an education: "But education alone will not fit a man for the pulpit. There are to-day thousands of educated men occupying pulpits who are the veriest drones. Education joined with a holy zeal and the spirit of self-sacrifice will succeed. There are educated and uneducated men in the ministry to-day who have not energy enough to accomplish anything. When I said that young men, not a few, were looking for feathered nests, I knew just what I was talking about. There is a class of young men who are not willing to bear their share of the trials and hardships of the itineracy. Give them a feathered nest, and they will stick; otherwise they will not. I am

acquainted with certain uneducated young men who are willing to bear their share of the labors and sacrifices of an itinerant life. They are the men that do, and will succeed."

He reiterates his views that it would be a good thing for young men to go West. He thinks five years' experience on the frontier would do them more good than the same number of years in an old, staid town or city in the East: "Why, there is not only a rush on the frontier to get rich, but there is a rush of thought that is surprising. Almost every nation is represented here. An educated young man in the city of Denver told me, only a few days since, that he was surprised to find so many men in the common walks of life so well educated. Said he, 'We have from England, Wales, Scotland, and other foreign countries, scores and hundreds of educated men; so from every State in the Union we have a vast number of educated young people.' An educated young man, if he has the grace and grit to push out into such a rushing current of thought as he may find on the frontier, will grow faster and better than anywhere I know of."

Bishop Weaver makes another reference to those who have left us: "Young men, not a few, in search of feathered nests, have gone out of the Church, and are now hidden in other churches, and will not likely succeed in making a mark anywhere. I have no unkind word to say of other churches, nor of those who have joined them; but if some of those young men, instead of going out of the Church to find an easy

place, would have gone to the frontier in the name and spirit of the Master, they would have gained an influence and reputation for good they never will gain where they now are. Such like facts coming to me during the past twenty years induced me to say what I did in that sermon, and I have nothing to recall."

His conferences for the year were held as follows: St. Joseph, near South Whitly, Indiana, August 20; Michigan, Bengal Church, St. John's, Michigan, August 27; North Michigan, Sparta, Michigan, September 3; Upper Wabash, Chase, Indiana, September 10; Rock River, Lovell Chapel, Sycamore, Illinois; Fox River, Strongs Prairie, Wisconsin, September 26; Wisconsin, Bethel Chapel, Monroe, Wisconsin, October 2; Minnesota, Edgewood, Minnesota, October 9; Dakota, Canton, Dakota, October 16; West Des Moines, Des Moines, Iowa, October 22; West Nebraska, Gibbon, Nebraska, October 30; Iowa, Toledo, Iowa, April 1, 1885. Elkhorn met at Schuyler, Missouri, June 26. The Colorado Mission Conference met near Longmont, Colorado, June 19.

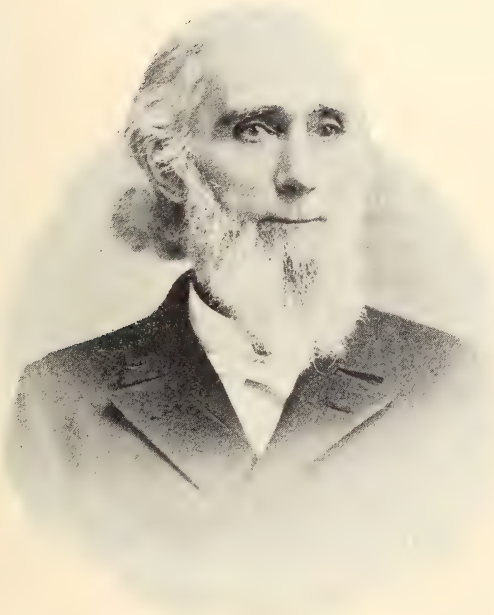
At the close of the Colorado Mission Conference, he makes an appeal through the paper for one or more men. The prospects are encouraging. There are three appointments lying near each other for which a man is wanted. They are in full view of the mountains of the snowy peaks, the tops of which toy with the clouds. So far as the people know, there is snow there that fell when the first Pharaoh was ruler

in Egypt. He wishes he were a poet for a short time, that he might picture these mountains.

A lady asked an anxious mother whether her son was fond of poetry. The lady mistook the word "poetry" for "poultry," and answered that her son was exceedingly fond of poultry. "Indeed," she said, "it seemed as if he could never get enough of chicken." The first lady said, "I did not mean that; I said poetry; that is, does your son manifest anything of that divine afflatus?" "Well," said the anxious mother, "my son has had nearly all the diseases common to children, but I don't think he ever had anything like the divine flatness." Said the bishop, in his article, "I am conscious of having a good degree of flatness when it comes to writing poetry, so I never try."

At the Des Moines Conference, a fraternal delegation from a Baptist association was introduced to the conference, and the chairman delivered an address, to which Bishop Weaver replied. When they were leaving the conference room, the delegates shook hands with the bishop, and, in bidding him good-by, one of them said, "When we get to heaven, we shall all be United Brethren." Bishop Weaver, in his peculiar manner, replied, "We are ahead of you; we are United Brethren now."

His conferences taxed him not a little. He was taken down, soon after reaching home, with neuralgia, mainly located in the base of the brain, and which, for a time, seriously threatened to result in brain fever, but it yielded to treatment, and, in due time, he recovered.



Bishop Jonathan Weaver.—About 1885.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Battle of the Giants.—1885.

The year 1885 opened with no little foreboding on the part of many warm friends of the Church. The General Conference was to meet in May. All felt that something should be done to relieve the troubled conditions, but what it would be, or should be, not many could tell. Dr. Warner, of the aggressive, liberal class, wrote, January 28: "Down under the surface of our Church life is a substratum of discouragement, if not of discontent, that needs to be greatly diminished, if not entirely removed. It will be very unfortunate if it is increased or aggravated. In the last four years, the growth of the Church has been comparatively small. The General Conference should not adjourn until it has done that which shall give peace to the Church, and insure united effort in the future, if it be possible to do it. A general peace will bring local peace, and throw the Church into compact columns, against which no power it should conquer can stand."

For some time Bishop Weaver had been kept at home by the severe sickness of a daughter. The condition of the Church gave him no little anxiety. It was the business of those who have the supervision of the Church to find a way out, if possible. For some

time, and in various ways, he had been taking the temperature of the Church. It was not his way to shirk duty when the path seemed clear and plain, so, in the quiet of his own chamber, away from the excitement of the crowded assembly, he gave his best judgment to the situation, without fear or favor, as he should answer to God in the great day. It was embodied in a three-column communication to the *Telescope,* entitled "The Outlook," and printed in the issue for February 25. As it was a paper of intense interest, and will be historic for all time, we give it in full:

"There are times when men ought to express their honest convictions on matters of church polity without being charged with disloyalty or fanaticism. It seems to me that time has come in the history of the United Brethren Church. It is not the time for harsh words and hot controversy, but for calm, deliberate Christian thought. Because men differ in their opinions is no reason why they should denounce each other as insincere. Men who are laboring to build up the Church ought to be permitted to express their views without being denounced. I refer particularly to the difference of opinion on the secrecy question.

"In one way and another, I have canvassed the views of our people East and West, and I give it as my deliberate opinion that nine-tenths of the members, ministers and all, are opposed to secret organizations. I have not found ten persons in the Church in ten years to advocate the claims of secret societies.

What others have found, I do not know. I simply give what I know.

"What I have found is a difference of opinion concerning the best manner of dealing with them. 'With malice toward none, and charity for all,' I shall write my sentiments freely. Our present law, by a good many of our ministers, is not, and, in my opinion, will not be enforced. Men who have always been true to the principles of the Church have said to me that they could not conscientiously enforce the law; others that they would not do it. I asked them to give their reasons for not doing it. The following, in substance, was their answer: 'A brother, a prominent member, joined a major order (Odd Fellows). I visited him. He confessed his error, asked to be forgiven, and promised never to visit the lodge again. The law declares him out of the Church, and all I had to do was to erase his name and announce the fact to the class. Neither the pastor nor the class had any discretion in the case. The law makes no provisions for his restoration, no matter what his confessions and promises may be. In such case, I could not announce to the class that he was out of the Church. When he asked pardon, I had to forgive him as I hope to be forgiven.' Now, this is no exaggeration; it is a simple statement of fact as I have heard it again and again.

"Some men have said they would enforce the law, but they would do it in a mild way. But the law makes no such provisions. Right at this point is where thousands of our people this day are halting,

and will halt. Any and every law that does not rest upon the principles and spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ will produce restlessness among evangelical Christians. The laws provided in our book of Discipline against offenses, except this one, seem to be in the most perfect harmony with the teachings of Christ and the apostles. Touching any offense named by Christ and his apostles, of which any disciple might be guilty, provisions are made for his restoration; so, according to our Discipline, if a man is guilty of an immorality or of willful neglect, he is to be labored with and restored, if possible; but if he joins a secret order, he is out, and no provisions are made to restore him, except in the minor orders, and that is not well understood by many of our people. Along these lines our people are confused and divided. I have faith in our ministers and members. They are intelligent, devout, and sincere.

"I have, in forty-five years, lived under five different rules on the secrecy question, and, without egotism, I can say that I have been true to every one of them. In my principle, I am to-day where I was forty years ago. I want a rule bearing against these orders that shall be in perfect harmony with the spirit and principles of the gospel of Christ. I shall lay it down as a principle that every law of the Church that does not make provision for the restoration of offenders is not in harmony with the principles of the gospel of Christ.

"It is time this question was settled. Our people are becoming more and more restless—not alone our

ministers, but members as well. Our people are feeling the burden of carrying our various interests forward; and by the severity of our present law we are virtually shut out of the large towns and cities, those centers of influence and power from which other churches draw so largely to support their institutions. But one says, "Give us a pure church." Very well; but who of us would be members to-day if that had been enforced all the time? We should aim to keep the Church as pure as we can; but it is certainly not wise to put all our force to bar the door against one evil, while a thousand others may be coming in from some other quarter. We should always be careful lest while we seek to pull the tares we do not destroy the wheat. Our Lord's lesson in Matt. 13 is very instructive. But some are very zealous to keep the Church pure along certain lines. They would pull up the tares, no matter how much wheat would be destroyed. Our Lord said not so.

"The mission of the Church is to save souls. Hence, every part and particle of church machinery should be adjusted so as to accomplish this end. And here, it seems to me, there comes to us a very serious question, *Are we saving men from the lodge?* We ought to be able to save men from the lodge as well as from other evils. If God has called us to oppose this evil, and I believe he has, then it seems to me that our church machinery should be so adjusted that we would save men from it. What good will come of it in the end if we oppose an evil, and yet leave nine-tenths to die in it? We oppose other

evils, and, by the grace of God, are saving men from them.

"I conceive that it may be possible to assume such an attitude against an evil as to completely antagonize all who are in any sense in sympathy with it. Ministers sometimes oppose evil in such a manner that they thrust the people away from them. So by the terms of a law, however just in itself, men may be so antagonized that they cannot be reached by the friends of that law. I suggest the above as a proposition we will do well to consider. If we are right in our present method of opposing secret organizations, then it must be that God does not require us to win men from it, but only to oppose it and keep it out of our Church. The advocacy and strict enforcement of our law will have precisely this effect.

"Another matter should be well considered, which is this: making every secret society a test of membership. It is not difficult to convince intelligent men and women that Christians should not be members of certain oath-bound secret organizations; but to show, from a Bible standpoint, that it is a sin of sufficient magnitude to exclude from church fellowship all persons who belong to what are called minor orders is more than can satisfactorily be done. The Quakers, who, for a long time, did about as we are doing now, have quietly changed, not their opposition to secrecy, but their method of opposing these orders. Excluding every little beneficiary order simply because there is some little secret about it cannot be well sustained. I lay it down as a principle that *every*

organization should be made to stand or fall upon its own merits or demerits. Because it may be right to exclude from church fellowship members of certain oath-bound secret orders, that does not prove that it is right to exclude all members of secret societies, unless it can be established that secrecy is a sin *per se.* Our law indiscriminately shuts the door against all.

"In some of our large towns and cities we are tugging along with little mission churches until our people in the rural districts are getting tired of paying money to support them. If it were not for our sweeping law against all secret orders, we could to-day have large, self-sustaining congregations in towns and cities where now we have nothing at all, or at least only little mission congregations.

"Many of our ministers are becoming disheartened, living, as they do, on less than half salary. They work hard, and often in small towns and villages have excellent revivals, while other churches reap most of the fruits of such revivals, because many of the converts belong to some minor secret order, such as the Grand Army or some temperance organization. I have received many letters from good and true men, who say they are utterly discouraged, and will be compelled either to stop preaching or go elsewhere. Many of these converts could be won from these minor orders if they could be cared for and instructed; but our law meets them at the door and forbids them entrance. I am stating facts just as I know them to exist; and, unless some relief can be offered, I fear that we shall suffer very considerable loss.

Fine theories, spun out by men in good circumstances financially, are all well enough; but living on a salary of two or three hundred dollars, with a family of five or six children, is quite another thing.

"With all due reverence to our fathers, I will say that it matters little to me what they said or did. In some things they were right, and in some things they were wrong. For the right they should be honored, and for the wrong they should be set aside. We have a more sure word of prophecy. It would hardly do for ministers and members of the Church to-day to use the decanter as some of the fathers did. We are living in another age, with vastly different surroundings, and our ecclesiastical machinery must be adjusted to meet these days, and not the days of our fathers. Only so far as we have positive divine authority are we required to maintain the same form of church law. The details of church law, for the most part, are human. Hence it is that we change so often. Compare our Discipline with what it was forty, thirty, or even twenty years ago, and the difference is very considerable.

"It is the solemn duty of those who are called upon to legislate for a Christian church to adopt laws that can, and will be executed, so as to maintain the dignity and purity of the Church, and yet be a means of correcting and saving souls. Every church law that is in harmony with the spirit of the gospel of Christ can be defended. Take our law relating to the 'trial of members' (Discipline, pages 22-25), or that relating to the 'duties of members' (pages 18-

22). It would not be difficult to show that these rules are compatible with the gospel of Christ. So it should be with every rule and law of the Church.

"Furthermore, I believe that a reasonable construction should be put upon the fourth article of our constitution, and then, with some changes, submitted to the members for their adoption or rejection. It seems to me that two-thirds of those that will vote ought to settle all questions in the Church. If the time ever comes when two-thirds of the *active, working* members of the Church desire a change, it should be granted. If two-thirds of those who have interest enough to vote say the constitution is right as it is, then let it remain. If two-thirds say it ought to be changed, then let it be changed. But if we are to wait until two-thirds of the *'whole society'* request a change, then it will never come. As a denomination, I suppose we are about as good as those around us; but there is no sect whose members are all active. At least one-third of the members of the very best denominations are but nominal Christians. One-third of our members have but little interest in the general work of the Church. I doubt if, on any question submitted to our people, two-thirds of the whole society would vote. It is hardly probable that there will be five delegates at our next General Conference who were elected by two-thirds of the members of their conference. The chances are that the majority will have been elected by not more than one-third of the members of their respective conferences. They

will have received a *majority* of the votes *of those that voted,* no more.

"Now, it seems to me to be most unreasonable that one-third of inactive members, who have not interest enough in the welfare of the Church to vote on any question, should be allowed to control the two-thirds of active, working members. A literal interpretation of the fourth article of our constitution, for which some contend, puts the future destiny of our Church, so far as any change in the constitution is concerned, into the hands of this one-third of inactive and indifferent members. Is it just, is it reasonable that it should be so?

"I have written this article, not for controversy, but because I feel that we have reached a period in our history when certain questions must be settled, or we shall suffer great loss. Any one who may see differently from myself ought to speak or write out his views, not in the spirit of controversy, but independently, as if nothing had been written. Write in the fear of God. If I were seeking for favors, I would keep still, but I love the United Brethren Church. It has had my feeble labors for more than forty years; for the time to come it shall have my prayers and sympathies. Oh, that I had done more and better work for the Church! Within her pale I expect to die. As Dr. Davis said to me a short time since, so say I now, 'I cannot afford to die with the least bitter feeling in my heart toward any living being on earth.' May the dear Master still lead us."

This paper aroused the forces on both sides to a

more intense activity. It proposed to submit the constitution to a vote of the membership, and, to the radical wing of the Church, that looked like tampering with the ark of God. If the controversy once began, no one could tell where the end would be. Within a few days (March 11), Dr. Davis replied to it through the columns of the Church paper: "It is certainly true that the change proposed is revolution, although it may not be sought by unconstitutional methods. The constitution may be changed peacefully or violently, but in either case the change proposed is radical and dangerous. My heart is made sad when I look over some of the remarks and recommendations found in 'The Outlook.' My hope and prayer is, that these influences may be counteracted in some way." He writes again (March 25), when he aims to give the personal opinions of Bishop Weaver, as he interprets them, and then says, "If I do not misjudge, hundreds and thousands of our people have already said, 'We do not want the change proposed in 'The Outlook,' nor do we intend to have it."

In the *Telescope* for April 8, Bishop Weaver replies to a previous article by Dr. Davis. He thinks it no sin to be a reformer. The fathers were not inspired when they made our present constitution. They did nothing that was too sacred to be touched. "If I were ever honest in a declaration, I am honest in this; namely, that we are not winning as many souls for Jesus with our present sweeping law against secrecy as we should if it were less rigid." Bishop

Weaver favored submitting the constitution to the people, because he thought that would be the most satisfactory way of settling the difficulty. Then, again, it had never been before them for rejection or adoption in its present form. "I hold it is the prerogative of any General Conference subsequent to 1841 to change, modify, or rescind any part of the constitution that was put there by the General Conference of 1841. I ask Dr. Davis and Brother Floyd to look this squarely in the face." Concerning the minor orders, "I further say that, unless it can be proved that secrecy is a sin *per se,* it is difficult to prove that every little temporary order should be excluded from Church fellowship. Why did the doctor not prove that secrecy is a sin *per se?* He would have been confronted by himself. Sixteen years ago, at Lebanon, he was chairman of the committee that reported a rule on secrecy which he advocated as the very thing needed, and which, of course, was in perfect harmony with the views of the fathers. That was very different from the present case. Then, again, eight years ago, the doctor voted squarely against his own will by voting for our present rule. Now, after all these changes that the doctor has helped to make, he finds very grave fault with me because I venture to suggest that some changes might be of advantage to our Church growth. If, after careful and prayerful consideration, a majority should conclude that the constitution and our rule on secrecy should remain as they are, I will most cheerfully submit, and continue to work as hard as I can to advance the interests of

the Church. What cannot be done legally and by the voice of the majority should not be done at all."

In the *Telescope* for April 15, Dr. Davis returned to the attack. Bishop Weaver had said, "In my principle I am to-day where I was forty years ago." To this Dr. Davis took exception, and quoted at length from a lecture delivered by Bishop Weaver in 1862, aiming to show that his teachings then and now are not the same: "If the bishop (Weaver) will still say that his views have not been changed, I will admit it for the honor of his good name, but must insist upon it that his words and record have deceived us."

In the paper for April 29, Bishop Weaver answered Dr. Davis's charge that he had changed since 1862. He proceeds to show that the laws have been constantly changing: "Twenty-four years ago, it is said, offending members should be dealt with as in case of other immoralities. Sixteen years ago, our law gave them six months to sever connection with the order. Our present law gives no time at all, except in the minor orders. Is it a greater sin for an individual to change his views as to method than it is for the Church to change? In principle I am the same as I was forty years ago. I have changed my views as to method. The doctor and other friends of the present law have helped to change our method again and again. Did he change in principle every time he helped to change our method? Which is the greater sinner, the doctor or I?

"In this discussion, I have aimed to be frank. I have no personal ends to serve. My time for active

work in the Church will soon be past. My one object is, and has been to find the true road to successful church work. We are not succeeding as we ought. This quadrennial term will soon close, and our increase will not be more than about seven thousand. Tens of thousands have been converted at our altars in these four years, while other churches have gathered much of the fruit of our labors. One reason for this state of things is our present method of opposing secret orders. Our law not only shuts the door against all members of every little beneficiary order, and sends them away, but it turns their friends away. In a word, our rigid law antagonizes the majority of those outside of our pale, so that we cannot win men from the lodge nor gather them into the Church" (*Telescope,* August 29, 1885).

The editor of the *Telescope,* in a summing up of the situation (April 29), under the title of "Our Church Legislation," after speaking of the different opinions in the Church, the difficulties that have been met, and have hindered our progress, thus forecasts the case: "Our whole statement of law is destined to be changed. The generation is now born that will take our confession of faith, or creed, and constitution, and make a new statement of them, embodying all the essentials we now have in different forms, and with fuller amplifications. Those whose hairs are gray may oppose it, if they will, but it will be of no avail. A progressive church comes upon new eras; we have already passed several of these epochs. Age after age will put its own interpretation upon the

application of great facts and truths and principles to church activities. The essential features of church polity will abide, but we cannot stop the current of church life any more than we can arrest Niagara."

Dr. Davis again replied to Bishop Weaver, and, on May 13, the latter answered. It was his last article before the matter came to the General Conference, when it must be decided. After defining his position against the doctor's attacks, he concludes: "One thing remains as a fact, thousands of our people, among whom are many leading ministers, have changed their views concerning our legislation on this question; men who are out in the field and who have to meet this question in the face, are the men who know most about the practical working of our law. Shut out from the main centers of influence, living on half salaries, and seeing much of the fruit of their hard labors joining some other denominations, have caused many to change their views. A brother who but a short time ago was a radical wrote to me, a few days since, that three prominent ministers in his conference had joined another church, and that he and another man were going soon—starved out. An old itinerant, who was a delegate, and voted for our present law, wrote me, last week, that he was forced to retire from the active work. In eight years of hard itinerating, he had received less than two hundred dollars a year. Shut out from the centers of influence, and saving nobody from the lodge, had fully satisfied him that our legislation was wrong. With our earnest prayer that our dear Father in heaven may

guide us all aright, I now close this article and this discussion, unless something new is presented."

For the first five months of the year, scarcely an issue of the *Telescope* came from the press in which one or more communications on the secrecy question did not appear. They were on both sides of the question. We have not space to quote from them, but we speak of it here as one of the indications showing a general unrest.

The General Conference convened, at the time appointed, at Fostoria, Ohio. The bishops' address, prepared, in the main, by Bishop Kephart, made the following suggestions: "(1) Should you determine that it (the constitution) is in your hands, then transfer the whole from the realm of constitutional law to the field of legislative enactment, which would be to expunge the whole question from the constitution, and bring it into the field of legislative enactment, to be handled as the Church, through her representatives, may determine from time to time. (2) That you limit the prohibitory feature of your enactment to combinations, secret and open, to which the Church believes a Christian cannot belong. (3) Should you decide that this constitutional question is beyond your control and in the hands of the whole society, then submit the above proposition, properly formulated, to a vote of the whole Church, and let a two-thirds vote of those voting be the authoritative voice of the Church on the subject."

The whole matter was referred to a committee, which, after due deliberation, reported, recommend-

ing the appointment of a commission of twenty-seven persons, consisting of the bishops and an equal number of ministers and laymen, who should revise the confession of faith under certain limitations. When that work was done, it should be submitted to a vote of the whole membership of the Church for approval or disapproval, and if two-thirds of those voting should affirm, it should thenceforward be the constitution and confession of faith of the Church. Eleven of the members of the committee signed the report.

Upon a motion to adopt, the majority then began one of the most interesting and able discussions that have probably ever occurred in connection with any of our conferences. It was really a battle of the giants. In the main, the proprieties becoming such an occasion were well maintained. The discussions continued for the larger part of two days. Men had come there expecting it, prepared for it in a sense, and, in the judgment of all, it was a crisis time for the Church. The radical wing, so-called, felt as though the passage of that report would almost unsettle the very foundations of the Church. The liberals, on the other hand, saw in the adoption of this report, a relief from the intense radicalism which, in their judgment, had greatly hindered the growth of the Church, and the prospect of a richer, fuller life. It is not strange that the result was watched with intense interest. On its settlement, whichever way it went, hung everlasting results. The writer was present, and listened to these delegates making brief explanations as they recorded their votes and helped determine their own destiny,

as well as that of the Church. When the call was finished, the bishops announced that seventy-eight had voted in favor, and forty-two against. Bishop Weaver voted in the affirmative.

After the vote was taken, Bishop Weaver offered a very tender prayer, asking forgiveness if they had gone astray, asking divine guidance and direction in all truth, and praying that as they could not see each other's thoughts or motives, they might have charity for each other and brotherly love.

Just before the prayer, Bishop Weaver, who was in the chair when the vote was taken, said: "I wish there could have been a plan by which there would have been no dissenting voice, but it has not been so for a number of years. During the past twenty years, we have been eddying around, and we have never all been able to come to one place. We are about as near it now as at any time in the past. I now ask that we take it to our hearts, and look over it, and pray over it, and look to the dear, blessed Master to lead us."

In the election of bishops, Bishop Weaver received seventy-five votes, Bishop Kephart seventy-two, Bishop Castle fifty-one, and Bishop Dickson fifty votes. Later, Bishop Glossbrenner was made bishop *emeritus*. This was Bishop Weaver's election for the sixth term.

When the work of the conference was done, Bishop Weaver made some touching remarks concerning Bishop Glossbrenner. When a man enters the field and begins the ministerial life, it is an occasion of great interest to him. So it is when the sun of life

is getting low, as it is with Brother Glossbrenner. He remembers, and he believes some others will remember the good work he has done and the help they have all received.

It was voted, the bishops should not be districted as before, but should rotate. Bishop Weaver, the first year, held the conferences in the Ohio District. On his way home from conference, he stopped over and preached in Dayton, Ohio, and later in Elkhart, Indiana. In July, he dedicated a church at North Manchester, and, although not very strong, secured the three thousand dollars needed. He dedicated a church at Bowlusville, August 2; was present the same month at a camp-meeting held near Lewisburg, Ohio. He moved to Dayton, Ohio, early in August, and held the first of his fall conferences, Miami, in Summit Street Church, Dayton, Ohio, August 26, 1885.

The *Telescope* for June, immediately following the close of the General Conference, had a communication from his pen, entitled "We Know in Part." He, no doubt, saw the signs of the coming storm, and hoped to turn it aside. The essence of the article was, that, concerning essential truths that are revealed, we must contend earnestly; "but when we come to the subordinate and minor truths relating to ecclesiastical polity, not clearly set forth in the gospel, we should be careful lest, in our zeal, we become too dogmatical. The Scriptures do not give us in detail any form of ecclesiastical government. Hence it is that good and wise men often differ in

their opinion as to what is the best thing to do. Upon two things, I presume, all can agree: First, that every part and particle of Church machinery should be adjusted, so that, in the end, it will bring the greatest possible number of souls to Christ and heaven. Second, that so long as we can only see and know in part, we can well afford *fervent* charity among ourselves." In August, appeared another on "Manner of Spirit." "It is well to be zealously affected in a good cause, but we must always be sure that we move by the dictations of a right spirit."

There had been a number of articles in the *Telescope,* more or less reflecting on the work to be done by the commission. On August 26, he writes a five-column article, giving the history of the constitution and confession of faith, the propositions made to amend at various times; the Constitution of the United States, indeed, of almost every State in the Union had been amended, "and now, after forty-four years, may not a Christian Church amend and improve its constitution and confession of faith? Have we learned nothing in all these years? Look at our Discipline to-day. Almost every rule in it has been changed; new sections have been added, until it looks but little as it did forty-four years ago. Now if the exigencies of time and place have made so many changes in our general rules necessary, may not the same be true with regard to our confession of faith and constitution?"

He follows this, on September 2, with an article on "Church Power." It is not in numbers, wealth,

or education, but in the power of the Holy Spirit. We may make good rules and regulations, but these are not enough. The different forms of church polity show that all people cannot agree. If we cannot make all men think alike, we must allow them to differ. "I have some faith in law, but vastly more in the power and influence of the Holy Spirit to lead men away from wrong-doing. What the gospel fails to reform will not likely be reformed. Give us good, wholesome church rules, based, as nearly as may be, on the principles of the gospel of Christ, and then give us the enduement of the Holy Spirit, and we shall go on to victory."

He missed a train at Indianapolis, and had to wait four hours. He did not like waiting, never had liked it, and didn't think he could, very well. This delay, and the effort to cultivate patience, led him to philosophize a little: "We do not, and cannot always know what is best for us; but we do not know how it would have been if we had gone some other way. We know something about the way over which we have come, but nothing about the way over which we intended to go; but a wise and merciful Father directed otherwise, and thus delivered us from the danger. Among the ten thousand revelations that will thrill the souls of the saved in heaven, but few, if any, will call forth greater gratitude than a knowledge of the great and tender care of the Father in leading them through the dangers of this world."

He called a meeting of the commission, to meet in Dayton, Ohio, on November 17. He showed it

would not have been wise for the General Conference to have undertaken to formulate amendments. They had no time to do this, but when the commission would meet, and would take time, and make suitable amendments, and the people adopt them, these, then, would become the law of the Church.

In November, he writes: "Through the abundant mercy of our kind Father in heaven, I have been able to complete my round of fall conferences on this (Ohio) district. With one or two exceptions, it has been one of the most pleasant I have been permitted to attend. There were differences of opinion on certain questions of Church polity; but, in spite of this, the conferences rose above it, and enjoyed gracious seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Many of these ministers made a new consecration of themselves to the blessed work of soul-saving." He follows this with an earnest appeal for better pay. Ministers with families cannot devote their whole time to the work, and live on two or three hundred dollars a year. The men must be better supported, or they will be driven from the field.

The next issue, about the middle of December, contained an article on "Brotherly Kindness," setting forth some of the things done by the General Conference of 1873, and which would have been effective if the bishops could have decided the meaning of "two-thirds." This was followed by a Christmas article on "Glory to God in the Highest," which ended the work of the year—a year destined to be one of the most remarkable in all our history.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Work of the Commission Explained and Defended.—1886-1888.

Of the twenty-seven members of the Church commission, twenty-five came together in Dayton, Ohio, on the day appointed, November 11, 1885. Bishop Weaver, as senior bishop, called the body to order, and, after devotional exercises, made a brief and impressive address on the nature and importance of their work, urging them to have patience with each other, and, above all, to seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit. It was agreed, the bishops should preside in the order of their seniority. They were in session about six days. When the work of revision was done, they provided a plan for submitting the whole matter to the people. It was agreed that the vote should be taken in November, 1888, giving the space of three years for a discussion of the proposed changes. A general board of tellers was appointed, of which Bishop Weaver was chairman. All the reports were to be in by January 1, 1889, so the tellers could make report to the board of bishops by January 15, 1889. The report of the commission was prefaced by an address from the bishops, signed by all except Bishop Dickson.

The *Christian Conservator* was started in the main

to oppose the work of the commission. Its work was attacked through the columns of the *Telescope* by those opposed to it, and as earnestly defended by others, and among the most earnest of opposers was Bishop Weaver. The opposition continued even after the vote was taken.

In the *Telescope* for January 13, 1886, there appeared an article from Bishop Weaver's pen in defense of the last General Conference, which he entitles "A Few Facts," showing that the things which the radicals specially complained of in the last General Conference had been done by themselves a number of times before. The next number contained an article, entitled "In a Short Time." It was appropriate to the beginning of the new year. The days are passing, and in a short time we shall all be in eternity; how little we know of our future condition, but soon we shall know all. In the next number there appeared another on the subject, "The Lord Is With Us," suggested by the fact that in some revivals referred to in the paper of the previous week, over one thousand persons had been added to the Church. When his birthday occurred, he recorded the following:

"To-day, February 23, 1886, I am sixty-two years of age. God has been very good to me. He has led me in ways that I had not known, and that I did not choose. In a few days, it will be forty years since I received my first appointment. Through the blessing of God, I have not been located any time for forty years; never very rugged in health, but nearly

always able to go. Many others have done better work than I have been able to do, but I have worked as hard as I could. I have more than once left my home when I hardly expected ever to return alive; but my engagements were out, and I resolved to meet them or die on the way. In the twenty-one years I have served the Church in my present relation, I have not failed to meet all my conferences, except in one instance, when I went to the Pacific Coast, and had one of the conferences held by Bishop Glossbrenner.

"What awaits me in the future I know not, except that I must die, but when and where I know not. The road may be short; in the very nature of things, it cannot be long; but I will trust in Him who has led me thus far. Do you ask what I would do if I were back forty years, and had my life to live over? I would be more humble, earnest, and devoted; but I would not do anything else but preach Jesus and him crucified. Do you ask what I expect to do in the future? So long as I am able to stand I will preach Jesus and him crucified. When too old to stand, I will trust in Jesus and the Church, and wait until my change comes.

"May I give a word of exhortation? Having passed over the road, I know where I made my greatest failings. It was in the fact that I did not, in the earlier part of my ministry, make a full and complete consecration. God cannot use a divided man as he can use one who is wholly devoted to him. Therefore, I say put all on the altar; burn the bridges

behind you, launch out into the deep sea, trusting in Jesus.

"How have I fared during these forty years of itinerant life? Much better than I deserved. I have not become rich; but I was poor when I started, and I have held my own all the way along. I have more beds to sleep in, and more tables to sit down to than many rich men have, and all for nothing. These good soft beds and fine tables are all furnished at somebody else's expense, and don't cost me a cent. When I die, if I have not a dollar left, my brethren will bury me decently. I have faith in God and in the Church.

"When I first saw the light, there were thirteen of use, including father and mother; now only five remain. I am the youngest. In the near future we shall all be gone; but the morning cometh when there will be such a reunion of scattered families as this world never saw."

In the issue of April 7, he comes to the defense of those who have changed their views as to certain forms of Church polity. He had been found fault with because he favored a different way of dealing with the question, from what he favored years before. He takes up the various issues of our book of Discipline, and shows how we have changed it. Dr. Davis had helped to change the polity of the Church on educational questions. Bishop Edwards had changed his views as to instrumental music. We have changed our polity a number of times concerning the treatment of the secrecy question. "I suggest that those who have never favored any change of any rule in our

Discipline appoint a convention at some convenient place, and then all of that class meet and adopt resolutions condemning every man who has, at any time, changed his views on any question of church polity. The fathers are all dead, and it is well they are, for none of them could be members of such a convention. This convention is only for those who have never, in thought or deed, favored any change in any rule of the Discipline. I presume it would be an interesting gathering of live, progressive men.

"Any man who has not changed his views on any question of church polity within the last twenty years, is hereby invited to fling stones at me by day and by night. But any man who, in thought, word, or deed, has changed his views with respect to any rule in the Discipline, is hereby kindly invited to ask some one to fling stones at him. With all my imperfections and mistakes in life,—and they are many,—I do most solemnly avow that I have not unkind feelings toward any man on earth, though he may think differently from what I do. I cannot afford to die with malice in my heart to any man, living or dead." In the issue of our Church paper for April 14, under "The Church and Secret Societies," he discusses the question, Should all members of all secret societies be excluded from church fellowship? and, in discussing, incidentally shows the value of what the commission recommmended:

"Our trouble, for the most part, has grown out of the fact that, under our constitution as it is, we could not discriminate between the orders. A large ma-

jority of our ministers and members do not believe that all members of all secret orders should be excluded from church fellowship. I am betraying no trust when I say that scores of radicals have told me that they would be glad if some discrimination could be made. Now I insist upon it that some one who is capable take up this line of thought and show us that all the members of all secret orders should be excluded from church fellowship. This question settled beyond a doubt, and all our trouble is at an end. Denouncing men and denouncing the acts of the last General Conference will not answer the question. Years ago, when the societies were less numerous, and before I had taken time to study the nature of secret orders in general, I thought the only way was to exclude all, indiscriminately. Since then many beneficiary societies have sprung up, and many which are short-lived, so that I have *changed my views* with respect to the proper attitude of the Church toward these orders. If I thought that the Church could win more souls to Christ and heaven by indiscriminately excluding all members of all secret societies from its pale, I would advocate it with all my might; but I do not believe it, and therefore favor such modification in our organic law as will permit the General Conference, from time to time, to adopt such rules as it may deem wise and proper. There is no form of secrecy more detestable than for a man to cover up his heart, his honest convictions, and cowardly advocate something else."

In the issue for April 21, is an extract from an

address made before the United Brethren Ministerial Association on "How We Shall Make the Fruits of Our Revivals Permanent?" He recommends: (1) The pastor insist on thorough work; (2) extra services should not be closed suddenly; (3) young converts should be carefully instructed; (4) much pastoral labor is needed; (5) converts must be encouraged to attend means of grace; (6) attention must be given to reading matter; (7) encourage secret devotion; (8) find something for each one to do.

Early in April, he left Dayton, in the midst of a snow-storm, for Ontario Conference. After much difficulty, he reached Detroit, to find two feet of snow there, and all trains, so far as he could learn, lost, and Ontario Conference one hundred and seventy-five miles away. He remained over night, took a fresh start, went sixty-five miles, and again ran into a snow-drift where there had not been one for twenty years. Securing an additional engine, they kept working away for four long hours, and all that time, he says, "there was on board six feet four and a half inches of hungry humanity that could not get any dinner, not even a cup of coffee. The conference was reached, however, and proved to be an interesting session."

On May 5, he makes the annual report for the Ohio District for 1885-86: There were 278 itinerants, 159 local preachers, 38,990 members, an increase of 2,209 for the year. "During the past five months, several thousand have been added to the Church, which are not included in this report. It has been a

year of great prosperity. The ministers, for the most part, have worked hard, and have gathered in a rich harvest. So far as I have the means of knowing, the revivals have been thorough. Regeneration has been insisted upon; nearly all who have been received into the Church have professed a change of heart; with little exception, peace and harmony prevail."

Those who were opposed to any change of constitution insisted, in their public writings, that we should "adhere closely to the constitution and confession of faith *unchanged,* as they descended to us from the fathers." Bishop Weaver, in his inimitable way, inquires who are meant by "the fathers." Usually he has included in this list Otterbein and Boehm and Guething, but the Discipline, confession of faith, and constitution did not descend from them. Boehm and Guething died in 1812, and Otterbein in 1813. The Discipline and confession of faith were adopted in 1815, and the constitution in 1841. So these men could not be the fathers referred to. They could not be Newcomer, Draksel, or Crum, for these were all in heaven before the adoption of the constitution.

"The United Brethren Church, under God, is a growth. Step by step she has steadily advanced. As higher degrees of light from the divine Word fell upon her, she changed her method of work, but always maintained her fundamental doctrine and republican principles of government. To-day the Church is almost a unit on the great doctrines of Christianity. Our difference of opinion is upon rules of discipline. Whatever others may think, and whatever they do,

I am firm in my convictions that God, in his own good time, will lead the Church out of, and beyond these differences into a broad field of usefulness."

He attended conference in Dunkirk, Ohio, in the fall of 1885, and was asked by one or two men if he would come and give them a lecture during the winter. He consented if they would make arrangements. In due time, he gave the lecture, and found that the men who had secured him were members of the G. A. R. The lecture was in the United Brethren church. A few soldiers were present, but there were not many in the county. They had no regalia on, but were there as citizens, like other men. Very soon his opponents were circulating that he was going about lecturing for the G. A. R., meaning to teach thereby that he was favoring secret societies. After giving this explanation of the affair, he says: "I suppose from this time on we will not dare to take any part in the decoration of soldiers' graves. It will be a little risky even to pray for soldiers, unless we make exception of the G. A. R. I have several times preached at funerals for members of secret societies, but from this on I must not do it, lest some one will publish that I am going about preaching in favor of secrecy. Those who, a few days ago, took part in the memorial services had better look out. Perhaps we had better not shake hands with an old soldier, unless we find out for sure that he is not a member of the G. A. R. I live near the Soldiers' Home. I see many soldiers about, every day; some with one limb off, some with an arm gone, some blind, others crippled in many

ways. I suppose I had better keep on the opposite side of the street. So it goes."

Rev. I. L. Buchwalter, in a communication to the press, intimated that the constitution should not only oppose secrecy, but discriminate between the orders. Bishop Weaver showed that this could not be done, for what would be appropriate this year would not be next. Constitutions are hard to change. Better adopt principles, and then let the General Conference apply them. He then closes his reply with this beautiful sentiment:

"Personally, I have no quarrel with any one. I cannot afford it. I have my convictions as to what is for the best interests of the Church. Some very wicked things have been said and written about me, to which I have not replied, and probably never shall. I have faith in God and our people. If what I have contended for is wrong, the Lord will overrule it. I have not, in word or deed, intentionally injured any one. If those who have said the most bitter things about me should ever be in distress, in either body or mind, I am ready to render them any assistance in my power. The Judge of all the earth will do right."

The contest over the work of the commission went on. A number of articles appeared, both for and against, in the columns of the *Telescope* for 1886, from the pens of able writers, but, after all, Bishop Weaver was expected to bear the brunt of the opposition. A number of conventions were held by the opposition, in which the Church, the General Conference, and the *Telescope* were attacked. Utterances

were made shadowing forth a purpose on the part of some to break off from the Church. A meeting was called to assemble within the bounds of White River Conference, at which time it was contemplated to take decided steps toward separation.

A paper was sent to Bishop Weaver, signed by a number of the members in one of the conferences, protesting against the bishop assigned to preside at the coming session. The grounds upon which it was based were that he had endorsed the work of the commission; in other words, he was willing to abide by the act and decision of the General Conference. Bishop Weaver answered the protest kindly, in substance, as follows: "(1) Nine years ago, if a bishop had refused to abide by the acts of the General Conference, these very brethren would have called him a rebel. (2) If we are not governed by the decrees of the General Conference, by whose authority are we to be governed? (3) If an officer declares he will not carry out the laws and rules of the General Conference, he should be deposed from office. (4) When men say they will not abide by the laws of the General Conference, they are in a state of rebellion. (5) Some say they will abide by the Discipline of 1881, but that is dead; if we can go back that long, we can go back forty years; a few years ago, such talk would have been called disloyal. (6) This protest is not based on official delinquency, nor want of ability, nor immorality, but because of loyalty; just think of it! (7) There is no judicial authority above the General Conference. (8) If a

bishop would announce that he would not be governed by the laws and rules of the General Conference, what would he be governed by? (9) We cannot reject a part of it; we are bound to all, or none. (10) It is an easy thing to sign a protest, but men should consider well the grounds on which the protest stands."

He was at the Stoverdale, Pennsylvania, camp-meeting on the third of August. He had thus far attended three, and had two yet before him. He heard Mr. and Mrs. West present the interests of the Woman's Missionary Association, and this led him to say some very kind things about the work: "These women just beat the world. They go along and go ahead as if they had some grand enterprise on hand. They pay but little attention to vexed questions. They seem to be wrapped up in the one idea of saving souls. I believe I should as soon take their chances for heaven as the chances of those who, in one way or another, have stood in the way of the blessed cause."

When his work was done here, he returned to Dayton, Ohio. He soon after held Parkersburg Conference, September 15, at Pennsboro, West Virginia, and later Allegheny Conference, at Conemaugh, Pennsylvania; East German at Shamokin, Pennsylvania, September 30.

The Tennessee Conference had been held at White Pine. He speaks hopefully of the conference, and of the men who are trying to build it up. He writes from Lebanon, Kentucky: "I am in usual luck today. Reached this city at four o'clock this morning. Here I must remain twelve hours, in order to get a

train leading in the direction of the Kentucky Conference, which meets this week. I have twenty miles by rail, then twenty by stage, and several miles in some other way. This is extra work. Bishop Dickson was to hold this conference, but he made rather a poor mouth about it, and so, as I had to go to Tennessee, I agreed to hold it for him. The only difficulty that may grow out of it will be in dividing the funds. I trust we shall have no quarrel.

"But, notwithstanding my long delay at this place, I can turn it to pretty good advantage. There is a circus that shows here to-day, and I have never been to one in my life, and nobody hereabouts knows me, and—well, you can imagine the rest. The procession has just passed by. I saw the elephant with my own eyes. Then I saw a dog, a wolf, and the pictures of lots of other animals. But the finest picture of all was the crowd that followed the procession—all sizes, ages, colors, men leading little boys and girls, women with infants in their arms, pushing, jamming, and crowding along; many of them poorly clad, but, no matter, they are going to the show. Families which are sorely in need of bread and clothing are jostling along in the crowd, with no thought that will rise an inch above an elephant's back. They will spend their last cent to see a few men and women act the fool.

"A good place this is to study human nature. I may be a poor judge of human nature. Perhaps I am like a certain judge in his first charge to a jury. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'this is new business to me.

This is the first time I ever charged a jury; but you have heard all the testimony from both sides; you have heard the law as explained and defended by the lawyers. Now if you believe what the attorney for the plaintiff said, you will give the case in his favor. If you believe what the attorney for the defendant says, you will give the case in his favor; but if you are like me, and don't believe what either one said, then I 'll be blamed if I know what you will do.' So I am puzzled to know what to do with human nature when I see it developed as I do this day."

The month of November finds him at the old homestead, concerning which he writes as follows:

"In a recent visit to eastern Ohio, I determined to visit the place of my birth. In company with John Moore, of Carrollton, Ohio, a brother-in-law, we set out for the place. The day was cold and stormy, but my anxiety to see the old home made the trip much easier than it otherwise would have been. About fifty years have come and gone since I left it. Then I was only a boy; am I the same person I was then? Now I am old and gray-headed. In spite of all these changes, I feel I am the same person. Here is the old farm. Here I spent my boyhood days. Some things are the same, but how much is changed. What havoc time has made of the old orchard. Here are the wild cherry, chestnut, gum, and one solitary hickory, where I gathered nuts, long ago. Here is the spring where I used to slake my thirst, and there the lower spring where we watered the stock. Over there in that field I used to hoe corn with heavy hoes made

by the village blacksmith. In that field I gathered sheaves, and in that meadow spread the grass, and pitched and raked the hay into heaps. Here is the corner-stone in the foundation where the house used to stand. As I stood on that stone, thronging memories came rushing back. Around that old hearth we used to sit and spend the long winter evenings—father, mother, brothers, and sisters. When the older ones that were married would come home to spend an evening, being the youngest in the circle, I was a happy boy. Only five of us are left, and we must soon make that mysterious journey. Are those who have gone from me lost forever? I cannot, I will not believe it. . . . What my boyish hopes were in the years long gone, I need not tell. Suffice it to say, I have not attained unto the ideal man. I have not traveled the road I intended to travel. Maybe the other road would have been more difficult than the one over which I have come. . . . I called to see my old schoolmaster, Mr. S. Highland. He is now not far from fourscore years old. At first, he did not know me; but it only took a moment to brush away the dust from the page of memory, and all was clear, especially when I reminded him that once and again he had taken the liberty to knock the dust from my roundabout by means of a birch stick. Along this line memory is true to her trust.

"My time is up, and I must go. One more glance at the old homestead—good-by, I shall see thee no more. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, who have crossed the river, good-by. We shall never meet again

around that old family hearth, but in the morning it shall be well. If the sneering skeptic wants to go down into the dark waters of eternal forgetfulness, I cannot help it; but as for me and mine we will live and die in the God-inspiring hope that in the morning it shall be well."

He was advised to take a little rest. He said: "This is the first time in forty years that I have done so. My fall work has taxed me a little more than usual." His year ended with the following earnest appeal:

"The past year has been a year of wonderful revivals. Thousands of souls were gathered into the fold of Christ. Never in the history of the United Brethren Church have there been clearer evidences of the Lord's willingness to help us than now. Shall we not accept these indications, and work as never before? The fall conferences, with but few exceptions, were not only harmonious, but spiritual. The ministers and laymen, where they had lay delegates, went out more determined than ever to save souls. I am praying for and expecting fifty thousand souls for Jesus this year. The Master is willing, the Holy Spirit is willing, and the angels are willing. Are you ready to unite with the heavenly host in an onward movement for souls?"

The year 1887 finds him busy with pen and voice, doing all he can to prepare the Church to properly vote on the amended constitution. He kept up a very extended correspondence, appealing to men, allaying their prejudices, helping them to understand the

points at issue, and, in this way, he did very much to swell the vote when finally taken. During the year, at intervals, appeared articles in the *Telescope* on "The General Conference of 1873," "The Work of the Commission," "That Thursday Night," "The Constitution of 1837 and 1841," "Questions Answered," "Will It Stand the Test?" and others. While interested in this, he was not forgetful of other wants of the Church, but, like a faithful overseer, sought to help where help was most needed. Articles appeared on "Our Mission Debt," "That Thanksgiving Rally," "An Open Letter to the Sisters," "That Thank-Offering."

Concerning the mission debt of sixty thousand dollars, and our ability to meet it, he says: "We have two hundred thousand members, and if one hundred and forty thousand of these did not pay anything, the balance would only need to pay one dollar each to pay it all off. I would like to have a day set apart, when the members of the United Brethren Church would get on their religious muscles and give it a lift; that would do; just one lift, and all would be over so far as the debt is concerned. Let us make the coming Thanksgiving the time for this."

During all of these discussions on the work of the commission, he kept his temper in spite of many unpleasant insinuations against his supposed vacillation. He ended an article, July 13, 1887, with these words: "Some things not very complimentary have been said about me, because I have advocated these changes, but no matter for that. If those who have said the hard-

est things will call at my home, I will give them the best bed and the best dinner my wife and daughters can prepare. 'We shall know each other better when the mists have cleared away.'"

On being asked, on one occasion, as to what would be the result if a certain vote were had, he said: "The whole matter is before the Church, with plenty of time to read up on both sides, and when the time comes, let the people vote. I have the utmost confidence in the honesty and intelligence of our people. If two-thirds do not want any change, then let us go on as heretofore; but if two-thirds think we can do more for Christ and his cause by having some change, it seems to me that we ought to have it. Whatever becomes of the work of the commission, whether it goes up or down, I am a United Brethren. My relation to the Church does not turn upon the work of the commission. While I firmly believe that the amended constitution and confession of faith, as recommended by the commission, are better than what we now have, yet, if two-thirds of those that vote do not think so, I shall go right on working as hard as I can."

During the summer, he was in the oil region, from which he sent back the following communication:

"I am not very much of a geologist, but it seems to me that if they keep on boring holes in the ground and drawing out gas in such vast quantities, by and by they will cause a great vacuum down below; and as nature abhors a vacuum, it may be there will be a collapse down there, and if that should occur, it might produce something of a fracas on the surface; if not,

why not? I do not live in an oil region. There is gas enough in Dayton, but it is all on the surface, and will not do any harm. It will not burn."

In the fall of this year, he started to visit the Kansas conferences. After leaving Indianapolis, the cars were very much crowded. "I made a rush for a seat, but it was no go. Everything was chock full. A third train was made up, and between nip and tuck I got a seat in a rickety old car where every seat was full, two in a seat. The train pulled out. We had not gone far until it was found that one train was too heavy, and had to be cut in two. In passing through a chair-car, hunting for a better seat, I stopped by the side of a large, fat man, who filled his chair quite full, and a little more, and asked if he would please move over a little and give me a part of his seat. At first he looked at me with a little surprise, but in a moment he caught the idea, and said, 'My friend, you can see for yourself that the chance for a seat by my side is decidedly thin.'

"About midnight, it got quite cold in the car I was in, and the passengers became very restless. The brakeman made an effort to get a fire started, but did not succeed. Finally, an old gentleman stood up at the other end of the car and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I do not know how it is with you; I only wish to speak for myself, personally and individually. The fact is, I am cold, but not as cold as I was some time ago, for I have been getting mad for a little over an hour. If no fire is built, in a short time I will be myself again, and then—.' The fire was soon

started, and from that time on we were comfortably warm."

During the year 1888, he met his conferences, looked after the work of his district, and, at the same time, kept his pen busy giving information to those who were anxious to do the best possible thing for the Church. Letter after letter went out to those who were halting between two opinions, and many of them were led to decide for the amended constitution. As a specimen of the sort of work he did, one man to whom he had earnestly written said to him, years after, "Bishop, how is it that when I decided to remain with the Church after it adopted the new constitution, you did not write to me any more?" "Well, to be frank," said Bishop Weaver, "I had so much of that kind of correspondence on hand, that when I had you safely landed, I dropped you to look after somebody else." One who examines the *Telescope* for the year will find article after article on this and kindred subjects, such as, "Are Secret Combinations Sinful?" "Will It Stand the Test?" "Our Confession of Faith," "Our Mission Debt," "A Few Things," "The New Creed" (three articles), "Revivals of Religion," "Conferences of 1837 and 1841," "About That 'Not,'" "Human Sympathy," with six articles on "From Bethlehem to Calvary and Beyond."

For some who thought the confession of faith and constitution were made perfect in the beginning, he sends these farewell words: "At one time, Spain held all the regions around and about the Strait of

Gibraltar. She was proud of her possession, so she had the words, *'Ne plus ultra,'* which mean 'no more beyond,' struck upon her coins. One day, a bold spirit struck out beyond the strait, and found a new and beautiful world. Convinced of her mistake, she struck *ne* from her coins, but left the words, *plus ultra,* more beyond. It seems to me that some men to-day must have a few of these Spanish coins in their jacket pockets, and ever and anon take them out and read and sing the beautiful words, *Ne plus ultra.* Mind, I do not affirm this, I only say it seems to me. I most sincerely wish that every member of the Church would take the confession of faith as it is in the Discipline and compare it with the amended confession, recommended by the commission, and then vote for whichever one is the most clear and satisfactory."

This brought him to the time when the ballots were being cast, and the opinion of the Church ascertained. He had done his very best to place the matter clearly and plainly before the people. If they would properly consider the matter and vote intelligently, he would cheerfully abide the result. It had been for him a very laborious task, demanding all the patience, prudence, wisdom, and skill which he was able to command. He was looked to as the towering Moses who was to lead them into what seemed to him the promised land. If there should be a failure, it would not be because of any lack of effort on his part.

The vote was taken in November, 1888. Nearly 55,000 votes in all were cast. For the confession of faith, 50,965; against the confession of faith, 3,296;

for the amended constitution, 50,586; against the amended constitution, 3,643; for lay delegation, 48,722; against lay delegation, 5,618; for sections on secret societies, 46,900; against sections on secret societies, 7,273. The Church had approved his judgment and work.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Before the Courts.

Notwithstanding the fact that a large majority of the Church had voted to adopt the revised confession of faith and improved constitution, it soon became evident that our Radical friends, who had left us at York and organized a church of their own under the old name, did not intend to submit without a struggle. It was not long before we had that unseemly sight of two branches of the Christian church making war upon each other in the courts of the land. In order to settle matters as speedily as possible, in opposition to the loud boasting of the Radical wing that they would soon have possession of the Publishing House, which of right, they asserted, belonged to their branch of the Church, the trustees brought suit to quiet the title. On the other side, in the various States, the Radicals themselves brought suit to gain possession of local churches. These legal suits continued for six or more years, keeping the Church more or less distracted much of the time, and finally ended in the sustaining of the Liberal Church by the highest authorities of all the States, save perhaps one.

In all of these it was to be expected that Bishop Weaver would play a very important part. When

he had joined the Church it consisted of say 20,000 members, and thus most of its membership had come in during his lifetime. Its various departments of church work had been organized since that time. He had been a bishop continuously since 1865, and thus a member of each General Conference since that time. He was familiar with all the legislation, and helped to control much of it. He had helped to blaze the way for the appointment of the commission; had helped to explain and defend it and secure its final approval by the Church. If there was any one man living who knew the spirit and history of this denomination, this was the man. So all eyes were turned toward him as by all odds the most competent witness to give testimony as to the things done and the spirit in which they were done. All who were conversant with the circumstances affirm that he acquitted himself well here, just as he had done in other departments of church work.

The editor of the *Telescope,* in the issue for July 1, 1891, speaking of Bishop Weaver in connection with the Publishing House case, says: "He was on the stand nearly the entire day. During his direct examination, which was very exhaustive, the bishop was at his best; his testimony was clear, ringing, and unequivocal. On the cross-examination, which lasted several hours, he was ready and self-possessed, and, despite the persistent and ingenious efforts of the seceders' attorney to weaken the force of the bishop's convincing testimony, he did not succeed in doing so in a single case. Said a lawyer of prominence,

'Bishop Weaver rose to the sublime in his answers in his cross-examination.' Those who testified against him, and who have so bitterly and so frequently assaulted him without cause, paled into the merest pygmies in his presence. He made the impression of being a man of honest convictions and sound judgment, and they of being mere quibblers about words and dead forms. He impressed the court, as we believe, and the great body of spectators present, that he is an honest man, and that the revision of our constitution and confession of faith had been legally, faithfully, and religiously made."

Dr. J. P. Landis, of Union Biblical Seminary, who was present at a number of these trials, has prepared for us, at our request, the following statement: "I was with Bishop Weaver in our Church trials with the Radicals in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Pennsylvania. On the witness-stand he was always calm, deliberate, self-possessed, and, no matter how severe and close the examination, he was always *master of the situation.* The examining attorney soon learned that he must be careful how he approached the bishop, or he himself would come off punctured. His habit was to take the confessions of faith in parallel columns, compare them item by item, and show that there is in no article of the new any substantial difference from the old; that what is not expressly stated in the old which is explicitly put in the new, is surely implied in the old. Sometimes he would dwell at length upon their points of coincidence, elaborating and proving by Scripture citations, at which he was an

expert. At the trial in Pontiac, Illinois, he was unusually extended and uncommonly happy in what he said on the *'change of heart,'* of which our Radical brethren had tried to make a strong point. The opposing lawyer was a good deal worried and vexed at the court allowing the bishop to inject so much *'argument,'* as he said, contending that was the business of the lawyers and not of the witness. He indignantly remarked, 'Well, I guess we might as well have printed that sermon on the heart.' The bishop quietly remarked, 'O Mr. Strawn, you must pardon me; you know preaching is my business, and whenever I come across a man who I think needs the gospel, I give it to him.' This brought down the house, to the discomfort of the lawyer.

"In the trial in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, Mr. Bowers, the cross-examining attorney, tried to be severe, but was calmly met, and foiled at every point. He had lying on the table a printed copy of one of the bishop's former lectures on secret societies, in which the bishop used some pretty severe words against the orders. In a somewhat confident, if not pompous manner, Mr. Bowers said, 'I have something here which I think you will be interested in, bishop.' Then taking up the pamphlet, he read marked passages, in which occurred the bishop's severest words. The lawyer read them with as much emphasis and virulence as he could command, and then, with an air of triumphant expectancy, asked the bishop, 'Did you ever hear anything like that?' 'Yes,' said the bishop, 'that sounds a little familiar.' 'Did you write

that?' 'It is probable, though I could tell better if I should see it.' 'Well,' asked the lawyer, 'what do you think of it?' The bishop promptly replied, 'Well, considering my age when that was done, I think it was pretty well done.' This also caused an uproar of laughter. Then he explained that what was there expressed was once his sentiment, but that he had since changed his mind.

"During the trial in Dayton, Ohio, the cross-examiner did the same thing with the same lecture, and asked the bishop what he thought of it. To which the bishop responded, 'I must say that I rather admire the rhetoric, but don't think anything of the sentiment.' This again gave opportunity to explain his change of attitude in some respects on the mooted question. Whenever the lawyers undertook to lead the bishop out into technical fields or into the realms of theological literature, he frankly told them he made no pretentions to technical learning, which ended the prosecution. His frankness, candor, and simplicity and unpretentiousness always won for him the confidence and profoundest respect of attorneys and judges. His testimony, both on points of history and of doctrine, was, perhaps, on the whole, the best and most telling that was offered by the Liberal side."

A gentleman who was interested in the case at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, says that, in preparing their case, they were advised by all means to have Bishop Weaver secured as a witness, and they did so, and he was present. His very presence seemed to

give inspiration and dignity to the occasion. When a direct question was asked, the bishop would give a very clear and direct answer. In the cross-questioning, which was very persistent and technical, when Mr. Bowers, the lawyer for the Radicals, would ask the bishop the reason for such actions, the bishop would start out, and, until he would get around to the reason desired, he had made a most powerful argument, greatly to the annoyance of Mr. Bowers, who finally said, "Bishop, you were not called here to argue the case, but to testify." The bishop innocently answered, "Certainly; I was seeking to give the reason." At the noon meal, a gentleman said to him, "Bishop, Mr. Bowers doesn't like you to argue this case." He replied, "I know just as well as Mr. Bowers when I am arguing the case; but our attorney at Dayton said I should shove it in whenever I could, and I did."

Mr. Bowers wanted to get an acknowledgment from the bishop that "creeds were made to counteract heresy," citing the Apostles' Creed as counteracting the heresy of the Epicureans. He replied, "If Mr. Bowers can tell positively when and where and by whom the Apostles' Creed was made, he might so apply it; but as it is not known by our best writers when and where or by whom made, I do not see how he can so apply it."

Mr. Bowers called up the pamphlet published by Bishop Weaver, in 1862, against secret societies, and, reading therefrom, asked if these were his utterances. "It sounds much like me," replied the bishop. "Well,

what do you think of it in the light of present conditions?" said the attorney. With the broadest sort of a smile on his face, he said, "Well, Mr. Bowers, I admire the rhetoric, but I don't think as much as I did of the prophecy," which answer produced not a little merriment.

When he was to leave, the court adjourned for a few minutes to give all an opportunity to speak to him. The bishop shook hands with all pleasantly, and especially thanked Mr. Bowers for being so lenient and courteous to him. Friends say he was not in the the least exasperated, but kind and patient. His dignified bearing contributed not a little to their success.

Dr. William McKee heard Bishop Weaver testify in the case concerning the United Brethren Publishing House before the judges of the Circuit Court, Judge Shearer presiding, with the others assisting. The Radical brethren thought their attorneys had handled their case well. Bishop Weaver's testimony was, by all means, the most valuable given, and the judges relied very much on what he said. The cross-questioning not only failed to shake his testimony, but brought out many more important facts than had been given at first. There was a firmness and candor manifested, both in his testimony and manner, that tended to win all hearts. He was as open as day, and there was no effort at concealment. If there had been any blunders in the arranging for the commission at Fostoria, or in the manner of election which the commission had ordered to be taken, he would freely con-

cede all these. The men who did this work were honest, but not infallible. In 1861, at the General Conference held in Westerville, he had made an earnest and able address against secret societies, which was afterwards published for general distribution. The attorneys on the opposite side had secured a printed copy of this most able address on this much talked of question. This was written four years before he became a bishop. This pamphlet was intended to play quite an important part in the trial. The attorneys had evidently prepared themselves for something of a sensation. After reading a couple of stringent paragraphs against the secrecy question, the attorney stopped short, and, with an imposing air, asked, "Bishop, did you make this statement as set forth in this pamphlet?" "I think I did," answered the bishop, very courteously. "What do you think of it now?" asked the attorney. The bishop again answered, "I was a young man then; my views were not so well matured then as now, but from my standpoint at that time, I thought it was a right good speech." This good-humored and appropriate reply brought a broad smile to the faces of both judges and bar. The lawyer followed in due time with another question, "Do you still hold these views, or have you changed your opinions?" The bishop again frankly answered, "I have no sympathy with secret societies, and have nothing to do with them. I have changed my views as to how the Church should deal with these questions," and this was the ending of the attempt to show the inconsistency of the bishop, which they evidently

thought would play an important part in their case. As men have done in other questions, he had, as an administrative officer, widened his views, and sought to adapt them to the necessities of the times.

Dr. McKee was also present in the case of the Salem Church, tried in Allegan, Michigan. Bishop Weaver was a witness here also, as he was in most of the important cases. He was called to the stand on Tuesday morning, being very weary and quite hoarse. He asked the consent of the court to go to Grand Rapids and rest until Thursday, when he hoped to be in good condition for the work. His request was granted, and he tried to recruit his wasted strength. He reappeared on Thursday morning, still looking worn and weak, and his voice a little husky. He took his place on the stand at 9:45 in the morning. He was to testify on the question of the agreement of the revised with the old confession of faith. The attorney handed him a published copy of the old and new confession of faith in parallel columns, and bade him proceed in his own way to show the agreement or disagreement of the two documents. The bishop proceeded slowly and deliberately to show how the revised confession, in its classified form, as to the various subjects, evolved from the old. He had been a member of the commission to which was referred the duty of making this revision; with others he had gone over every word and every clause, carefully scrutinizing the meaning of every part, and therefore knew what they both were. He talked and explained about half an hour, when it seemed to the

hearers he could not for very weakness continue. As time passed, and he became more interested, he seemed to grow stronger, and proceeded with little or no interruption until five o'clock, having talked and explained for over six long hours. Lawyers and judges, with a large audience of church-members from both wings of the Church, watched and listened as the explanations came from his lips, with even more interest than people were wont to listen to him when he preached, and that is saying a good deal. Finally he reached the end of the task assigned him, and his testimony in chief was concluded. The lawyers on the Radical side asked him two questions, to which he replied with the greatest deference. Pleasantly, and we might say in a brotherly way, they reciprocated the conduct of the witness, and when the answers had been given, said, "Thank you, bishop, that is sufficient."

It is safe to say the trial could just as well have ended then and there, for evidently the mind of the judge was made up, and the further testimony and appeals of the lawyers did not change nor modify his judgment. A witness for the Liberal side, who had heard all of the bishop's explanations during the day, said to him that evening after the close of the work for the day, "Bishop, it is your duty, as I trust you will make it your pleasure, to write a book on creeds, their history and growth, for the members of this United Brethren Church, and especially for the young men who are to become its ministers." His book on the confession of faith contains, in fuller

form, and at greater length, the testimony given this day in court.

A writer who was present during the trial says he never saw a court room so silent as was this; never such order and decorum; never such deference paid to a witness as was done here. His tall, slender form, his kind face, and his courteous and gentlemanly manner, drew all to him, and all wanted to hear what he said.

Two years after the Allegan trial, there was another one at Grand Rapids. This was in the winter season, and another judge was presiding. Bishop Weaver's testimony was not so elaborate as in the Salem case, but equally attractive and important to both court and lawyers. When the bishop was not on the stand, the judge went into his office and brought out a large easy chair, and then, taking the bishop by the arm, led him to the chair and seated him therein, saying, "You will rest more easily in this." At other times he said to him, "Here is my private room, carpeted and furnished; whenever you wish to rest, please use my room, and come and go as you will, and make yourself entirely at home." All were well pleased, even the officials on the opposite side of the case, with the courtesy shown the bishop by the judge, and all were glad that in this way he could be made a little more comfortable. When on the stand he manifested the same attitude, without affectation, and without any effort to appear solemn, nor was there any effort at wit or irony or sarcasm. On the contrary, his statements were

straightforward, plain, and easily understood. When cross-questioned by those on the opposite side, he never appeared disturbed or offended, and however artfully the questions were prepared, with a view to entangle him in his answer, he never resorted to any kind of subterfuge by way of answers. Several times when he was asked to say "Yes" or "No" to certain questions, which all saw would not be fair either to witness or cause, and would not answer the entire question, he would kindly say, "Gentlemen, pardon me, I cannot answer your question in just that way; I must say more in order to give you my meaning." This remark would pave the way for a fair answer to the question, which showed it was about the best they could get from him.

CHAPTER XIX.

Chosen Bishop Emeritus—1893.

The vote had been taken, but the battle had not yet been won. In the *Telescope* for January 23, 1889, Bishop Weaver appeared in an article on "Changing Church Polity," in which he argued for its great need. "What could we do in the world to-day with the same order we had fifty years ago?" On March 13, he answered Rev. H. Floyd in an article, entitled "What Vote Is Required," showing that those who willfully absent themselves from an election are presumed to consent to the will of the majority at voting. A little later, he delivered a lecture before the faculty and students of Union Biblical Seminary on "Ministerial Comity." On April 3, in a contribution, entitled "A Division in the Church," he stated the reasons alleged by the Radical brethren for justifying such division, and showed how untenable they were. March 31, he was at Columbus Grove. April 8, he preached at Cedar Rapids, held the Iowa Conference, which met at Bristow, Iowa, on April 10, and, later, the mission conferences in Colorado.

On the train to Colorado, he writes an article, "Onward and Upward," full of cheery thoughts, in which he shows that Christianity never did as much as it is

doing now, that the Christians are coming together and working more harmoniously, and advises to "stop your everlasting whining and grumbling. God reigns, let the people rejoice. What if some things do not go to suit you, was there ever a time when everything suited everybody? Woe be to the man who is hanging on the brakes of the car of progress. Take hold and help, or clear the track."

The twentieth General Conference convened in York, Pennsylvania, May 9, and continued to the 22d. It consisted of one hundred and thirty-one members. The bishops' address was read by Bishop Weaver, and was most likely prepared by him. The Church commission made its report, and it was referred to a committee of seven, who later recommended its approval, and it was adopted after a long discussion, one hundred and ten voting in favor, and twenty against. Bishop Weaver made a brief and conciliatory address before the vote was taken. Later, fifteen of those voting no withdrew from the Conference and organized independently in Park Opera House. It became evident that the combat was not yet over. Bishop Weaver was again elected bishop by a vote of one hundred and eighteen.

As stated elsewhere, before the final report was made at York, concerning the results of the vote, Bishop Weaver did a great amount of corresponding with influential men in the Church. Bishop Dickson had been radical in his views, yet judicious and careful in his practice, and Bishop Weaver was very anxious to receive his coöperation. He wrote him,

urging him to carefully consider the question, and make such criticisms as he thought best, but finally to support the commission. Bishop Dickson did so announce himself some months before the vote was taken. Bishop Weaver saw the work was really just commenced, and that Bishop Dickson should be continued as bishop, so as to help reach an element he could not reach. He said to the writer: "I did what I never did before. I electioneered for the election of a bishop. I counseled with a number of delegates, and Bishop Dickson was reëlected, although somewhat on in years; and he did some of his best work during the four following years."

Bishop Weaver's work for the third year was to be in the East District. In an article written soon after the conference, entitled "Facts—Counsel," he sought to show the facts concerning the commission, and advised all to" make haste slowly in coming to a decision; look on both sides, so that you may have nothing to regret when you have decided." In "A Pure Church," he teaches "the most successful way to separate men and women from evil and evil associations is to show something better in Christ." In an article on "Church Questions," he tells us every denomination has more or less internal trouble. It was so with the apostles. In "Fundamental Questions," he asks, "Has the United Brethren Church gone away from any fundamental principle?" and proceeds to show it has not.

On July 26, he started East. He dedicated a church at Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania, July 28, and

spent a few days at Chambersburg; later, was at Emig's Grove camp-meeting; visited Hagerstown, Maryland, and later Dillsburg camp, eighteen miles from Harrisburg. Next, he went to Zion camp, and from here to Stoverdale. He finds everything pleasant, except "the beds are a little mite too short, say from one to two feet."

He thinks a very large majority of the people will stand by the Church. In an article, "Why Go Away from the Church?" he shows the seceders' cannot take any of the Church property with them, and not a single fundamental doctrine has been lost. Do they expect to found a church in which anybody thinks?

The year closed with an article, "An Hour with Rev. A. Biddle." He was a member of the General Conference of 1841, and Bishop Weaver inquired of him as to how the constitution was adopted, and then gave a report of the same.

He reported for the East District for the year closing: Appointments, 1,309; organized churches, 1,173; membership, 64,753; increase during the year, 2,913. "The loss by the secession movement is small; less than twenty efficient ministers have gone, and not to exceed one thousand members in this district, consisting of Tennessee, Erie, East Ohio, Parkersburg, Allegheny, East Pennsylvania, East German, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Maryland conferences. Our ministers and members are more churchly than ever before, and they know more about creeds and constitutions than they ever would have known had it not been for this schism. Scarcely a jar or ruffle

was seen or felt anywhere. All seemed to be of one heart and one mind." Later came articles on "The Christian Sabbath," "Church Property," and one on "Modifying—Changing Views," a reply to one in the *Conservator,* "An Open Letter to Our Ministers," "The Old Creed," and "Sanctification."

Miami Conference was held at Cherry Grove, Ohio, August, 1890; Auglaize, at Dunkirk, August 27; North Ohio, at Hicksville, September 10; Sandusky, at Findlay, September 17; Ohio German, at Zanesville, September 25; Central Ohio, at Westerville, October 1; Scioto, at Taylorsville, October 8; Kentucky Conference was held by L. Bookwalter, and Canada Conference by Dr. William McKee. The bishop noted that this was the first time in twenty-six years that he had been detained from his conferences because of ill health.

He closed a busy year with this statement: "Some years ago, I wrote a few articles under the caption of 'The Outlook.' What is the outlook to-day? Never better, never brighter. We are dedicating three new churches every week; every department of church work is not only growing, but flourishing. Nothing to discourage or dishearten, but many things to inspire hope and confidence."

The first days of 1891 found him with engagements every Sabbath until March, yet he still found time, and had the disposition to use his pen. The first article to appear was "Our Educational Work," in which he shows we need students and money; "What of the Night?" showing it is day; "The Gen-

eral Conferences of 1885 and of 1889"; "The Resurrection of the Dead";"What Is Essential to the Cause of Missions?" which he answers in one word—*consecration;* "The General Conference of 1833," in which he shows there is hardly a rule in our Discipline to-day which was there then. The last of May was spent with the brethren in Ontario. He was there presented with a gold-headed cane. Later, came an article on "Our Present Status," showing that, in spite of the agitation through which the Church had passed, "numerically and financially we are stronger to-day than we ever were before." He writes from Fort Scott, October 27: "One more conference, and I am through for this fall. The conferences have all been very good. I have not been well for several weeks." Most of December he was confined to the house by sickness, but still able to prepare an article, "A Few Suggestions," in which he advises honest and sincere men and women, who were deceived and led away, as to what they ought to do.

He begins the year 1892 with an article on "How to Preach," in which he says: "To-day, February 23, I am sixty-eight years old. Forty-seven years ago, I entered the ministry. In heart and spirit and in love for the ministry and the Church I feel as young as the day I mounted my horse and started for my first mission, a hundred miles away. All these years I have been learning how to preach, but, alas! what a poor attempt I have made of it. A few things I have learned: (1) The nearer I am to Christ, the nearer I can get to the people; (2) as a rule, the people de-

sire the plain, simple truths of the gospel; (3) souls are won by preaching Christ. Young men, preach Christ, first, last, and all the time. The seraphic Summerfield said, just before he died: 'Oh, if I might be raised, how I could preach! I could preach as I never did before. I have taken a look into eternity. A look into eternity is enough to stir the soul of any man.'" He follows this with an earnest exhortation to show heart-earnestness. Do not read, preach the truth plainly; show common sense; have manly courage, and preach for souls.

In the early part of the year, his health was poor for several weeks, and he was unable to get even as far as the Publishing House. He still kept his pen at work when able to do anything. "The Church's Greatest Need" he shows to be a baptism of power—power to draw men and women to Christ. "The Columbian Exposition and the Sabbath" is a protest against its opening on the Sabbath, in which every Christian should join. "Our Church Trouble" was no unexpected thing. The history of every denomination records dissensions, schisms, and divisions. We are now reaching the beginning of the end of our trouble. "A Dream—But Not All" is suggested by a visit to a graveyard. "Preaching Jesus" allows him to say that the people are tired of abstractions; this is the only hope for a lost world.

A short time previous to the beginning of his conferences, he wrote a letter to the members of the Northwest District: "I have been afflicted for a number of weeks, have not, indeed, been able for duty for

a number of months. Had hoped to be able to attend my conferences, but it is uncertain. No one feels this disappointment so keenly as I do. The Lord knows what is best, and will do it. I ask your prayers that I may be sustained by grace divine."

He describes a new kind of "hard work" which he is experiencing: "After having spent forty-seven years in the active work, to be compelled to stop and go into comparative retirement in the invalid's chamber, and be sick, real sick, sick all over, not for a day, but for many days, is very hard work. I look out over the field, through the *Telescope,* and it thrills me through and through. Church-houses are being dedicated, souls are coming into the kingdom, and the ministers are at work, both at home and abroad. Bless me! how I would like to be out and in it. My very bones (and that is about all there seems to be left of me) seem to be on fire. I cannot help it, and, what is more, I do not want to help it. The doctor said I must not study, but I told him I must think. My 'think' goes on whether I will it or not. The idea of living and not thinking! If I can do nothing else while the blessed work goes on, I can clap my hands and say, 'Amen,' and, once in a while, 'Hallelujah.'"

The conferences assigned him were: North Michigan, Fremont, Michigan, August 25; Michigan, Sunfield, Michigan, September 1; St. Joseph, North Manchester, Indiana, September 7; Upper Wabash, Annapolis, Indiana, September 14; Rock River, Polo, Illinois, September 22; Wisconsin, Hopeville Church, September 29; Minnesota, Alma City, Oc-

tober 6; Des Moines, Van Meter, Iowa, October 12; Elkhorn and Dakota, Blair, Nebraska, October 20; West Nebraska, Broken Bow, October 27. He was present at the most of these, and the remainder were held by other ministers. He returned from these conferences improved in health. The trip and change of climate and surroundings did him good. He returned to Dayton for rest and quiet.

Another General Conference will convene in 1893; the first one when lay delegates will participate in the business; for a long time he has desired to see laymen admitted to our legislative body. There appears from his pen an article, entitled "Words of Cheer." There is harmony and prosperity throughout all our borders, and it is a good time to rejoice and be glad. Other articles follow: "That Better Country"; "Regeneration—What Is It?" "Jay Gould"; "Keep in de Middle ob de Road," a caution against such extremes as doubting the reliability of Scripture, substituting culture for experimental religion, turning everything into a social channel, and such other tendencies of the times.

The twenty-first General Conference met in Dayton, Ohio, May 11, and Bishop Weaver, as senior bishop, was in the chair. During this Conference, he was elected bishop *emeritus*. In response to this action on the part of the Conference, he made a brief address, from which we extract the following: "Fifty years ago, about this time, I received my first quarterly conference license. Forty-seven years ago, I united with the Muskingum Conference, and have not

been in a local relation for forty-seven years. During all these years, I have worked as hard as I could, but not as well as I might have done. During all these years the Church has treated me very tenderly, and I only regret that I have not been able to do better work for her. They tell me that I am getting old, and I am reminded of a little anecdote. A colored boy was asked how old he was, and he replied, 'If you judge by the fun I have had, I reckon I am pretty old.' So, if you judge by the pleasure I have had in working for the Church, I reckon I am pretty old; but I intend to die young. What you did this morning, beloved brethren, nearly upset me. I call it a distinguished honor. It does not make me feel proud, but it humbles me. I may not live through this quadrennium in the church militant, but I shall live a long time in the home above."

Eyes were suffused with tears while the venerable bishop was speaking, and when he had finished, he was loudly applauded.

Dr. E. E. Baker, of the Lutheran Church, had been appointed as fraternal delegate to this conference, and, in his address, he made some allusions to our Church troubles, and the fact that the Lutherans were having some difficulty; also, to the fact that we had admitted lay delegates, and authorized the licensing of women. Bishop Weaver was asked to reply, which he did, very shrewdly and appropriately. We have space for a brief paragraph or two: "In reference to the fracas through which we are passing, I am pleased that our brother greets us at a time when we

think we are well across the Rubicon; and when we get safely over, if they are still in the water, we will reach out the hand to help them across, for we shall then know how to cross it.

"He makes mention of our recognition of women as members of this body, and our having settled it so easily and quietly. I wish him to bear back to his brethren the thought that we have left the door open behind us, whenever they see proper to come that way; and he does not yet fully know the blessing that it would be to him and to his people, if they would walk through the open door. When the church you represent to-day shall have admitted women into the general councils of the church, and granted them license to preach, you will find it a means of grace, also.

"I can well remember, in my boyhood days, when the ecclesiastical walls were so high that we could not see over them. We could finally hear each other pecking away on opposite sides of the wall. Somebody, somehow, sometime, has taken down those walls and left nothing but the marks where they stood, and across these marks we reach out the hand, and look each other in the eye, and say, 'God bless you!' and 'God speed you!' Is not this the dawn of the millennium?"

The conferences assigned him were Auglaize, Ohio German, and Ontario, which he held, being in better health.

Before the close of the Conference, he went to Michigan, to visit some of his children, and to enjoy

a little rest. Soon there appeared from his pen an article, entitled "Now What?" which taught that, the Conference being over, we now need for our success men and women consecrated to God and the service of the Church. Later, he was present at the World's Congress of Religions, in Chicago, and presided over the gathering of the United Brethren at their special meeting. His article, entitled "Change—Why?" teaches that there are times when a minister may change his denominational relations, but the reasons should be such as will justify such action.

In the later fall, he left Dayton for a trip East. He was present at the reopening of the Third Church at York, Pennsylvania. He visited Hummelstown and Annville, and dedicated a church at Avon, and was with the bishops in a semiannual meeting at Johnstown, November 25. An article in the *Telescope* on "What to Preach" advises all to preach Christ, as he is the substance of all doctrine and the sum of all enjoyment. He closes the year with an article on "Scolding," which, he asserts, does not belong to the fine arts, nor is it an evidence of fine culture.

CHAPTER XX.

How He Used His Pen.

Bishop Weaver was fond of writing, and gave himself to it as his time and circumstances would allow. He soon found this was the best way to develop mental strength. He always advised young ministers to write their sermons for the mental drill it would give them in clearness of thought and accuracy of expression, but never to take their manuscript into the pulpit. Before the infirmities of age came upon him, he wrote in a clear, plain hand, without any ornamentation, but easily read, and took no little pains in the preparation of his copy. In speaking to a friend of the manuscript for one of his books, he said: "I wrote it carefully, and tried to execute it neatly so that it might be like the case of the colored man who asked the price of potatoes, and was answered, 'Sixty cents a bushel.' He then replied, 'If the internal surface is like the external surface, I will take a bushel.'" The bishop meant that not only should the matter be good, but it should be neatly and carefully expressed.

He early recognized the value of the church press, and began to use it, although he laid no claim to any special literary excellence. He was as good as the

best of his contemporaries, and better than the majority. The people needed reading matter, and it was as much his duty to help supply them as it was the duty of others. The *Missionary Visitor* was started at his suggestion, and named by him. It was to be a kind of Sunday-school paper, and specially to be a means of conveying missionary intelligence to our people. He frequently wrote for this in an early day, and also for the *Children's Friend,* which was more distinctively a paper for Sunday-school pupils. When he was in the college agency work, he kept in close touch with the people through his communications to the paper. He needed to explain his plans, recount his successes, and defend the action of the Board of Trustees. At times he would relate the misfortunes he met and the cool receptions that sometimes awaited him. He found a college agent was not always and everywhere a desirable guest. Through all of these, when proper, ran a little vein of humor, which interested his readers. He took them into his confidence. There was nothing stilted or strained or obscure in his statements, but he talked to his readers very much as he would talk to them about their firesides, and his communications were welcomed and read. Perhaps no name appears more frequently in our various Church periodicals during the last half-century than his, and no man has been more effective in building up our Church literature. The bent of his mind, as well as his life-work, and what seemed to him the most important wants of the Church, have kept his pen confined mainly to one line of thought,

but in that he has shown himself a faithful worker, one that needed not to be ashamed.

Bishop Weaver was a frequent writer for the Church papers, almost from the time he began his ministry. In 1862, he published a pamphlet of some fifty pages, entitled "A Lecture on Secret Societies," in which he defended the Church by giving reasons for her hostility to freemasonry and other orders. His first book is a 12mo volume of 175 pages, entitled "Discourses on the Resurrection." He was led to this because of his interest in the subject. He had read much on it for his own information, and concluded to prepare this little volume for the instruction of others. His reason alleged for the same is, that "the majority of Christians have not time to read and study elaborate works on the subject." He seeks, therefore, in a brief and plain manner, to state the arguments usually adduced in favor of the doctrine. His purpose is not to provoke discussion, but to strengthen and comfort the hearts of the common people.

In the first discourse, he gives a brief history of the doctrine, showing that it was taught and believed by portions of the human race in all time past. He shows that Christ died, was buried, and rose from the dead. We have the testimony of witnesses who are competent and credible, and whose testimony cannot be disputed. If he rose, then they shall rise; some resurrections have already occurred, and others will follow in due time. In the second address, he shows that the Scriptures emphatically teach this

doctrine. It will be the same body, but changed and glorified. The resurrection is yet to come. All will be raised, but not all will be glorified. The doctrine is a comforting one. The third discourse deals with the future destiny of man. Most of the early philosophers believed not only in a future state, but one of rewards and punishments. We have a surer word of prophecy. The righteous will have a place where they shall dwell; it will be a place of absolute purity; the saints shall not die; they will not be idle. How much better all of this than the views of the pagan philosophers and poets. He shows the immoral lives of some who denied Christianity and disbelieved in the resurrection; of their punishment, there shall be no end.

His next was a larger volume, published in 1873, consisting of some 323 pages, 12mo, and entitled "Divine Providence." At one time, he was holding a conference at Greensburg, Pennsylvania. W. J. Shuey was present, and preached a sermon in which he referred especially to this doctrine. Bishop Weaver became interested in the matter, and began studying the subject as he had never done before. In thirteen chapters, he sets forth, with a cleverness of thought and diction, and with a wealth of illustration, the consolations we may receive from the acceptance of the truth of the providence of God, and the importance of submitting to it. There is a God; if not, there could be no providence. His attributes are the perfection of his nature, and these always work in harmony. The notion of a providence has been a

universal tradition. By providence he means a manifestation of that universal superintendence which God exercises over all his creatures. The Scriptures teach that God overrules the designs and purposes of men; that human efforts are vain without God; all temporal sufferings come from God; change of fortune is from him. Providence is both particular and general. "God in managing the universe must see that everywhere post and pin is in the right place." Providence includes not only stupendous matters and events, but also that which seems to be of little or no importance. "These are as manifest in the kingdom of grace as they are, or ever have been in the kingdom of nature. All things great and small, good and evil, are under the control of the Almighty, and cannot exist without his permission. The operations of divine Providence are often concealed from view. They seem confused and entangled because we see nothing clearly. Blessings often come in disguise. God leads by dark and intricate ways. There are consolations that come to us from believing "that God is everywhere present to sustain and control all laws and events in the kingdom of nature and grace; that he directs the steps of the good man and overrules the evil designs and acts of wicked men." The goodness, sufficiency, longsuffering, and mercy of God are all sources of consolation.

The thirteenth and last chapter is a very interesting one, on the necessity and importance of submitting to the providence of God, with encouragements thereto. "Unthinking people would have a

world where everything grew spontaneously. They would not have a trial, nor a sorrow, nor a care, nor a pain, nor a disappointment. They would be fanned by breezes balmier than those that blew over Eden in the early morning of time. They would have everything that heart could wish. They would have summer but no winter, roses but no thorns, joy but no sorrow, life but no death. Now faith says, if these things were best for us, our Heavenly Father would straightway give them to us; but seeing they are denied us, it is sufficient evidence that we shall be better off in the end without them. What a beauty there is in entire submission to the will of God, by means of which we cheerfully surrender all things—life, friends, time, and eternity—into his hands."

It is a most interesting, able, and instructive volume. It has brought comfort and courage to many a disappointed heart as it has trod the pathway of life. It has made God more real and more helpful to those who put their trust in him. It has shown him that a Father's hand is on the wheels of the universe, and nothing comes to pass without his consent; nothing comes to his children which shall not be for their good. The author himself tested the things concerning which he wrote, and found all of God's promises sure and certain.

In 1873, he also published a little volume of sixty-one pages on "Ministerial Salary." It was an address prepared for, and delivered before the Ministerial Association of the Virginia Annual Conference, in a session held at Rohrersville, Maryland, February 12,

1873, and published at their request. It was suggested to him by the fact that our ministers were so poorly paid. On his first field, with his own horse and saddle, he traveled a circuit of seventeen appointments, making two hundred miles each round, and for his eight months of service received eighty dollars as compensation. The next year he was married, and received for his whole year only sixty dollars. The third year, he did better, receiving one hundred and seventy-five dollars. Many of the people were poor, and could not give much; others who could, had not been trained to give, and did not feel the obligations resting upon them. He fared as well as did his fellow-ministers. The earliest preachers of the Church traveled without pay, as they owned farms, from the income of which they could derive a support. When Bishop Weaver was among the Yankees, as they were called in the Western Reserve, as much was collected for his support from persons outside of the Church, and having no church connection, as from the members. It was considered that all were blessed by the preaching of the gospel, and why should not all contribute to its support? We had not yet reached the period of assessments. No agreement was made with the people as to what they should pay, but they were expected to pay as well as they could, and this was pledged in the form of a subscription.

This address was an earnest appeal for a competent support for a faithful ministry, showing that this is God's plan, and when his people do not meet it,

they are dishonoring him, doing themselves a great injustice, weakening the ministry, if not, indeed, driving many out of it. He could readily speak out of the fullness of his observation, if not from his own experience. He never had any hesitation in pressing upon the Church the duty of supporting the gospel. He urged that congregations should look after their pastors: "There are among ministers at least some modest men who could hardly be induced to ask for money, no matter how hard they be pressed. It takes more grace to ask for money than it does to preach. All this trouble and mortification might be spared the minister if some one would only think to ask him how he is getting along. Indeed, I would not care if the General Conference would make the estimating committee a committee on finance for the whole year; make it their duty to visit the pastor once or twice a quarter and make special inquiry into the state of things; see if any of the family are barefooted; examine the beds and see if they have covering enough; go from cellar to garret and see if anything is wanting; and then ask the minister to see his pocketbook. Some such regulation committee, in my opinion, would be a grand, if not a glorious institution. Indeed, I would not object to having such a committee visit me *at least three times a quarter;* and I should want them to make thorough work of it."

In 1878, another volume appeared from his pen, entitled "The Doctrine of Universal Restoration Carefully Examined," a 12mo volume of 403 pages.

"Do the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments teach the ultimate holiness and salvation of all men?" In his early preaching in North Ohio, he came in contact with some well-informed men who had accepted the teachings of universalism, and they took some pleasure in puzzling this young, untrained preacher with difficult questions. He found it necessary, if he would preserve his own self-respect, and not lose his influence over his own people, to inform himself as to the teachings of that system of religion. He secured the standard teachings of their best advocates, and went to work to learn their theories, and then how to meet them from an orthodox standpoint. Later, he was drawn into some public discussions with these advocates, and this made it more necessary that he should know exactly what was claimed. All this prepared the way for the thorough analysis which is here given. Having read the best authorities, and carefully written out his best arguments, he concluded he might be able to help others who possibly should be brought face to face with the same error.

In his preface, he says: "I have examined a number of libraries, public and private, but have never found a book that pursued the course of reasoning which, to my mind, most successfully exposed the errors of that system." He has sought to state clearly and distinctly the theories of this system, and then his objections thereto. He does not give the arguments as all his own, but the arrangement is his own. He simply claims to be a plain man, in a plain way

presenting plain truth, with the hope that "the earnest inquirer after truth may find much in this unpretending volume to strengthen his faith in the great fundamental doctrine of the gospel of Jesus Christ."

The author states the propositions in the following forms: "If the Scriptures teach the ultimate holiness and salvation of all men, they must, in clear and unmistakable terms, teach one of five things: First, that all men are made holy in this life; or, second, that all men not made holy in this life will be made holy in death; or, third, that those not made holy in this life nor in death will be made holy in the resurrection; or, fourth, all who are not made holy in this life nor in death nor in the resurrection will be made holy between the death and the resurrection of the body; or, fifth, that those who are not made holy in this life nor in death nor in the resurrection nor between death and the resurrection of the body will be made holy somewhere after the resurrection; I can think of no other possible supposition. But do the Scriptures anywhere teach that all men will be made holy, either here or hereafter?" He carefully, as we believe, negatives every one of these propositions by a wealth of Scripture statement, clearly and fairly presented, that is surprising. After quoting from a number of Universalist authors, to show what they teach, he proceeds, in a fair and earnest way, to show how antagonistic they are to the plain and unequivocal statements of God's Word. When the book was written, it seemed as if

there was nothing else to be said. For a man who had not been trained in the schools, but had picked up his information as he journeyed along through the forest, a half-paid itinerant on his way to his next appointment, his wealth of Scripture illustration and clear and forcible style are simply marvelous.

He closes this earnest discussion with these words: "The whole theory of Universalism is false, dangerous, and pernicious. Any system of religion that starts out by making God the author of sin, and then denies the doctrine of depravity, and rejects the divinity of Christ and the doctrine of the vicarious atonement, is false in all its parts. It is another religion, and makes the Bible an unnecessary book. It promises an endless life of bliss to all men alike, whether they be saints or sinners. The atheist, the deist, the drunkard, or murderer, who die as they live, will be crowned in glory all the same as those who believe and obey the gospel of Jesus Christ. Be not deceived by this siren song of peace."

In 1889, he edited a volume on "Christian Doctrine," which was intended to be a comprehensive treatise on systematic and practical theology. It was issued in octavo form, and contained six hundred and eleven pages. It comprised thirty-seven chapters, each one written by a different person. Bishop Weaver himself wrote the article on the "Divinity of Christ." The plan was his own, and he selected the men and assigned the subjects. In some of the articles he was a little disappointed, but most of them were very commendable. We had no work on

theology up to this date, written by any one of our own Church. He says of it: "For a number of years, I have been impressed that a volume of a practical character, carefully prepared by different authors, embracing the leading doctrines of Christian theology, would be interesting and helpful to young ministers and Christian workers generally. There are many volumes of theology, rich and full, but many of them are too elaborate for the majority of Christian workers. What we need most of all is the plain, simple truths of the gospel of Christ. In this volume the aim has been to submit the positive side of accepted truth without exhaustive or labored discussions. The book is intended to bring directly before the mind, in a practical way, the leading doctrines contained in the gospel of our Lord."

The book was larger and the price correspondingly greater than of his other books, so, while having a fair sale, it did not sell as extensively as some of the others.

In 1892, he prepared another volume, finally issued in 1894, entitled "A Practical Comment on the Confession of Faith of the United Brethren in Christ," 12mo, 185 pages. In the trials for the control of the Church property, which came after the work of the commission had been approved, it was asserted that the Confession of Faith had been changed, so that virtually this was now a new church. It was the work of Bishop Weaver, as a witness, mainly to show how they were essentially the same as to doctrine, but arranged in more systematic form. To do

this, he made a thorough study of the subject. He acquitted himself so well that it was suggested that he should print these studies in book form for the benefit of the younger ministry of the Church. By quoting several of the old creeds, sketching their history, and detailing the important offices they have performed in the past history of the Church, the author has outlined, in a concrete form, for this Church a vast amount of information of great importance.

In 1899, when seventy-five years of age, there appeared from his fertile pen another volume, the child of his old age, and in the preparation of which he took more pleasure than in that of any other of his productions, entitled "Heaven; or, That Better Country." He had given the subject much thought, and it was pleasant to feel that he might be an inspiration to some one else, and make this to them a subject of special interest, as it had been to him. He said to a brother with whom he was conversing: "I take more pleasure and comfort in lingering about the Mount of Transfiguration than I do in gazing upon the steep sides of Sinai. There is too much noise and racket about the latter to make it an enjoyable place."

"When his tongue shall no longer utter in tenderness and love, with matchless simplicity, the gospel of the Son of God, this book will be read by thousands with ever-increasing delight and edification." It has sold more extensively than any other book he has ever written. It has found a patronage outside of

the Church as well as in. His views of heaven are presented to us in twelve different chapters, as follows: (1) Is There a Better Country? (2) Immortality; (3) Heaven, a Local, Substantial Place; (4) Various Theories Concerning the Future; (5) Heaven—A Better Country; (6) Progress and Employment in Heaven; (7) Heaven—Society, Recognition; (8) Heaven—Home; (9) Heaven—A Place of Rest; (10) Heaven—Sources of Happiness; (11) Negative Descriptions; (12) Preparation for Heaven.

In his introduction, Bishop Weaver writes: "The author, in his own not very attractive style, has sought to bring before the mind of the reader as clear ideas of the future state of the saints as it was possible for him to do. He is fully aware of the lack of literary finish, but hopes that it may be helpful and encouraging to at least a few of the pilgrim sojourners who are seeking for, and earnestly desiring to find that better country. May it be that on some glad day, when the clouds are lifted and the mists have rolled away, the reader and the writer will find a home in the Father's house of many mansions. With the hope that some wayfaring pilgrim may be helped on his way to the city of the living God, this unpretending little book is given to the public by the author."

After these glimpses of the better country, these pictures which have cheered our hearts and strengthened our faith, he comes to the last pages, and in these he tells us of his own whereabouts: "I am now near

the base of life's rugged mountain, on the western slope. I cannot go back if I would. There are only a few steps between me and the river. I know it must be so, for the shadows of life's evening tree are falling thick around me. What if this were all? What if nothing remained for me but the few steps before me, then to cease to be, the same as if I had not been at all? Wherein lies the difference between not beginning to be and ceasing to be? The evening time of life to one who has nothing to look for beyond must be dim and shadowy. But there is something after this life.

" 'In the twilight of a summer's evening, a pastor called at the residence of one of his parishioners, and found seated in the doorway a little boy, with both hands extended upward, holding to a line. "What are you doing here, my little friend?" inquired the minister. "Flying my kite, sir," was the reply. "Flying your kite!" exclaimed the pastor, "I can see no kite; you can see none." "I know it, sir," responded the lad; "I cannot see it, but I *know* it is there, for I *feel it pull.*" '

"We cannot see beyond the river, but if our affections are set on things above we shall realize beyond a peradventure that there is something there for us. All this longing, hoping, and dreaming means something. We cannot all be false. What does it mean? . . . The voice of all the peoples of the earth from the remotest antiquity, learned and unlearned, high and low, wise and unwise, poets and philosophers, is that there is something remaining

for man after this life. The universal consent is confirmed by a revelation from God, which not only teaches the fact, but points the way leading to an immortal inheritance that fadeth not away."

When he penned those words he stood so near the banks of the river that his statements seem to us not so much what he thought, but what, with his clear vision, he already saw. Since that time he has crossed the river and become a citizen of that "better country." The mists are all gone, and he sees things as they really are. If, with his increased light and knowledge, he could be permitted to revise this volume, how its very words would pulsate with a richer and fuller knowledge. But it cannot be. We must patiently wait to look upon it with our own eyes. No pen can describe it to us.

This was followed, in 1900, by a work on "Christian Theology," discussing such theological topics as are usually treated in such volumes. It is published in octavo form, and contains 381 pages. It does not pretend to be a scholarly book; does not so much deal with objections and answers to difficult questions as it seeks, in a plain, simple way, to present the positive side of truth. We should have liked it better if he had named it "A Gospel for the Common People," for such it really is. Some ten years before this volume appeared, the Sunday-School Board had conceived the idea of a little volume for Sunday-school teaching, to be entitled, possibly, "A Manual for Sabbath-School Workers." Bishop Weaver was asked to prepare an outline of theological teaching

embracing some fifty or more pages, for this volume, and he did so. For some reason, the plan was finally abandoned, but the manuscript remained in the hands of its friends. Later, when Bishops Mills and Kephart had consummated a plan for a series of books to be written by competent men in the Church, to be called "The New Century Library," Bishop Weaver was asked to revise his previous outline, which he did, giving one whole winter to the work, and thus it became the first volume of the contemplated library. It is written for those who are in no condition "to enter upon the study of polemic, scholastic, or systematic theology." There is no substitute for the plain, simple truths of the gospel. So with no small degree of timidity, and with many misgivings, the author submits his unpretentious book to the friends of Christianity, trusting that it may be helpful to all who will take the time to read and examine its contents. We may add concerning this book, as has been said by another: "Nothing dull comes from his pen. He not only sees the truth clearly, but there is a refreshing sprightliness in the style, which infuses it with warmth and color, and clothes it with beauty."

At one time, he had prepared a little volume on "Baptism," and went so far as to submit it to a committee appointed by his own conference, and they approved its publication, and so recommended. After a more careful examination, he feared it would not meet the demands of the times as they needed to be met, so it was not published.

He also had in mind to prepare a volume of sermons, and had he lived a few months longer he, no doubt, would have done so. But, in the providence of God, "Christian Theology" was the last volume he wrote. It was fitting that one who had been a bishop of the Church for thirty-six years, and who had gone in and out before his brethren, helping them by judicious counsel and a good example, should, with his dying hand, give to them his most mature views of the God in whom he had believed, and whom he should soon see, and the plan of redemption which had saved the chief of sinners, and was yet able to save all who would accept it.

CHAPTER XXI.

Growing Old.

The years have come and gone, oh, how rapidly, and he reaches his seventieth birthday anniversary, February 23, 1894. A few friends gathered to commemorate the event. The bishop read a brief address, reviewing the last fifty years of his life as a minister of the gospel. Impromptu remarks were made by some of the guests present, and the bishop was quite hopeful and cheerful. From that address we make an extract:

"Fifty years have come and disappeared since I entered the ministry, forty-seven of which I have spent in the active work. Fifty years ago, this Church had no colleges, no missionary society, no Sabbath-school organization, no Sabbath-school literature, no church-erection board, but few houses of worship, and not to exceed twenty thousand members. To-day, we have sixteen institutions of learning, a board of missions, scores of missionaries in the field, a Sabbath-school organization, with two hundred and twenty-eight thousand scholars enrolled, three thousand houses of worship, and two hundred and ten thousand members. On this, my seventieth birthday, I rejoice, not in the labor I have done, but in the fact that I have been honored

with a place in the Church during these years of growth and prosperity.

"The friends of my early life are nearly all gone; one by one they have passed to the unseen. In the conference journal, where my name was written nearly half a century ago, it stands alone. Fifty other names were there when mine was put on the record, but not one of them remains. Three or four are still living, but their names are upon other journals. What an inexplicable mystery life is!

"Concerning the past, I have nothing of myself of which I can boast. Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. God has given me friends, food, and raiment. I have had some dark days, but, as compared with the light and cheering ones, they are insignificant. God has not intrusted me with much of this world's treasure; he knew it would be better for me not to do so. The one regret is that I have not done more and better work for him from whom I have received so much. Now, they tell me, I am growing old.

"Concerning the future, that to me is wrapped in mystery. One thing I know, that the days of the years of my pilgrimage must be nearing the end. 'To be, or not to be,' with some may be a question, but with me it is no question at all. I be, and shall forever be; not here, but there."

In the early part of the year, the *Telescope* published three of his sermons: "Christ's Seven Utterances on the Cross," "Soul Satisfaction," and "The Faultless One." Articles followed on a variety of

subjects: "Our Itinerant Plan" is a defense of it as the best way for us to work; "Regeneration," a fundamental doctrine about which there should be no mistake; "Religion—Experimental," is to come within the range of conscious experience, and is not simply a matter of intellectual perception; "Getting Ready to Start on a Journey" reminds us that we are all going on a journey to another world, and special preparation is needed; "Kindness" wins more souls to Christ than can be won in any other way; "Look on the Bright Side," for whether we see it or not, the sun is always shining.

He held Michigan, North Michigan, St. Joseph, Sandusky, and Des Moines conferences, and his health held out remarkably well. He returned from them cheerful and happy.

The new year opened with the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the *Telescope,* and he was asked to make a brief address on "A Bishop's View of the Publishing House," in which he tells us that the first time he saw an article from his pen in this paper he thought the paper was much better than it had ever seemed before.

His communications began with the year's opening. "The Outlook" shows that our Church environments are favorable to growth and development; "Assurance" asks whether it is possible for any man to know, beyond a peradventure, that he is saved, and answers it affirmatively; "What About Young Converts?" advises that they be watched over and encouraged; "Our Church Litigation" tells us we

have been at it nearly six years; he wanted to live long enough to see the end; now he is seeing the beginning of the end; before us is an open sea; "Power *vs.* Form" asserts that the Church is well organized; what we now most need is the Christ life in the soul.

His conferences this year were: Miami, in Dayton, September 4; East Ohio, New Philadelphia, September 11; Columbia River, Western Oregon, October 10; Oregon, Eugene, October 21; California, Selma, November 1. His wife went with him to the Coast. Twenty years before, he had crossed the mountains between the Willamette and Sacramento Valley by stage. It did not seem as though a railroad could be built across those rugged mountains. "All in all, our trip to and from the Coast was interesting and delightful. The outlook for the Church all along the Coast is hopeful. Comparatively feeble in health, I came out none the worse, but rather better than when I left home." An article in the paper on "Christmas" closes the work of another year.

During the winter, he was confined to his room by an attack of grip, and his physician had forbidden him to make any engagements. While he was too weak to travel and dedicate churches, yet he could still hold his pen. Then appeared an article on "Church Music," claiming it should not be a performance merely, but an act of spiritual worship; in "One Drop of Blood," he takes occasion to assert that loose views of the atonement tend to unsettle every other fundamental doctrine of the gospel;

"Samuel, the Prophet and Statesman," should be held up for public admiration as an administrator of public affairs; "Worship," how rendered so as to be acceptable; "The Suffering of Christ"; "The Ontario Decision"; "Culture *versus* Spirituality" gives occasion to ask the question whether the cultivation of the intellectual faculties is opposed to spirituality.

In May, he went to Leipsic, to attend the funeral of an elder brother, Nicholas Weaver, who had died from cancer. For years he had been a member of the Church.

His conferences for this year were: Illinois, held in Astoria, September 19; Central Illinois, Lexington, September 16; Rock River, Polo, September 23; Wisconsin, Richland Center, September 30; Minnesota, Spring Valley, October 7. Before he returned home, he visited some friends in Iowa. Newspaper articles followed, on "Our Mission Work," showing that the field for aggressive work is opened as never before; "A Few Observations," comprising a few things he had learned which may be helpful to ministers; "To Be, or Not to Be"; "The General Conference"; "Unity"; "Love Supreme." These comprise the work of another year.

In an article on "Our Itineracy," in the spring of 1897, he writes: "I have been in the itineracy fifty-one years without a break, and I have not yet found anything in it arbitrary or oppressive. I am, and have always been satisfied with it. I do not see that I could have done more work, but it should have been

very much better. My first fields of labor were not flower gardens, and it is well they were not, for I was not much of a florist; but, rough as they were, I enjoyed it. I always did love to work in revivals, real genuine revivals, where men and women were actually converted, inside and outside. Then I liked those 'amen corners.' Of course, we still have the 'corners,' but the 'amens' have, for the most part, gone 'where the woodbine twineth.'"

He held the Tennessee Conference at White Pine, February 24, 1897. In an article on "Our Polity—Economy," he shows that to mar the polity of a Church with no higher motive than to save a little expense is a very doubtful propriety. In an article on "Reminiscences," we find the following: "In those early times everything went along without any special reference to system. The salary of the ministers ranged along almost anywhere from twenty-five dollars to one hundred dollars. The preachers were lame in philosophy, and knew nothing of the higher criticism; but on the cardinal doctrines of the gospel they were giants. They would preach on the judgment and future rewards or punishments until one would think the day had come. Over fifty years ago, I entered the ministry. I have seen the Church grow from less than twenty thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand members. Two weeks ago, I met and worshiped with the first man I received into the Church, more than fifty years ago. Is it strange my old heart should grow a little warm as I muse and write of incidents of other years? Fifty years ago,

there was not a graduate in the Church; now we have scores and hundreds of them."

The twenty-second General Conference of the United Brethren in Christ convened in Toledo, Iowa, May 13, 1897. Bishop Weaver, as the senior bishop, presided at the opening. He had prepared, for the most part, the bishops' quadrennial address, selections from which were read by Bishop Mills. Bishop Weaver expected it to be his last address, as it was, and gave no little attention to it. It was a masterly presentation of the conditions of the Church and the matters that seemed, especially, to demand attention.

During a little lull in business, on the third day, Bishop Weaver asked to make a few remarks: "Forty years ago, I was present at my first General Conference, which convened at Cincinnati, and, by the blessing of God, I have been a member of each gathering from that time until now. There are, this morning, present four who were members of that Conference, all that are left—Brother Shuck, Brother W. C. Smith, Brother Shuey, and myself. Will these brethren stand up? We four were there, and we bid you younger members of this Conference be true to God, true to yourselves, and true to the Church you are here to represent. May the blessing of Almighty God fall upon you all."

The "Home of the Soul" was sung, and Bishop Castle led in a touching prayer for each one of these four, and for the presence of the Spirit with all. It was a melting hour, many sorrowing, because, in all

probability, it was the last time he should meet with them.

At this Conference, a brother made a brief address as fraternal delegate from the Evangelical Lutheran Church. Bishop Weaver was asked to respond to the same, which he did very appropriately, ending with the following paragraph: "Take back to your brethren the kindly feelings of this General Conference, and if some trouble should arise in your synod, as it arises in these general gatherings once in a while, and there should be a United Brethren there, as I hope there may be, you may just appoint a committee to wait on him, and ascertain how these troubles are settled, for we have gone through a little brush, and know just exactly how to do it."

When the time came for the election of bishops, the rules were suspended, and Bishop Weaver was elected bishop *emeritus* by acclamation. He responded briefly to calls made for him: "I do not know that I can do more than to say that I thank you sincerely from the depths of my heart for this expression of love and kindness and tenderness to me. What surprises me most of all is my consciousness of unworthiness of this honor. As you have placed me in this position and in this condition, I shall do the very best I know."

The conferences assigned him for 1897 were: White River, at Greentown, Indiana, September 1; St. Joseph, Frankfort, Indiana, September 8; East Ohio, Ashland, Ohio, September 16; Lower Wabash, Clay City, Indiana, September 22.

His health in the middle of the summer was somewhat critical, but he grew better as the hot months passed. He furnished the readers of the *Telescope* with some "Scattering Thoughts in the Sick Room"; later, "The Pulpit," a plea for the preaching of the simple truths of the gospel; "An Ancient Hero," a eulogy on Joshua; "What and How to Read," an article for the Thanksgiving and book number of the *Telescope;* "How to Reach the Masses" resolves itself into a deeper spirituality in the Church, a genuine revival born of God.

Finding it inconvenient to attend First Church, of which, for some time, he had been a member, October 10, 1897, he and his wife transferred their membership to Oak Street Church, because, owing to infirmity, and this church being so close to his home, he could more readily reach it than he could his former church home.

During the winter of 1897-98, he kept close to his room, partly because of his uncertain health, and by the advice of his physician, and partly because he was at work on a treatise, which he afterwards published, on "Christian Theology." He first appeared in the issue of the *Telescope* of April 13. In spite of his enfeebled condition, his interest in the Church had not abated. Previous to this, he had footed up the reported conversions, and found them about two thousand: "I tell you, it made my old heart glad. Every once in a while, I feel like picking up my grip and starting out, as in the days of yore, but I am quickly reminded that cannot be. After spend-

ing fifty and two years in the active work, without a break, it is no easy matter to be compelled to remain for weeks and months in your room." He then proceeds, in an interesting article, to tell how well organized we are for work, and that we must carefully look after our polity, our doctrine, our denominational spirit, and our spirituality, if we would continue to grow.

He was able to be present and preside at the meeting of the Board of Missions, in Dayton, Ohio, May 6, 1898. About the seventeenth of May, he and his wife left Dayton to visit their children and friends in Grand Rapids, Lamont, and Lansing, Michigan, the main object being the recuperation of the bishop's health.

At the meeting of the bishops in Dayton, Ohio, April 30, it was arranged that Bishop Weaver should hold the following conferences: Upper Wabash, September 7, at Brook, Newton County, Indiana; North Ohio, September 15; Des Moines, Ames, Iowa, September 28. He says: "Not being able to do full work, I simply chip in and help the others out. For that reason, my diocese has no name; but we do not want to be considered any the less honorable for the want of a name."

Late in May, he writes from Lamont, Michigan: "I have been fishing several times, and have had fair success. I am trying to have a real outing. The object is to improve my health, if possible. I am very weak, with a poor appetite, so that, altogether, I am not getting along very well." In the issue of

the *Telescope* for June 15, there is a letter from him written from Lamont, Michigan, telling how he is trying to improve his health by fishing and outdoor exercise. Following this, he expresses his deep sorrow over the tragic fate of the African missionaries, but he says: "We must not falter, nor for a moment entertain the thought of abandoning the field. The history of the church is a history of martyrs. Who knows but the good seed sown in the field, instead of being destroyed, is only scattered over a broader field than it otherwise could have been?"

"As the shadows of life's evening tree are thickening about me, I am inclined to look over the past. It seems to me that the fifty-two years which I have spent in the ministry have not yielded the amount of fruit they should have done. I do not know that I could have done more work, but it should have been a great deal better. If in the end I am saved, it will be through the abundant grace of God, and not for anything I have done. How insignificant our works appear when the light of eternity shines upon them."

He writes again from the same place, July 6, reporting some improvement in health; becomes reminiscent, and speaks of the great improvement in the quality and amount of our literature, and yet it is not well for us to go too fast. He finds it pleasant to get away from the dust and fracas of the city into a quiet little village, where everybody knows everybody else; he expresses grief that the Sabbath is not better observed, even by Christian people. He apologizes for his rambling letter, as he calls it, by saying:

"I want to do something. After fifty-two years of continual service, no matter how poor and imperfect it may have been, it is hard to sit down and do nothing. I am trying to be contented."

He returned home July 15, and on the Sabbath following preached in the Oak Street Church. July 24 and 31, he preached in the First Lutheran Church. His rest in Michigan did him good. For the *Telescope* of November 23, he wrote an article on "Thanksgiving." He peached some in the city, but declined to go away during the winter because of feeble health. In the last issue of the *Telescope* for 1898, he furnishes an interesting and cheery article, entitled, "Good-by, Old Year."

January, 1899, finds him sick for a couple of weeks, but when able to use his pen at work on his book, entitled "Heaven." Later, an article appears from his pen on "Experience," in which he pleads that more prominence shall be given to that "grand old doctrine of a personal conscious experience of religion. We need more experimental preaching, more experimental testimonies, more experimental religion in the heart, as well as in the life." Another, entitled, "Our Church—What It Is, What It Has Done"; it has always been thoroughly evangelical; its polity is a growth, and is unique; there is no oppression anywhere; its spirit is to recognize Christians wherever found. In "Drifting," he asks if the Church is drifting heavenward or worldward, with a strong intimation that the latter expresses the present trend.

After the meetings of the various boards of which he was a member, he and his wife left for Michigan, where he expected to remain some two months with his children, hoping for an improvement in his health.

May 31, he furnished an article on "Sensibility in Religion," in which he insists that we must not only provide for the cultivation of the intellect, and the exercise of the will, but we must also make liberal provision for the sensibilities. The tendency of to-day is to ignore the emotional in religion. In a personal letter to the editor, he wrote: "I have often said, especially to young ministers, that it takes grit and grace to go forward, but I find it takes more of both not to go forward. There are so many things I should like to do, but cannot do them. Over and above everything, the Lord reigns."

He returned to Dayton about July 19, somewhat improved, and preached at Germantown on the twenty-third, at the reopening of the church, which had recently been repaired. In an article on "What of the Future?" he discussed the dangers which threaten us from capital and labor, trusts and monopolies, the rum power, political conflicts, the assault on the American Sabbath, and the Sunday newspapers. "Putting all these evils together, and observing how rapidly they are growing, who can predict what the state of things may be twenty-five years hence?"

He was present at the Miami Conference that met in Cincinnati, August 24, at which he made a talk emphasizing the importance of the development of

a symmetrical Christian character; he urged the education of the whole man, not only the physical, intellectual, and social nature, but the spiritual as well. He emphasized this by the following illustration, "Brethren, go up the intellectual ladder as high as ever, and as far as you can, but after that take a round on Jacob's ladder, and touch the heavens." Later, an article, "He Will Come," appeared, in which he discussed the second coming of Christ.

An interesting incident occurred at the Rock River Conference, which he held September 25. He was in feeble health, but preached on Sabbath morning for nearly an hour, with his old-time vigor. Following the sermon, came the baptism of an infant. "There was the beginning of life receiving a blessing from the hands of one whose snowy locks were already waving with the breezes of eternity. It was a picture that angels admired, and over which strong men wept."

On November 15, he writes on "How to Conduct Revivals." On December 13, he asks, "Is There too Much Organization?"

He begins the year 1900 with an interesting article on "The Ministerial Dead-Line," in which he combats the modern notion of retiring ministers at sixty, no matter how strong or cultured or able they are: "If Luther had been retired at sixty, the Reformation would have been greatly hindered. If John Wesley and his coadjutors had been retired at sixty, the great Methodist Church might not have been organized. If William Otterbein and his co-

laborers had been retired at sixty, it is doubtful if the United Brethren Church would have been in existence. Age should not enter into this question. Let ability, piety of life, and success be the standard, and not years." Later, he writes on "Short Sermons"; any attempt to limit to a definite, precise time is unwise; some say thirty minutes, and no more. "Can it be that persons thus minded realize that the gospel is a message from God to the people?"

He preached in Oak Street Church in January, 1900. The week was stormy, but the papers had announced that it might be the last sermon that he would ever preach, and this brought a houseful of hearers. The subject was, "Christian Discipleship." (Luke 9:23.) The argument, matter, delivery, and effect of the sermon were excellent. He had never preached from this text before. He spoke fifty minutes with marvelous strength. He remarked at the close, with a merry twinkle in his eye: "The papers say this will be my last sermon. It may be, but if I live, it will not be, and if this should be my last message, I want it to be true, plain, and honest."

February 21, 1900, he furnished an article on "Walking Through the Valley," in which he wrote: "Of the millions and billions of those who have gone from us, not one has returned to describe his experience while passing through the valley of the shadow of death. All is wrapped in the most profound mystery. We cannot know, if we would. But there are many questions which are suggested to the mind as we contemplate that mysterious journey. Going

from one world to another, from one mode of existence to another, from one state of society to another, and from one condition to another, is no ordinary event. Is the soul distinctly conscious that the time has come when it must quit this clay tenement? Does it experience pleasure or regret at being separated from the body? Does it, or can it look back to see the earthly house where it dwelt for a time? What are the thoughts of the past and the future? What are the first impressions of the soul when the now invisible is made visible? How will the things material and immaterial appear to the opened vision of the soul as viewed from the immaterial side? These, and like questions must remain unanswered until the gate is lifted and we fly away."

He further illustrated this by an incident of his earlier years:

"Years ago, while passing through what was then the territory of Idaho, by stage, we came to a desert. The day was exceedingly hot, and the dust mixed with alkali made it very disagreeable. A while before sundown, we entered a pass through a mountain which was altogether different from the desert over which we had traveled all day. It was about ten miles long, and five miles wide, and covered with grass and flowers. A stream of water almost as clear as crystal flowed through the midst of it. Altogether, it was one of the most beautiful valleys I had ever looked upon. The mountain to the west was very high, as was also the mountain to the east. It being nearly sundown, the shadow of the mountain to the

west fell across the valley and part way up the mountain to the east. There we were in the shadow, but it was neither dark nor gloomy. The light, reflected from the mountain peaks to the east, fell back over the valley and lifted whatever gloom there might otherwise have been. As I took in the situation, the thought came to me that this must be very like the shadow of death. As the Christian enters this valley, the shadow of the cold mountains may, and doubtless will fall across it; but a strange, beautiful light, reflected from the peaks of the mountains on the heaven side, falling back across the valley, will lift and dispel whatever gloom might otherwise be there. I had never gone that way, but I was not afraid, for I was not alone. The driver, having gone over the way before, knew all about it, and assured me that it was perfectly safe. So in passing through that other valley, the Christian will not be alone. He who said, 'I am Alpha and Omega,' also said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' not even in the 'swelling of Jordan.' "

CHAPTER XXII.

A Voice from Beulah Land.

Bishop Weaver's seventy-sixth birthday occurred February 23, 1900. He was at home at the time, and this gave an opportunity to some of his more intimate friends to call on him and his wife, who had walked by his side, and helped to carry his burdens for some forty-five years. Following the greetings, there was a brief religious service, after which, in behalf of the company, Dr. I. L. Kephart presented the bishop and his wife with a beautiful couch and a Morris chair. He responded in an appropriate address, which we have been asked to insert entire, as it was the last of the kind he ever made. It was an occasion not soon to be forgotten. He was in feeble health, and sat while making the address. Dr. Kephart called it "a voice from Beulah Land":

"Beloved friends and neighbors, to-day I say good-by to the seventy-sixth mile-stone of my pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave; and I desire, first of all, above everything else, to put upon record my sincere gratitude to Almighty God for his loving kindnesses to me during all the years past. If I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered. What shall I, what can I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? My

chief regret is, that I am not a better man, and that I have not done more and better work. But the record is made, and I cannot go back to change a single word or act. But God is good, and can forgive. There are times when a peculiar sense of loneliness steals over my heart. Not that the friends about me are cold and unkind, but because nearly all the friends of other years have gone from me. I cannot recall the name of a single minister, now living, that was in the Church when I united with it, and not to exceed a dozen members. Concerning my own family connections, the change is about the same. I am the youngest of twelve children, and remember when there were thirteen of us, including father and mother (one brother having died); but now only two remain. One by one they entered the valley of the shadow of death, and I saw them no more. But memory, true to her trust, will not erase their names, and often passes the record before the mind's ever-wakeful eye. Do you wonder that now and then I feel lonely? Would it not be strange if I never felt thus?

"Marvelous changes, in both church and state, have occurred during the days of the years of my pilgrimage. Some of these were, doubtless, wise, and some, may be, were otherwise. If some one who lived seventy-six years ago had been taken away and now brought back, he would hardly believe that it is the same old world. Especially is this true of the United States. Let me mention three things—the railroads, the utilization of steam, and electricity.

But little was known of these in the days of my boyhood. What would we do to-day without them? To realize the difference, one must have lived then and now. Vast changes have also taken place in the agricultural, commercial, professional, and various business and social departments.

"But some things remain about as they were. The sun, moon, and stars continue to move in their same old grooves, and at a speed that utterly bewilders us. The earth turns on its axis and makes it annual journey around the sun, just as it did in the long ago. The lightning's flash, the thunder's roll, and the aurora borealis continue to challenge our wonder and admiration, the same as they did threescore and ten years ago. The roses, lilacs, and lilies continue to bloom and emit their odors the same as in the days of yore. The birds sing their same old songs and build their nests after the same pattern as in the long ago. The bee constructs its cell on the same general plan it did in former ages, and the warmth of its touch is similiar to what it was when I was a boy. By the combined action of certain fixed laws and forces, old nature will repeat herself over and over as the years come and go. The changes which have been going on during the ages past, for the most part, are traceable to man. Standing, as we do, in the last year of the last decade of the nineteenth century, we look over the past and peer into the future, and ask, What next?

"Changes not a few have occurred in the church general. Forms and ceremonies remain substantially

the same, except that a few have been made more prominent. The relation between the several branches of the church family has grown more cordial. New conditions have arisen, and new methods have been adopted to meet these new conditions. Whether or not all these changes have been wise, the fruits thereof must be the witness.

"As a denomination, we are not as we were threescore and ten years ago. We have more Christianity, but proportionately less religion. Lest some of you might say this is a distinction without a difference, I will explain. The cardinal doctrines of the Bible are better and more generally understood than they were sixty years ago; but the personal and experimental enjoyment of these divine truths has not increased with this increased knowledge. In former times, but little attention was given to culture. Indeed, the majority of the ministers with whom I came in touch were opposed to education. It was not at all uncommon to hear colleges and seminaries denounced from the pulpit. Many times I have heard ministers boastingly say that they had never rubbed their backs against a college or seminary. But they almost said, 'See how I can preach without an education.' That was evidently what they wanted the people to understand. The one supreme object seemed to be to arouse the sensibilities. A minister who could not make, or cause to be made, a good deal of racket was not considered a success, and was but little sought after. I remember that on one occasion our pastor was holding a protracted meeting

in a private house. He had not succeeded as he had anticipated. So, one evening, the house being crowded and very warm, he drew off his coat, and, with fire in his eye, said, 'By the grace of God, I will make you feel.' He succeeded, at last, in having quite a racket, mostly, however, in and with himself.

"Church-houses in those days were very scarce. Services were held in barns, schoolhouses, and private residences. My first charge was a mission, two hundred miles around, with seventeen appointments, all in schoolhouses. My salary was eighty dollars, spot cash, and I enjoyed the work hugely.

"Itinerating in those earlier years was quite different from what it is now. The membership sixty years ago did not exceed twenty thousand. The circuits were large, ranging from fifty to two hundred miles around. There were no railroads, and but few buggies. The traveling was nearly all done on horseback. We had no Sabbath schools, no literature for children, and none for the adults except the *Telescope,* which, at that time, was an innocent little affair. We had no books of our own, expect a hymn-book and Discipline. We had no colleges, no Seminary, and no institutions of learning of any kind. We had no missionary nor church-erection societies; no young people's society of either juniors or seniors. Not having any of these things, you will naturally ask what we did have? Well, we had some common sense, some religion, a good deal of zeal, a small per cent. of Christianity, and the mourner's bench. We

made more racket in one protracted meeting than is now made in five dozen of such meetings. Maybe we overdid it then, and maybe we underdo it now. Those who think that itinerating is hard now should have been in the field a half a century ago. And those who think the Church has moved slowly, if at all, should have walked with her for the past sixty years.

"In one way and another, I have been connected with every advanced movement made in and by the Church during the past threescore years; not in the lead, but in the rank and file. And now last, but not least, I am received as a member of the Young People's Junior society. There is an old adage which says, 'Twice a child, and once a man.' In my first childhood I had no such connection because there was no such society; but it has come in my second childhood, so that, in the race of life, I am not so far behind.

"But the tables have turned—maybe in some respects a little too much. Not that we should have any less culture, but a great deal more experience—more of the joy, peace, and comfort that come in connection with a personal, conscious knowledge that we are saved. Christ's religion is the only religion that comes within the realm of conscious experience. But the history of past ages teaches us that one extreme is almost certain to follow another, so that it is difficult to stand on middle ground. The sensibilities are as much the gift of God as the intellect. Both are given us to be used. This is as true in religion

as it is in anything else. A religion that dwells in the intellect alone is incomplete. So, also, is a religion that dwells in the sensibilities alone. The religion revealed to us in the Holy Scriptures is intended for the whole man. Under its divine influence and control, the intellect, the will, and the sensibilities will move in complete harmony with each other and the will of God.

"But a change has come over me personally. I am not what I was, nor as I was a while ago. I am the same identical Jonathan Weaver. I am neither a know-nothing nor a so-called Christian Scientist. I know something and am something. In the contest of life, I have not lost my conscious identity; but, from some cause or another, I am not as I was. I remember when the shadow of life's tree fell westward. It must have been morning then. I remember when the shadow fell northward. It must have been noontime then. But now it falls eastward, and it must be evening time now.

"But looking westward, despite the thick foliage of the trees that stand along the banks of the river, I now and then catch glimpses of what seems to be a country—a real, substantial place. These glimpses come at all hours, by day and by night, winter and summer, but at no time has there ever appeared a shadow or any gloom. So I conclude that they have no night in that country. I sometimes catch glimpses of domes, spires, and towers, but no monuments, or anything that resembles a cemetery, so I conclude that there is no death over there. Beautiful forms

pass and repass before my vision, but they are quickly gone—just a glimpse, and they are gone.

"I turn to the materialistic skeptic and ask for an explanation of these strange and yet delightful glimpses. He says it is nothing—only a fancy, a delusion. Death ends all—forever and ever. I turn to the agnostic with the same question, and he says, 'I don't know.' What shall I do? I cannot go back, for it is evening time now, and the sun is almost down. Shut in on all sides, with only a step between me and the grave, and nothing before me but annihilation—eternal nothingness. Again, I ask, What shall I do? To whom shall I go? Are all the hopes, longings, aspirations, and expectations about to perish forever? Wherein, then, lies the difference between not beginning to be and ceasing to be? It will be as if we had not been at all. Can it be that nature, reason, and consciousness have been playing false with us? Are they nothing more than miserable cheats concerning the most important and far-reaching problem of human existence? Is there no justice, love, or mercy anywhere in the universe? Is there no God other than one of cruelty and deception? The case is becoming desperate, for the mists are beginning to fall, and the roar of the ocean's waves, borne upon the wings of the wind, is beginning to fall upon the ear. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man standing within a step of eternal nothingness!

"Hark! a voice from beyond the moon and stars, like the chime of a thousand silver-toned bells, comes ringing down, exclaiming, *'Immortality!'* In re-

sponse to that there come springing up like angels from the temple of the heart the simple words: 'Hallelujah. Amen and amen. *Immortality.*' Then my glimpses are not all fancy and miserable cheats, but real. If there is anything true, anything firm, anything that abides, it is immortality—life everlasting and heaven. If from under the shadow of life's evening tree such glimpses may be had, how will it appear when the shadows are all gone, the clouds lifted, and the mists rolled away? The half has not been seen by mortal eyes, the half is not now understood. By and by the glass through which we now see darkly will be removed, and we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known.

"My beloved friends and sojourners with me through the land of the dead and dying to the land of the living, I thank you for coming to my humble home this evening; and she with whom I have journeyed these forty-five years, who has borne her full part of the cares, burdens, and hardships incident to the life of an itinerant minister, joins with me in thanking you for your coming here to-night, and for the unmistakable tokens of your kindly feeling and well wishes toward us. This will ever be an oasis, coming to us in the evening time of life. By your presence, kindly words, looks, and acts, you give me courage and strength to say good-by to the seventy-sixth mile-stone of my pilgrimage journey without a tear or a sigh. Whether or not I shall live on earth to pass another mile-stone, I leave with Him who doeth all things well. With all my imperfections,

and despite the failures of my life, I am at peace with the world. I have no fault to find with anybody nor with anything, except sin. Beloved, in that country to which we are going there are no milestones, no cemeteries, no night—just one never-ending day, with ever-increasing delights and pleasures. Now we say good-evening—then it will be good-morning."

Because of feeble health, he was not able to attend the annual meeting of the Church-Erection and Missionary boards, at Lebanon, Pennsylvania, April 18, so he wrote:

"Brethren, beloved in the Lord, if memory serves me correctly, this is the first time in thirty-five years that I have failed to be present at the meetings of the boards. I did not surrender the thought of being with you until yesterday. Indeed, I hardly think that *I* surrendered at all. But the tabernacle in which I live, owing to a recent heavy storm which beat upon it, is so out of repair that it must be looked after at once. One of the severest trials of my life is to be compelled to remain at home when I so much desire to be in the field. The joy and pleasure of my life is, and has been, to do what I can for Him who did so much for me. A thousand lives of active service would not, in real value, pay back one farthing of the price he paid for me.

"The truths of the gospel were never so precious to me as now. There is an excellency in the knowledge of Jesus Christ our Lord that surpasses all other knowledge. The whole world should know the Christ,

and it is a part of our business to aid in spreading abroad the knowledge of his name. If it should please the Master to restore me sufficient strength, there is a little more work I should love to do before I go hence. Fifty and five years of almost constant labor appear to be such a trifle as compared with what I have received, that I am exceedingly anxious to do something more if I can. I trust that I am not sectarian, but, for good and sufficient reasons, I love the spirit and polity of the United Brethren Church. Within her pale I love to work; within her pale I wish to finish the days of the years of my pilgrimage, and from her pale I want to go away to be with Him whom I have so imperfectly served. To his name be honor and praise evermore.

"Brethren, when you pray, do not forget to mention my name to the Master.

"Your brother,

"J. Weaver."

As soon as able to walk about, he visited the Publishing House, where the trustees were in session, dropped into the meeting, and made a brief, inspiring address, which brought tears to all eyes.

In a communication to the *Telescope,* entitled, "Some One Please Explain," he wants to know whether or not the practice of evangelical denominations to-day is in harmony with their cardinal truths. Is what we hear from the pulpit the gospel of Christ, pure and simple? Is the service, including singing, praying, and preaching, up to our ideal of a spiritual service? In "Here and There, Now and Then," he

enforces Paul's teachings, where he resolved to forget the things behind, count them all loss, and press on for what there was before him.

In June, he left Dayton for Michigan, to visit his children and to seek a more refreshing atmosphere. He writes from Grand Rapids, Michigan, as follows:

"Everything is uncertain with me now. Tottering along in the valley, not far from the crossing, one experiences what he could not anticipate while ascending or descending the mountains leading into the valley. It is not dark and gloomy, as I thought it might be. The sun still shines as brightly as it did in the long ago. Then, too, I occasionally catch glimpses of what seems to be a silver lining on the other side of the clouds, over the valley, the same as over the mountains, but they are not any more threatening than when on the summit of life's mountain. Life, with all its ten thousand incidents and details, is a mystery. What a curious thing it is to live. The more I think about it the less I know about it. Thank God for the promise of an endless life. Maybe, when in full possession of that endless life, under conditions far more favorable, we shall know more about it."

A little later, he writes again: "I find that this house in which I have lived for seventy-six years is quite out of repair, and, so far as I can see and understand, it is not the purpose of the Builder to put any more substantial repairs upon it. But he has more than intimated to me (through his Word) that he will some time change it so that it will be better than

it ever was. I am trying to be patient and contented with my lot, though there is not an hour, and has not been for six months, that I felt well, much of the time being real sick."

In August appeared his "Christian Theology." It had been written in more condensed form some years before, but was now thoroughly reviewed and enlarged, and is his last, and one of his most important contributions to the literature of the Church. About the same time, he returned from Michigan, with his health but little improved.

He held Lower Wabash Conference in Olney, Illinois, September 5. He was in feeble health, but able to preach on Sabbath and conduct ordination services. He had held this conference for the first time about thirty-five years before, at Parkersburg, Illinois, just eleven miles south of Olney.

Following this, came Illinois Conference, near New Philadelphia, on September 12. The writer reached conference on Friday, September 14. Bishop Weaver was very feeble; he had had a sick spell the day before. He was too unwell to have left home, but he said he did not like to quit work. During one of the sessions he said:

"Brethren, how can you go forth without divine help? You are going out as Christ's shepherds, his teachers. Can you go out and about your work and spend a whole year without any souls? You do not need to do so if you go with God's help. Now I want a season of prayer—half a dozen of you at once kneeling. You do not need to pray all over the work.

What do you need now? Gather all you have and put all on the altar. We talk much of the old landmarks. I think we need to make some changes, but we must not rely too much on method. Above all methods, we need the influence of the Spirit.

"Preachers should have a rich experience, and put more of it into their sermons. When Paul was arrested, he did little more than tell his experience. The eyes of all will be upon you, young men. Do not be 'dudish,' I would advise you, but dress like a minister. No matter how cheaply you dress, be clean and neat; keep your face clean, your hands, your hair. Be modest, unassuming, but be social. Keep your sociability within proper bounds, and do not let it slop over. The proper reading of Scripture is very important. Study to put the emphasis where it belongs. Some read very rapidly, in order to get through. Study how to read it properly. Watch your demeanor in the pulpit. Some persons stand like a block with no inspiration to them. Others rant, run across the platform, smite with their hands, and stamp with their feet. Take the average, and be not too boisterous.

"There are no truths in the universe that will hold men like the gospel. Some seek to discuss abstract or metaphysical questions, and when done the people will say it was nice, but that is the end of it. I have talked with our best men, and they say, When we go to church we want to hear a sermon, and not a lecture. When we want to hear the latter, we go where we can get it. A good sermon must have Christ

in it. It will take all of your life to preach all there is in one little adverb, 'so'—'God so loved the world.' How long will it take you to find out that the gospel includes all there is that is pure and good in the universe? Do you want to preach on astronomy? Go over to the Psalms, and you can easily find a text where God is recognized. On botany? 'Consider the lilies.' On geology? 'Their rock is not as our rock.' On the wind? 'The wind bloweth where it listeth.' You can find Christ in all of these. So preach every sermon that people will go away having heard of the cross of Christ.

"To those of you who live in towns, please appear on the streets like a preacher. Don't sit on store-boxes and whittle. That is very poor business for a preacher. Be modest, upright, a man, a preacher. Some preachers talk too much. When you make a pastoral visit, remember it is different from a social visit. A pastoral visit should not be over fifteen minutes in length. Exercise good sense. If the family is busy, call again. Don't pass the door of the poor. It is a crime to treat them coldly. Finally, seek for and obtain a deep spirituality. Study on your knees, and learn the value of the closet life. Go out with your heart and mind and soul determined on this one thing, 'I *must* win souls to Christ this year.' Let this be the chief aim this year. I have been coming to you for thirty-five years. I have been in the field for fifty-five years. Some say I should return, but I think I should give the place to some one who can do better work. I want to stay in the field until the

sun goes down. Let me have a little corner, where I can say 'Amen' to your work. Some bright morning, some glad day, when conferences are all over and the work all done, we shall meet again. What would I do if death ended all?—a step or two, and then drop into everlasting nothingness. The evening would be as dark as Egypt. It is evening with me now. The shadows are growing, but through the deep foliage I once in a while get a glimpse of a country beyond this. I cannot hold it long, for it is only a glimpse. Beyond the region of storms and clouds there is another country. I cannot now say more. God bless you abundantly."

He sat down overcome with the effort, and the congregation sang, "How sweet it will be in that beautiful land."

Just before the reading of the report of the stationing committee, he made a few appropriate remarks: "Brethren, you cannot all get the places you want. We tried to give each one of you the best fields, but there were not enough to go round. If you get a hard field, make it the best field this year. Ezekiel once attended a conference where there were only two members present. The committee sent him to 'Dry Bones Circuit.' Some of you may think you have such a field. Ezekiel had no appropriation made to him. There was no missionary society behind him; but he went and looked at his field. There did not seem to be much prospect of success, but the Lord told him to preach, and gave him a message. He faithfully did the work, and it was not long until

there was a movement in this dead valley, and these bones were each seeking their fellows, and in a little time a mass of living beings stood before him. His work had been a success. If the Lord sends you to 'Dry Bones Circuit,' go and do your duty, and he who blessed Ezekiel will bless you and direct you." This was the last address he ever made at an annual conference.

He was too miserable and too feeble to venture out and speak to the people on Sabbath, as the day was quite blustery. At his request, the writer tried to talk for him. He had a little talk with him in the evening, and told him how he enjoyed work. "Yes," the bishop answered, "and I do too. I do not like to quit work. It has been the joy of my life." He started home on Monday morning, hoping to rest a little, in order to meet the Michigan Conference, which convened on October 11. He was not able to be present, and W. M. Weekley acted as his substitute. The year closed with articles from his pen on "Whither Bound?" "Revivals," "Twenty Thousand and Upwards," and "A Greeting to the Twentieth Century." It was evident his days of work were well-nigh numbered.

For the last ten or a dozen years of his life, the bishop was greatly afflicted with some disease of the stomach. The doctors who examined him professed not to be able to tell its precise nature. He was accustomed to say that if he could only secure a new stomach, he would be good for many years' work. The trouble may have been occasioned in part by

irregular and improper eating; in part by the too frequent use of strong medicines, but, whatever the cause, the trouble grew as years advanced, and, by degrees, gradually unfitted him for work. At first these paroxysms of pain would come on once a week, and, when over, there would be a few days of rest. Later, they came every day, and, while the pain would measurably cease, the prostration that followed would continue most of the day.

During the last three months of his life, the writer visited him frequently to talk with him concerning his earlier life. During much of this time he found him in bed, with some paper, a slate, and a pencil tied to it. His desire to write clung to him to the last. When the pain had subsided, and a thought would come to him, down it went on his paper. It was hard to get much information, as the memory was also failing, and the few items gathered had to be filled in as they would most appropriately join together. At times, he was more or less under the influence of opiates, to relieve his excruciating pain.

One day, he was a little brighter, and, speaking of himself, he said: "Sometimes I get a little discouraged. A very little thing will turn the tide either way. I sometimes think I should like to live a little longer, as there are a few more things I should like to do. When I look back over my past life, I do not seem to have done much. When I was in the midst of its affairs they seemed very important, but now that they are all over, they don't seem to have

amounted to much. I try to be patient, however, and submit to whatever the Master thinks best."

The writer said to him, one day, "Have you kept any copies of letters written to others, or preserved any that you have received?" "No," he answered, "I soon found they were in the way of my moving, and then they did not, at the time, seem very important. Many of them were mostly local, and I threw them away. Some, no one saw but myself. They were abuses, and I did not want any one to see them." Again, I said to him, "If you had known that you would have been a bishop in the Church for thirty-five years, you would doubtless have kept a fuller record of your life and work?" "Yes, possibly I should, but I never thought of anything of this kind. We do not know in time what is the best thing for us to do."

One day, the writer met him and said, "Do you feel any better to-day?" "No, I cannot say that I do. I seem to be gradually growing weaker. The fight is going against me, and there can be but one end to the struggle." And so there could. The wheels were soon to stop.

Probably one of the last, if not the last letter he wrote was to his friend, John Dodds, who had also been seriously sick: "Allow me to congratulate you on the result of your election. Not that you cared so much about it, but I wanted you to be elected whether you went or not. As for myself, I have but little hope of getting there. I am very sick, nearly every hour. I realize that I am going down a little

every day; but the dear Master will do everything right, so I am trying to leave it all with him, and to be patient. I cannot write more to-day. God bless you all."

On Sabbath afternoon, February 3, 1901, he was taken worse. He said to his pastor, Rev. J. G. Huber, who soon came in, "I think I am dying." Some passages of scripture were repeated to him, which he greatly enjoyed. He gave an affectionate farewell to his wife, and children and grandchildren who were present. When asked if he had any message to leave to the Church, he answered: "I have not a doubt as to the truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I believed what I preached. I preached what I believed. I die in the faith of the gospel I preached. Jesus Christ is all and in all. Tell the Church never to depart from the doctrine held by the fathers, that a vital union with Jesus Christ is essential to Christian life." To a friend who entered the room he said: "I don't think it is wrong that I should feel tender and sorrowful on account of my family! I do not know what the Master has for me. He is leading me in strange ways. I am following where he leads. I love to follow him, even though he leads me through the dark valley. I love to follow him always and forever. I shall soon see the King in his beauty. I feel perfectly safe."

His strength gradually went down, and from this time on he had but few moments of consciousness. The end came Wednesday morning, February 6, at 3: 20 o'clock. The funeral occurred from the Oak

Street Church, of which he was a member, Friday afternoon, February 8. It was probably one of the largest and most noted ever held in the history of the denomination. The announcement of his death brought together an immense gathering of sorrowing friends from this city and other places, far and near, to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of this great spiritual leader of our Church. The church was crowded with people and friends, anxious to pay the last tribute of respect to this honored saint of God. Invocation was offered by Dr. G. M. Mathews; Scripture read by Dr. I. L. Kephart; prayer by Dr. D. W. Sprinkle, of Bishop Weaver's own conference; brief addresses by Dr. W. R. Funk, Bishops Kephart, Hott, and Mills, by Dr. McKee and the pastor, Rev. J. G. Huber. The musical selections were such as had been sung during his illness and around his death-bed. The services lasted about two hours, and the people were eager to catch every word uttered. The procession to Woodland Cemetery was unusually large. Many stood with uncovered heads as the loved form of the bishop was lowered into the grave, and as Bishop Kephart read the burial formula of the Church. The sainted bishop now rests a few feet from his distinguished associate and friend, Bishop Edwards, where they shall sleep in peace until the resurrection morning.

CHAPTER XXIII.

How Men Will Think of Him.

As we come, in this last chapter, to gather up in systematic order some of the more salient points in the life and character of Bishop Weaver, we have no desire to indulge in any fulsome eulogy, but to express, in plain language, some of the traits which revealed him to men, and made them love him, and by which we think the Church of the future will estimate him. He needs no such empty eulogy, and would be the last man to seek it. He had his weaknesses as well as his strong points, and none knew them better than himself. What shall we think of him as a man?

AS A MAN.

1. In his field, he was essentially a great man—perhaps the greatest the Church has produced in the last half-century. He was not a product of the schools, but of the talents which God gave him, and which were developed under the pressure of poverty and a sense of his obligations to God. What he was so far as external surroundings were concerned, the Church made him, and he, in return, in good part, made the Church. His history is a history, really, of the progress of the Church. When he came into it, a mere boy, it had a membership, widely scattered.

of some twenty thousand communicants. Its colleges, its Publishing House, its missionary boards, its Sunday-school association, all its departments for more efficient church work have come into being since his connection with it. Some of them he has originated, and to all he has been a fast friend, aiding them by the very best thought of his busy brain. Well may the faculty of Union Biblical Seminary say, "He has been one of its warmest and strongest friends; theological education in our Church has been bereft of one of its earliest advocates and promoters." For years he has been the efficient president of the Board of Missions, never missing a session, except the last, when too feeble to go. How his voice has cheered the toilers in the educational field; how his cheery letters have given new inspiration to the men who furnished a Church literature! But why particularize? Not a department of Church work to-day which has not felt the inspiration of his spirit and the contagion of his example.

2. He was a man of warm and sympathetic heart. Years ago, Bishop Edwards found some religious disturbances in the bounds of the Walla Walla, now the Columbia River Conference. Bishop Weaver was the next bishop to visit them. While there, he received word that the Missionary Board had dissolved the conference and converted it into a missionary district, which virtually gave the bishop plenary powers in the disposing of it. Says one who was present, "The so-called fanatics took quite a dislike to him; but his kind and noble bearing, his most loving humility,

together with his indescribably good sermons and public speeches, perfectly captured us; so, though out of about twenty preachers, he employed only two, and sent the rest all home, he still carried the love and esteem of every one of us back East with him."

A friend gave this little picture of him: Standing in a depot with a friend, in a western State, one day, he picked up a five-dollar bill which some one had lost. He sought for an owner, but could find none. Bishop Weaver said he wished the owner had it, for that very loss might defeat his journey. As the departing train backed in, the conductor came back making inquiry, saying that a poor woman had lost her money, and he came back to see if he could find it. After passing it over, the bishop said: "That 's my idea of business life. People should do all that is reasonable to help each other through this crooked world." He thanked the conductor for the trouble he had taken, for the woman could not have made her trip without it. He was not a man of giant intellect, but he was a man of great depth of feeling. This was seen in his daily life, in his public preaching, and in his labors as a bishop in the Church. He came from the ranks of the common people, whom he loved. He was not an aristocrat, but a born democrat. He came in close touch with his fellow-men. If he said anything severe, it was done with such a pleasant smile that it took away much of its power to hurt. During the Church troubles, when men were saying hard things of him, calling him traitor and deceiver, and characterizing him by other slanderous epithets,

he said nothing unkind in return. The letters he received charging him with unkind things, of which he was entirely innocent, he burned, that no one but himself might know who wrote them. His kindliness of manner opened the way for him into other human hearts. Wherever he went men admired him for his ability and respected him for his character, and very many of them loved him because he loved them and manifested a kindly disposition toward all. He sought daily to manifest the Saviour's spirit, and how could he best do this except by loving all men?

3. He was careful of both his character and reputation. He was not a reckless man, who would take unnecessary risks. He knew that as a man of God he must take heed to his ways, and not allow his good to be evil spoken of. He never stood so near the dividing line between what was proper and what was not, that men were not sure where to find him. What he practiced himself he always commended to others, as opportunity presented itself. How often have we listened to his earnest words to young ministers, admonishing them that on the street, in the social circle, everywhere, their conduct should be such as becomes those who are God's representatives.

4. He could skillfully adapt himself to all persons, as well as all occasions. There was a proper dignity which he observed, but an utter absence of pomposity or any attempt at self-glorification. True greatness in the man did not consist in the accessories of wealth, family, or position, but in moral grandeur. Thus he estimated manhood at what it was worth.

He saw generous manhood in the son of toil, who was dark with dust from the furnace, provided he sought to faithfully follow his Master, as well as in the man whose position seemed to win for him the notice of his fellows. There is no need for any false abasement, such as Uriah Heep manifested, nor for any glorification of those whom fortune has specially favored. Having a true and proper idea of the value of men, he knew how to treat each one as was becoming. He could fittingly understand what became the occasion, and how to meet it. So exceedingly happy was he in such adaptation that in General Conferences he was selected to make reply to greetings brought by others, and there are thousands who can testify as to how successfully it was done. He seemed never to be taken by surprise, but, out of his full treasury, always had something witty, something touching, something that seemed especially designed for that moment.

5. He had the courage of his convictions. No man is what he should be unless he does have. A man has no need for mental powers unless he does his own thinking. If he is a man, he must stand for something. In spite of his limited training, Bishop Weaver was a careful, logical thinker. He looked the questions through and through, gathering information from all sources. Having carefully and honestly thought out a conclusion, that was his conclusion. It might not be the right one, but it was the best he had. He was willing and anxious to teach it to others. If opposed, he was ready to defend it.

If shown its error, he would give it up, but no ridicule could drive him from his position.

In his earlier years, he had thought out and published a vigorous protest against freemasonry. He never changed his mind as to its nature; but there came a time when he concluded that the Church was not dealing properly with it. By its action it was crippling itself, but not hurting masonry. Through a wide experience and close observation, he thought out a plan of change. It was no easy thing for a man high in official position to take such a step when the majority of those in authority might take off his official head. When he consulted a friend as to the wisdom of the step he proposed, the friend said, "It is just the thing that should be said, but don't you say it; it will kill you." He did not consider his own relation to the matter at all, but having satisfied himself it was the proper word to be said, he spoke it, and took the consequences. When the Church trials came on, he was taunted again and again by having his early pamphlet thrust in his face, but he took back not a word as to the evil he had opposed. He had changed his mind as to the method of dealing with it by the Church, and he had the courage to say so.

A man once said to Mr. Beecher, "I infer you believe so and so." Mr. Beecher quickly replied: "There is no need of making any inference about it. I make it so plain, no man can make any mistake as to what I think." Bishop Weaver was, as we have shown, a very regular and frequent contributor to

the press, on almost every variety of subject. He never sought to conceal anything, but opened his heart to the Church he loved and over which he presided. We knew exactly what he thought on almost every subject. He believed, and therefore he spoke, and the Church has been blessed by his utterances. He sought to lead it, not to domineer over it; and because it trusted his convictions, his warmth of heart, his honesty of purpose, it followed him.

6. He was a hopeful man, full of a healthy optimism. In an article for the Church paper, in 1887, he says: "I cannot see an inch before me, but I can see a little of the past and present, and it seems to me that the brightest day this world has ever seen since the fall of man is already beginning to dawn. Open your eyes, open them wide. Africa is coming to God. India and Greenland are coming. Torches are blazing in China, in Japan, in Turkey, and in the islands of the sea. There are more Bibles on earth to-day than at any time in the past. Something is coming; just what and how I do not know. Railroads, steamships, the telegraph, telephones, and a thousand other agencies and instrumentalities are made to serve the vast interests of the Church of Christ. Pulpits are thundering all along the line. Evangelists are hurrying here and there; some preaching, some singing, some doing one thing, and some another. Men right out of the gutter are raised up by the process of grace, and are going about preaching Jesus. Women, as if suddenly inspired, are hurrying about, talking, preaching, and singing

salvation by faith in Jesus. Last, but maybe not the least, the Salvation Army, with fife and drum, comes marching along our streets, singing as they go, 'We will walk in the light.' Let them alone, so they win souls to Christ. Fall in line. Something is coming. God is in his church to-day. If you cannot have everything just as you want it, take hold of the best, and press forward."

Thus, his nature was cheery and hopeful. During the dark days of his college agency, however discouraging things may have seemed to him, the Church always got from him the hopeful side. Matters might look a little blue, but we were fully able to go up and possess the land. Dark days never came to him, but that he could see how they could be darker. When clouds began to thicken in our Church troubles, he always kept insisting that if we would obey God, and do his will, he would find out for us a way, and a way was found. Such a disposition was of immense advantage to him in his work of later years, when men more and more looked to him for guidance and help.

7. He had an innocent vein of humor. He inherited this from his father, but it was stronger in him than in his father. It made him a very companionable man. Page after page could be filled with anecdotes and incidents illustrating this. There was nothing unkind or unbecoming in his use of it, but it availed to shed brightness on the trials of life, and helped him often thereby to administer a gentle reproof without using severity.

Some years ago, he held a session of Scioto Conference, near Circleville. One of the preachers from the hill country, in the south, was standing almost in front of the bishop, making his report, which he read with not a little self-consciousness. When he came to the conference collections, he reported eighteen cents collected. Bishop Weaver tapped on the table with his pencil, so as to get his attention, and inquired, apparently very seriously, "Brother, did you get all that in cash, or was part of it in trade?" We can imagine the sensations that pervaded the audience when the preacher answered, in all seriousness, "Bishop, I have it all in solid cash." "Good for you, good for you!" was the bishop's reply.

In 1879, at a session of the Central Illinois Conference, a young preacher was referred to a committee for the manner in which he had been teaching the doctrine of the higher life, and the committee recommended that the chair admonish him. Bishop Weaver straightened himself up, and, after seriously running his eye over the members of the committee, the young man, and the audience, said, very seriously, "My dear brethren, I see only one way out of this trouble, and that is for this young man to hold on to his zeal until his knowledge catches up."

He presided over the White River Conference in 1887. The feeling between the two wings of the Church was quite strong. Some of the more radical members manifested not a little discourtesy to the bishop, but he bore it with a kindly spirit, and, by his good humor and pleasant manner of meeting

them, showed that he was master of the situation. An effort was made to get a resolution through the conference condemning the *Telescope* for selling out to the lodge, and approving the *Conservator*. In his mirthful way, the bishop told the conference he was never exactly satisfied with the *Telescope;* there was always something in it that did not suit him, and he had about made up his mind it never would be the paper it should be, until he became the editor himself.

AS A PREACHER.

He was a great preacher. Many of his hearers have rated him next to Bishop Simpson; not in scholarship, for he made no pretension to this, but in his understanding of his theme and his presentation of it with such warmth of feeling, such genuine simplicity, such entire confidence in its truthfulness, that men listened with admiration, and came again to hear him.

1. He was thoroughly biblical and always evangelical. He did not quote Scripture references so extensively as did Bishop Glossbrenner, many of whose sermons were simply stories of Bible utterances. In his day men believed in a genuine repentance, and a conversion which did not carry with it as its antecedent a goodly amount of "godly sorrow" was looked upon with some uncertainty. To hold up one's hand, and thus indicate that one wanted to live a new life, was all good, but he must follow it up and show its genuineness by falling upon his knees and pouring out his soul before God. In those days,

the kingdom of heaven suffered violence, "and the violent took it by force."

So, in all his pulpit ministrations he never feared to utter "hell to ears polite." He had but one message, which he believed with all his heart, and which he taught to others with all the skill God gave him: Men have fallen from their original estate and are prone to wrong-doing; nothing can bring them back again and fit them for the here and the hereafter but the implantation by the Holy Spirit of a new life. This can be done only when a man repents and forsakes his sin and accepts Christ as his Saviour and guide. The culture of the schools is a good thing, and all should have it, but it will not purify our evil natures and make us children of God, as the condition of the cultured nations of the past only too plainly teaches. The forms and graces of modern civilization carry with them many desirable things, but they are only a thin veneering to cover over a corrupt human nature which divine help alone can purify. He spoke the truth kindly and in love, but never sought to tone down its teachings. From first to last the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ and faith in him, were absolutely essential to human salvation. Nothing had ever been found in the universe of God to take their place. If he should preach any other gospel he would be "anathema maranatha."

2. He was a constant and diligent student. He had no sympathy with indolent men who had no love for study, but who, misinterpreting the divine teaching, opened their mouths and waited for the

Lord to fill them; strange to say, he seldom, if ever, did fill them. Bishop Weaver had tried the same process, but his mouth was empty until he went to work, with God's help, to answer his own prayers. His library was not large, and yet it is surprising, after all, how many books he read. His effort was not so much to find out what other men said about the Scriptures, as what they actually taught. When not at work in the field, he was a student at home. He studied men as well as books. His experience as a college agent so taught him, according to his own statements, that he about knew what was in a man as soon as he saw him. The multiplicity of his communications to the Church paper show him as no idler. He studied men, he studied books, he studied the Bible, he studied his own religious experiences and the experiences of others, and from all of these he gathered a wealth of knowledge that made him a power, under God, in reaching others.

3. He presented truth in a plain English dress, using the simplest words, placing himself on a level with the most humble and lowly of his hearers. He was an adept in the use of the simple words of his mother tongue. An eloquent writer forcibly says: "Words are instruments of music; an ignorant man uses them for jargon; but when a master touches them, they have unexpected life and soul. Some words sound out like drums; some breathe memories as sweet as flutes; some call like a clarionet; some shout a charge like trumpets; some are as sweet as

children's talk; others rich as a mother's answering back. The words which have universal power are those that have been keyed and chorded in the great orchestral chambers of the human heart. Some words touch as many notes at a stroke as when an organist strikes ten fingers upon a keyboard. There are single words which contain life-histories, and to hear them spoken is like the ringing of chimes. He who knows how to touch and handle skillfully the home-words of his mother tongue, need ask nothing of style."

Because of his childlike simplicity and his child heart the little children were his interested listeners. In his "Church History" (page 336), Dr. Berger gives the following incident as illustrative: He preached, one Sabbath, in a Presbyterian Church in Dayton. "An officer in the church related that one Sunday morning, at the breakfast-table, his little daughter, a child of eight years, had asked him who was going to preach that day. On being told Bishop Weaver would preach, she exclaimed, gleefully, 'Oh, then I am going to stay for church. I like to hear him preach. I can understand everything he says.' The sermon was somewhat lengthy that day, and when the gentleman had returned home he asked his daughter whether she did not get tired with the bishop's long sermon. She replied, 'Oh, no, papa, the sermon was not at all long.' The bishop, on that day was in one of his best moods, and the length of the sermon was precisely one hour and thirteen minutes. It would be difficult, perhaps, to give higher

praise to a sermon than such a tribute by a little child."

4. He was a man of retentive and ready memory. This grew out of his close observation. What comes like a flash and for a moment, usually goes the same way. That which we have examined and analyzed until it becomes a part of us usually remains with us. What he once knew he kept ready for use, for he expected some time to draw upon it.

He trusted this to so great an extent that in his later years it led him into peculiar positions. He does not seem to have kept a record as to when and where he preached certain sermons, so trusted his memory alone. He would preach the same sermon over and over to the same conferences; sometimes preach the same sermon to two successive sessions of the same annual conference. Once, at Westerville, he preached on the parable of the ten virgins; he was absent for some weeks, and returned and preached the same sermon again. This occurred from burdening an active memory with things that did not belong to it.

5. He was a ready extempore speaker. His training had all been in this direction. He began when a boy, and cultivated the habit. He began his work when his listeners would not endure written sermons. They would have done little good, for his hearers were not adepts in thinking. What he said must be said simply, and plainly, if not very systematically, and must be enforced by the contact of eye with eye, and by the impulses of a warm heart. The loud

"amen" would tell him whether the truth had taken hold of the intellect and heart of the hearers. We have not been able to find any written sermons among his papers; there are two or three lectures, for these were written to be read, but no sermons. We are not sure that he wrote any. He always advised young men against reading in the pulpit. Such constant practice gave him courage to think on his feet, and his fund of knowledge, elaborated much by his own process of thinking, gave him matter to speak. His sermons show that he was not without a plan, but that plan was held in mind, and not committed to paper. A clergyman once said to the writer that he wrote and then memorized his sermon so well that if a new subject came to him from the outside he could interject it without losing his beaten track. Bishop Weaver had his material at such control that, without writing, he could hold it in place as well as if written, and yet add to it whatever might be suggested when the mind was at fever heat, or what was gathered from the surrounding circumstances.

6. He was very skillful in the use of illustrations. He remembered those he read. He had so trained himself that he found new ones in the world of nature about him, in the men he met, in the incidents of daily life. When he began to preach he found it the easier way to use illustrations. Later years showed it was the more effective way. The Scottish preacher, Dr. Guthrie, who was himself a skillful user of them, says, in substance, if you want to carry a thought home to the heart of the hearer, you must

wing it with an illustration. It seems to make the truth clearer, as well as more impressive.

7. His nature was hopeful and cheery. He wrote, at one time: "While God never intended us to be hilarious, he did intend we should be joyful, if not all the time, at least many times. But some men appear to live so much on the shady side they hardly seem to know there is a bright side. It is well enough to look at a hearse once in a while, but it is not best to be all the time in a funeral procession."

He then proceeds to illustrate with the following incident: "At a social meeting, where Christians were wont to exchange views, a brother arose and gave a dark picture of his life. He had trials, temptations, sorrows, afflictions, and a hard time generally. When he sat down, another brother arose and said: 'I know what is the matter with that brother. He lives down on Complaining Avenue. I lived there myself for many years. The sun never shone there, and I never heard the birds sing. Then, too, I had chills and fever, and something like the gout, all the time. I took blue mass and quinine, and all such stuff, but got worse and worse. So I concluded to move up to Thanksgiving Street, and now I have been living up there for some time. The chills, fever, and even the gout are all gone. My advice is to move up to our street. There are plenty of houses to let, and rent is low and cheap. On Complaining Avenue houses are scarce, and rent is high.'"

8. He had an impressive, not to say a dramatic style of delivery. He had a profound conviction of

the truth of God's Word, having tested it in his own experience, and so presented it as a real thing. In 1886, he preached before the ministers of Western Reserve and Muskingum annual conferences, at a joint session held in Massillon. The opera house had been secured, and some eighteen hundred were present. His text was, "His name shall be called Wonderful." One who heard it says: "His description of the various scenes in the life and death of Christ were so powerful and vivid that he seemed to have perfect control of the minds and feelings of all that vast multitude. At times they were so moved you could not see a dry eye in the house. In picturing some act of Christ, such as the casting of the devils out of the man in the tomb, he made it seem so real that some of the people clapped their hands. When describing the resurrection, many of the people unconsciously arose from their seats and peered toward a point in front of the speaker, as though expecting to see the divine Man arise. Many said that such an effective religious service had never been witnessed in the city of Massillon before."

In the winter of 1858 or 1859, a revival was in progress in the old college chapel in Westerville, Ohio. Bishop Weaver, who then was college agent, and residing in Westerville, preached one evening. Said one who was present: "During the sermon, the congregation became so absorbed with interest that many leaned forward in their seats, with mouths partly opened, to catch every word, and with eyes fixed on the speaker to note every gesture. I have heard thou-

sands of sermons, but never before, nor since, have I seen a whole congregation so completely absorbed as on this occasion. At its conclusion, when seekers were invited, sixty pressed their way to the front, and many were saved that night."

He attended a holiness camp-meeting at Warsaw, Indiana, and, one day, was asked to preach to an audience of from three to four hundred people. Says an eye-witness: "It was one of his ablest efforts. Saints rejoiced and gave God the glory. Dr. Foot, of New York, a great man of God, was so overcome with emotion that he could not speak for a time. Finally he exclaimed, 'Blessed man! I would love to put my arms about him.' Bishop Weaver, overhearing this, arose and said, 'Doctor, I will help you,' and there these two men stood embracing each other, weeping like children." Said Dr. Foot, later, "I have met but few divines in America so simple, yet so profound."

In 1872, he preached before the Auglaize Conference, at a session held in Jay City, Indiana. He was hardly able to sit up and conduct the affairs of the conference, yet, at the urgent request of the members, he consented to try to preach. The party reporting it says: "I never heard him preach such a sermon before. I question if ever a man secured to any greater extent the attention of his audience than did he at this time. The sermon was one full of instruction, of tenderness, of love, of exhortation, of warning. Excepting his bodily health, he was in his best mood as a preacher. This conference never

heard a sermon which made a more lasting impression than did this one."

At a session of one of his conferences, he preached on "Christ's Reception into Glory." Some of the people who were present said, when speaking of the sermon, that while he was describing the ascension of Jesus they could almost see into the heavenly world.

AS A BISHOP.

He was elected a bishop of the Church in 1865, when forty-one years of age, and continued to hold this position, as an active or *emeritus* bishop, until the day of his death, without a single break. Some reasons for such continuous approval on the part of the Church may be found in the following:

1. He had a good knowledge of men. It has been alleged, on the part of some, that his committees were not always well made up; that he would place weak men where strong men should be; that he was not strict in receiving preachers; did not carefully scrutinize their qualifications; was apt to conclude that any man was fit to be licensed who had been recommended by a quarterly conference.

There may have been some foundation for such a charge in his later years, when disease was preying upon him, as it did, more or less, during the last dozen years of his life, but if it were true, it was the result of indifference, rather than inability. He was a man of good observing powers; a diligent, faithful student. His business for years made it necessary to know men. As an agent, he must study them to

make a success, and study them he did. The skill which he manifested during the Church trials shows that he properly estimated the men with whom he came in contact. The very fact that he knew what was in men was one of the things that made him a successful preacher.

The bishop and the writer were, at one time, both trustees of Union Biblical Seminary. It was in its earlier history, when new plans had to be adopted and new measures set on foot. Some new plan had been proposed, and there had been a discussion on both sides. One brother, prominent in Church councils, had opposed the suggested measure, showing the difficulties to be encountered in carrying forward the proposed plan. Before the matter was finally settled, the board adjourned for the day. As the members were passing out, Brother Weaver took the arm of the writer, and, with the last speech still in his mind, said, in subdued tones, "Did you ever see as skillful a man as Brother W. to show how things cannot be done?" That one statement revealed the conservative nature of the man.

2. He had a peace-loving nature. He was not a quarrelsome man. He was an excellent hand to adjust difficulties or misunderstandings. His high Christian character and his pleasant vein of humor opened for him the way to human hearts. He never enjoyed troubles among the laity or the preachers, and did his best to allay them. He found it necessary to reprove, but he did it in such a way as not to arouse bitter or angry feelings.

While attending Walla Walla Conference, at one time, there was not a little fault-finding with each other on the part of some of the ministers. The bishop bore it as long as he could, and then, leaving the chair, he pulled his pantaloons down over his shoes, straightened himself up to his full height, and said, "Brethren, I don't think it is just right to lay a man on the conference table and then carve him to pieces." He followed this with some well-chosen suggestions, to which all agreed save one man, who wanted to talk further; but he suddenly ceased when the bishop said, very kindly, "Brother, please sit down." Some one present remarked, "If I had to be beheaded, of all men on earth I should want the bishop to be the executioner, for it would be as near painless as possible."

In helping to adjust some of the troubles in this conference, he told the brethren that those who were strong should bear the infirmities of the weak. They must not "beat the sheep," even if they had gone astray. A brother who was severely criticising those who were too demonstrative, said, by way of enforcing his opinion, "My father told me an empty wagon always made more noise than one loaded." The bishop interrupted by saying, "Brother John, that depends on what the wagon is loaded with." Brother John sat down, and the splendid generalship of the bishop soon brought about a fair degree of harmony among the brethren.

Rev. George Muth, a member of White River Conference, was always ready to deal a blow at secret

societies, whether the time was opportune or not. While an itinerant was on the floor answering the questions of the bishop, Muth could hardly wait to make his accustomed speech. Bishop Weaver presided over this conference in 1877, and kindly told Brother Muth he must wait until the resolutions came up, and then he could talk. At the appointed time, the bishop said, "Now, Father Muth, you can make your speech." Muth was nettled that he had been delayed so long, and quickly answered, "I 'll not speak to please you." "Well," remarked the bishop, very tenderly, "if that is the case, we will have to get along without it."

During the year 1888, after the election had been held, he felt moved to write the following: "Within a few days I have received a number of bills of election for delegates. Instead of sending them to the tellers in their own conferences, they send them to me. What are the preachers about on their fields of labor? Why do they not announce to the congregation who these tellers are? It is just too bad that ministers in charge of fields of labor do not instruct their members along these lines. There are some men who have not read half there is in our Discipline. Should such men be sent to take charge of fields of labor? They are simply fit to be sent home, provided some one could be sent to accompany them to show them the way. Am I wrong in thus blaming these ministers? Somebody is to be blamed, and who is it? Where ministers are wide-awake, these blunders do not occur. Why mention this? Some of

our ministers and members need to be waked up. Almost half our ministers come to conference with imperfect reports. They will dream around on their circuits, stations, or missions a whole year, and then come to conference, and for their lives they could not tell how many members they left on their charge. Why write this up? Most of these drony preachers do not read the *Telescope*. Maybe they do not take it."

3. He was a progressive man. The man for the times must not only hold fast to the truth already received, but must keep his mind generously open to all new truth. He must stand on solid ground, but whenever he finds sure footing ahead of him he must take a step in advance. Bishop Weaver's mind was duly conservative, but was progressive. He was not so wedded to old forms and old ceremonies that he could not exchange them for new ones that were better. He had no inordinate reverence for the past. He lived in the present, with his face to the future. The fathers were no more pious, or honest, or intelligent than were their children. He believed we should do as they did, adapt ourselves to our surroundings, and study God's providences as revealed to us to-day.

As a specimen of his forecast, we quote the following, written in the fall of 1888: "Shall women preach? must be settled in the churches in the near future. Changes in church polity are crowding one upon the other in nearly all the evangelical churches. That denomination which determines to hold to its

polity of a hundred years ago will be left behind in the great struggle to win this world to Christ. New light on old truths is being developed. Problems that were seen in the distance fifty years ago are now being solved. New agencies and new instrumentalities not thought of a while ago, are being used to very great advantage in diffusing light and knowledge. Women are coming to the front, and no power on earth can prevent it. In the temperance reform they are head and shoulders above the men. In the missionary field they are side by side with the men. In the courage to face danger, and in the faith and love to make sacrifices for Christ, they are not a whit behind their brothers. Shall they be licensed to preach? If not, why not? Are they lacking in piety, in zeal, or in intelligence? Do the Scriptures forbid it? If so, where? They are knocking at the doors of our conferences, shall we answer, 'Stay out,' or, 'Come in'? I am not a prophet, but it is my deliberate opinion that the General Conference which shall open the way to admit women into the ministry will go down to history loved and honored by the Church." This was done by the Conference which met the following year—1889.

4. He had a judicial mind and was a skillful parliamentarian. He also had a kind heart, which made him want to deal fairly with all. During the General Conference at Westfield, Illinois, 1877, a question was before the Conference, and, after some debate, it was moved to amend. A little further on, some one offered an amendment to the amendment,

and, later still, another a substitute for the whole proposition. A brother arose who was not well versed in parliamentary law; he was a new man, and was now quite bewildered as to the situation. Bishop Weaver was presiding at that time. The man was small of stature, had sore eyes, and withal was quite diffident. He said, in a low tone, "Mr. Cheerman!" Bishop Weaver was counseling with the other bishops about some matter, and did not hear him. He spoke a little louder, "Mr. Cheerman!" The third time he spoke a little louder still, "Mr. Cheerman!" Bishop Weaver, having completed his talk, turned to the member and said, "What is it, Brother J.?" Brother J. answered, "I just riz up to know whether I was right in my mind." This answer brought down the house with a sort of impromptu explosion. Not so with the chairman, however. There was not the semblance of a smile on his face, and if the brother had been the most prominent member of the Conference, the bishop could not have treated him more courteously. Rapping for order, he said, in a most deferential and brotherly tone, "The question, Brother J., is"—and then proceeded to state the whole question in detail, so he could understand it. An official of the English Parliament could not have done a more courteous and brotherly act than did the bishop on this occasion. As a presiding officer, it was his business to protect the weakest member of the body.

At a meeting of the Board of Missions, at Westfield, a question came up concerning some mission

work, and Bishop Weaver being in the chair, gave a certain decision. D. K. Flickinger, the Secretary of the Mission Board, did not want it that way, and so finally concluded to appeal from the chair. Bishop Weaver called Bishop Edwards to take his place, while he went on the floor to defend his action. After some discussion, the vote was taken as to whether the chair should be sustained, and it was a tie vote. Edwards was perplexed, but had to make a decision, so finally said, although he disliked to do so, "But if it was with my own mother, I must decide against the chair," which he did.

A year went by, and another meeting occurred at Baltimore. Bishop Edwards was in the chair, and Bishop Weaver was present, but too sick to take any active part in the proceedings. A similar question came up, and was decided precisely as Bishop Weaver had done, one year before. It was such a surprise to the bishop, after his previous experience, that, sick as he was, he managed to get the floor, and expressed his great pleasure in hearing Bishop Edwards decide as he did.

Bishop Weaver helped to make some needful changes. It had been an old-time custom to have the preacher read his report, and then the bishop would himself copy it on his chart. This caused no little delay and a great waste of time, which might be given to more important business. When he was elected bishop, the plan of having a statistical secretary selected, who could copy all these on the chart, and thus save time and labor, was adopted. The other bishops,

for a time, held on to the "good old way," but finally indorsed his innovation.

He had a little tilt with Bishop Glossbrenner on a point of order. It was the custom with some of the bishops, when a report was made, and amendments made thereto, to allow any one who wished to move to lay the amendment on the table, and if the vote was in the affirmative, it was done. When Bishop Weaver came to take the chair (at Lebanon), a case came up, and he decided this could not be done. If they laid the amendment on the table, it took the whole paper. Bishops Edwards and Glossbrenner finally accepted his interpretation.

Bishop Glossbrenner had been accustomed to receive men from other churches who had not been ordained, without requiring them to receive ordination from us. Bishop Weaver felt that every minister, either before coming to us, or afterwards, should be ordained by the laying on of hands. At the Westfield General Conference, he secured a change in our legislation, requiring that all henceforth who come to us without ordination shall be ordained.

5. He possessed a genuine Christian character. He followed Paul's advice to Timothy: "Be thou an ensample to them that believe, in word, in manner of life, in love, in faith, in purity. . . . Take heed to thyself, and to thy teaching. Continue in these things; for in doing this thou shalt save both thyself and them that hear thee. . . . Fight the good fight of the faith, lay hold on the life eternal, whereunto thou wast called, and didst confess the

good confession in the sight of many witnesses. . . . Keep the commandment, without spot, without reproach, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ." He sought to know and to do the Master's will. He belonged not to himself, but to God. The gospel which he preached to others, he sought to live in his own life. The experiences which he commended to them were such as he had passed through. He would put no burdens on others which he was not himself willing to endure. There are thousands in the city where he lived, and who witnessed his daily walk, who will attest their belief in his devoted life. Not but that he had weaknesses and imperfections, as have most men, but he held before him daily the divine ideal, and faithfully sought to measure up to it.

6. He had faith in God, in the gospel, in men, and in himself. He

> "Never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
> Never doubted clouds would break;
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
> Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake."

He had his trials, and disappointments, and perplexities, as have others, but he never speaks as a discouraged man. During the troublous times that came to the Church, he never doubted that if we sought divine guidance, we would be led into light. Speaking as to the result of the election on the adoption of the revised constitution, he says: "There never was a time in the history of any denomination when

every member was fully satisfied with everything, and no one need expect it in time to come. The bright side of this question is that God is, and will be, in years to come. If everything is not just as we want it, we should thank God it is no worse, and push the battle on."

He related this statement concerning Frederick Douglass, as illustrating how we should be hopeful and cheerful:

Douglass was in a community where the colored people met to talk over their unfortunate condition. "He was sad, and so were many that were present. But in the midst of their conversation, an old colored woman, who had more faith than the rest, commenced to clap her hands and sing with a will, composing the song as she went along, and, at the end of each verse, the words were, 'The tighter the hoop the sooner it will burst, glory hallelujah!' Mr. Douglass said he was ashamed of himself, and from that time on he labored in hope and with good cheer."

Paul, in writing to the Corinthian brethren, gives a list of some of the most abominable vices of which men could be guilty, and says that these "shall not inherit the kingdom of God." He immediately adds that "such were some of you, but ye were washed, but ye were sanctified, but ye were justified in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the Spirit of our God." Bishop Weaver believed the gospel was the power of God to save the world, and that no one strayed so far away by wicked works that this gospel could not regenerate his heart and make him a saint

of God. This may have been one of the reasons why he was so earnest and devoted a supporter of the missionary work. He knew these godless people were sunken in ignorance and crime, but the gospel which could save filthy and lascivious Corinthians could save them.

Nor did he lose faith in man. Individual men deceived him. Men who entered the ministry with good prospects of success made shipwreck and went down in the swelling waters. He found designing men, who would use the Church as a stepping-stone to power and their own personal aggrandizement; but, after making all necessary allowances, the great body of the common people were worthy of his confidence. They aimed to deal justly with their fellows. Many of them responded to his earnest appeals for better living. Their homes and hearts were open to him. He used to say, smilingly, that he had but little of this world's goods, but there were hundreds of homes where he could enter; as many good beds where he could sleep; as many tables where he could sit and eat bountifully, and all furnished at other people's expense.

He trusted himself; not his scholarship, nor his own evil heart, for these were treacherous, but his own honesty of purpose and disposition to honor God. In early life, God had called him, and he had answered. He had committed his all to God, and so he had led him. He had promoted him from one position to another. He had blessed his ministry, and given him souls for his hire. True, he had led him in

deep valleys and over rough mountains, but he had been protected. God had called him to a work in the Church, and it was his business to trust God. Thus trusting him and his gospel, and the children he had made, he pushed forward, becoming a co-worker with the Master in saving a lost world.

7. In his administration, he was cool and thoughtful, never acting under excitement. This was one of his most admirable traits as a presiding officer. If matters became a little exciting in conference, he would say, "Well, just wait a little and let us look at it"; and he soon found a way. He had a tact and skill, which, with a little pleasantry, soon found a way out of nearly every difficulty. He had prepared himself for his work, had a rich and varied experience to draw from, and could adapt himself to his surroundings. He was at times called on to make responses, almost without a moment's warning, and while happier in his method at some times than at others, he was never confused. Controlling himself, he could control his audiences. He did not become excited and lose his balance when matters came to fever heat, but a little pleasantry, a kind word, and all would run smoothly again.

A little incident occurred at the General Conference in Dayton, in 1873, which is typical of many others that could be given. The first week of the Conference was about to close. It was Saturday afternoon, and some of the members residing near the city had appointments for the Sabbath. One brother had arranged for a quarterly meeting on that day, and

was anxious to get away promptly, so as to get to the train that would carry him to his place of destination. Others were waiting like favors, and it was a little difficult to get prompt recognition. This brother had emphasized the fact two or three times that he could get back on Monday morning within an hour after the Conference resumed work. When he had been excused, and Bishop Weaver, who was in the chair, had announced it, he then said, in his droll way, "I guess the General Conference can get along without you *for one hour,* brother." The members of the conference smiled.

During our troubles on the secrecy question, he was holding a session of the Michigan Conference, which was understood to be quite radical. It was voted by the conference, although the bishop sought to dissuade them from so doing, that he ask every member of the conference whether he was in sympathy with our Discipline, whether he had enforced it during the year, and would do so if employed during the coming year. After listening to some flaming speeches, the bishop, in substance, said: "If you think this is about what you want, I will comply with your request, and all will be required to answer. You will, however, not proceed far until you will find that it is not what you want." Intimations were made that probably the bishop was weakening on the vexed question, but he waited his turn. The elders made their reports, were asked the questions, and then one of the circuit preachers was called, and made a good report, which was complimented by both

bishop and elder. When these special questions were put to him, he frankly said that he was not in sympathy with the law, had not enforced it, and his elder had advised him not to do so. This brought the elder to his feet, who said this was a "special case." It soon developed that nearly every field had a "special case," and it was not a little amusing to watch the bishop's face as he put these questions, and saw how men were falling into pits prepared for others.

As was said of another, so we say of him: "We have hardly begun to understand how great a character he was. No man is ever rated at his true value while he is still in this body. The glare of many commonplaces hides his virtues or exaggerates his foibles, but, seen through the tears of a fresh sorrow, his faults are veiled, and he becomes for the hour the paragon of excellencies. But as the days and the months pass away, prejudices and prepossession alike are weakened, the illusions of love and hate disappear, and the soul of the really great nature, clearing itself of all that was accidental, stands revealed more and more, defining itself in its true proportions—those which are destined to stand and endure as characteristic of the man. There is a revelation which comes to us when this mortal puts on immortality, without which we can scarcely see our friends as they are. There was a deep meaning in the words of Jesus to his friends, 'It is expedient for you that I go away.' "

"He was a man cast in such generous mold
Of body, brain, and conscience, heart and soul,
That if till now we never had been told
Of an eternal life and perfect good
Beyond the verge of this our mortal space,
Straightway of such we should conceive and dare
Believe it builded in God's boundless grace,
After this man's great fashion, high and fair."

SERMONS.

Change Yokes.

[Delivered at Oak Street United Brethren Church, February 12, 1888.]

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light" (Matt. 11: 29, 30).

For a number of evenings, I have spoken to the people here, but mostly to the unsaved, and to-day I want to talk more particularly to those who profess to be Christ's disciples, and, if possible, give some words of advice and instruction to those who recently have started out in this blessed cause.

It is a very easy matter for any of us, the very best of us, to be mistaken. We often make mistakes. I suppose if the history of our lives were closely written, the book would contain more mistakes than anything else—mistakes in judgment and in acts, of one sort and another. We are not always guilty or criminal because we make mistakes, but it is on account of our limited knowledge. The apostle has put it in this way, "We see through a glass, darkly." We see in part, and only in part. We have glimpses; we see part of a truth, but not all of it. We know, or may know, something of a good many things, but the very best of us do not know all about anything.

There is always something more to know about anything, no matter what it is, that we undertake to investigate; and it seems to me that our greatest danger lies along this line where truth and error come very close together—so close that often they really overlap each other, so that we cannot find just the line between the truth and error; and right along there we are most apt to make mistakes. For instance: I do not need to stand here and try to prove to you that you are a free agent, that you have what we call the power of volition. You feel that; you know that; and because we feel it and know that we are free agents, that we have the right and the power to choose between this and that, we sometimes conclude that we are out-and-out freemen. Therefore, when we ask men and women to become Christians, to accept of the Lord Jesus Christ, they object, because they think it will be the sacrifice of their freedom, the sacrifice of their volition. They seem to imagine that to become a Christian is to sell out their manhood or their womanhood. Now, it is true that we are in a sense freemen, that we have the power of volition, and yet not one of us can claim absolute freedom. Men that read this text read the words of Jesus, for these are the words of Jesus. He says, "Take my yoke upon you." They say: "I do not choose to accept of Christ's propositions; I do not choose to put my neck under a yoke; that would be sacrificing my freedom, and I do not propose to bow myself and become thus subject to another." And they straighten themselves up and say,

"See here! I am free, and to become a Christian is to put my neck under a yoke." Well, now, that is not what Christ is talking about at all. You miss the whole thought of the Lord Jesus when you take that position. He is not talking to you as though you were absolutely free, for it is not so. He does not ask you whether you wear a yoke or not; mind that. That is what you think, possibly, the Saviour means, but it is not so. Christ's proposition, if properly understood, is simply this, *Change yokes.* That puts it in a very different light. Christ's proposition to you is to change yokes. Why, the very language of Christ is, "Take *my* yoke upon you"; and the reason why he advises you to change yokes is, "for my yoke is easy and my burden is light" compared with that other yoke. The fact is, that every man and woman in this room to-day is under a yoke—every one; and it is a choice between yokes; that is all. It is Christ's yoke or the devil's yoke. "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are," and you are this day the servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, or you are the servants of the wicked one. You have upon you this day Christ's yoke, or you have upon you this day and now the devil's yoke, and Christ wants you to change yokes. Put off that yoke, that galling, heavy yoke, and take Christ's yoke, which is easy compared with that other yoke which you have been wearing all these years.

Christian men and women do not always talk just as they ought to talk; they are not always as careful as they ought to be in giving expression to their feel-

ings. Men talk about their Christian life, and, somehow or other, there are Christian men and Christian women—I think they are Christians; I think they are good, but they are over on the shady side most of the time; and when they talk they have more to say about their trials and their troubles and their difficulties than about anything else. Oh, what a wonderful fight they do have to get on at all! and it is all about their troubles and their crosses and their difficulties and hardships. Unconverted men and women hearing them conclude, "Well, if it is such a terrible thing to be a Christian, I do not choose to be a Christian." You make the wrong impression on the minds of those that are about you. They do not know how to analyze this language of yours; they do not know what to make of it. They conclude that it must be a terribly hard thing to be a Christian, if it is such a fight as that. Now, I want to tell you, so that you will never forget, just what is the trouble with you—that is, you that have so much to say about your trials and crosses and difficulties and hardships. I want to put it into your minds and into your hearts, so that you will never forget it. I do not doubt that you are telling the truth from where you are. Your trouble is not in the weight of the yoke; not in the weight of the burden. Your trouble is in not having the yoke of Christ on straight. The yoke is made to fit straight, and if you get it on a little awry, it will chafe you; and if it feels heavy to you, and if it chafes you and galls you, take it for granted that your yoke is not on straight. I will put the words of Jesus

against the words of the whole world, and when Jesus says, "My yoke is easy," it is so. Heaven and earth will pass away, and the very throne of God fall, if that word fails. He says it is light, and so it is; and if it is not light to you, you have not got it on straight.

Now, the question comes: What about getting on the yoke of Christ straight? How may I do this? How can I do it? What does it imply? What does it include? Well, I will tell you. To put on the yoke of Christ as it ought to be put on is to accept of Christ's religion for all there is of it and all there is in it—the whole business from first to last; and you will never get on smoothly and pleasantly and nicely until you do voluntarily and understandingly accept of Christ and his religion for all there is in it and for all there is of it. But you ask: "How may I do this? How can I get to him? I want to get there. I want to take Christ and his religion for all there is in it; what must I do that I may reach that point?" I know of no better way; I know of no other way under the heavens than to make a full, complete, and unreserved consecration; in the same way and at the same time and at the same place gather up all you have and all you are and put it on the blessed, sacred altar, and then leave it there. But I say to you, it will cost you something of a struggle. It does not need to be very emotional; does not need to be very intellectually or intelligently thoughtful. Just go to God on your knees; it may be in the church; it may be in your chamber; it may be on the street; it may be anywhere, no matter where. When-

ever you can, just simply gather up your all and put it on the altar, and leave it there; that is the thing to do. The happiest man or happiest woman outside of heaven is that man or that woman who has all on the altar, who can feel, my soul, my body, my life, my time, my talent, my influence, my reputation, my character, my everything is on the altar. When you put everything on the altar, it will bring you into quite another realm. And I say to these young Christians, See to it right soon that you gather up your little all and put it on the altar, and that will bring you into another realm.

I will tell you where we are living most of the time—once in a while we get out of it; but most of the time we are living down on that low, marshy, swampy plain called the plain of Duty. There is a good deal of chills and fever, and quite a good deal of ague down there. It is not the place for us to live. It is the region of duty; and I wonder, now, if I will not come in the neighborhood of some of your experiences. Men and women do what they do for Christ, usually, because they feel it their duty. They pray because they feel it is their duty to pray; they go to church because they feel it is their duty to go to church; they will talk, once in a while, because they feel it is their duty to speak occasionally, and they will sing because they feel that it is their duty to sing; and, the fact is, if you come right down to the last analysis, that the great body of Christian men and women to-day are on that line. They are doing what they do because they feel it is their duty.

Preachers preach sometimes because they say they feel that it is their duty, and it is pretty dry preaching, too. And when men pray simply because they feel that it is their duty, it is a dry prayer; and the whole service and the whole affair from beginning to end is dry. Where shall we go to get out of that low land upon the table-lands, where we shall do what we do for God and his cause because we are up there? There is that heaven on earth—the heaven of love. It is the same kind that you will find up yonder. It is that by which angels are moved. Jesus did not come to this world because it was his duty. Bless you, no; he came to save us, because he loved us. It was love that moved the great heart of God to promise his Son. It is love from beginning to end; and that is precisely where you and I ought to be, and the sooner we can get there the better it will be for us. We shall then do what we do because we love to do it. When you get into the realm of love you will see a wonderful difference between that and the low land of duty. At some time in your lives some of you may have been going along through a field, in summer, and become very thirsty, and there was a well in the field, and a pump; and you went to it and took hold of the handle and worked with all your might; it would not do anything much but squeak. If you could get a little water and prime it, and then pump very hard, you would get just a little, sickly stream out of it—that is all you could get. That represents the Christian that lives on the plain of duty. You have to pump and work, and there is

not much when you get out all they have. But the one that lives in the realm of love is just like an ever-flowing fountain, just gushing right out of the soul all the time. Oh, to serve God and to work for God because we love to is a heaven on earth! Love sets our hearts in a flame if we get into this realm. I know of but one way to get there—that is full, complete, and entire consecration. We preach consecration, pray consecration, and talk consecration, but it is another thing to do it. It is just to feel that everything is on the blessed altar.

God works through means. I do not say that he necessarily does so, but he does, nevertheless; that is God's way. Now, if you want God to help you, and if you want God to hear you when you pray, you must put everything at his disposal—everything. God works through means, through instrumentalities, and when you put everything at his disposal, God can work through these means and through these instrumentalities and through these agencies and get to your heart, and bless you and help you and do you good. You have prayed with all the soul and heart you have, and yet, some way, your prayer has not been answered; maybe it was because you did not put everything at God's disposal, so that he could bring to your heart the relief you sought.

But now, having put everything on the altar, having put the yoke of Christ on properly, what then? Jesus says, "Ye shall find rest unto your souls." And now I want to talk just a short time about this soul rest. There is a kind of paradox here, I know; there

seems to be a kind of contradiction; but, nevertheless, it is just as the Master said. How it is that a man or woman can find rest under a yoke, might be the question, but we know that there are such paradoxes in the Holy Scriptures. Jesus taught us that if we want to go up we must get down—"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." The way to get up is to get down; the way to find soul rest is to get under the yoke of the Lord Jesus Christ; and under the yoke of Christ you will find a perfect rest from condemnation. No man can rest while his conscience troubles him. No man can find inner rest as long as he is conscious that he is under condemnation; it is utterly impossible. We must be free from condemnation before we can rest. Under the yoke of Christ you find rest from condemnation. Then, you will find rest under the yoke of Christ from fear; that is, from that kind of fear that is torment. The apostle speaks of a fear that is torment that makes us restless, keeps us continually unhappy; but under the yoke of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall find a perfect rest from all that slavish and tormenting fear. Under the yoke of Christ, furthermore, you will find the rest of contentment. I think I ought to spend a minute or two on this, because many Christians trouble themselves and worry themselves when there is no need of it. We bring a great deal of wretchedness to our hearts and to our homes for want of this spirit of contentment. There is such a state. Paul says, "Godliness with contentment is great gain." Now, what godliness without content-

ment might be, I do not know; the apostle does not tell us anything about it. Indeed, I doubt if there can be such a thing as godliness without contentment. The apostle says, "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content"; and, further, we are taught that in whatever condition he was placed he had learned to be content; so there is such a state of grace—and now, to explain it to you so that you do not get on the wrong side of it. I do not mean by this contentment that we are simply to sit down and do nothing, and thereby try to bring contentment to our souls. I mean that men or women shall do the very best they can do, the best they know how to do, and then it is their privilege to be contented with their lot, with the consciousness that they have done the best they can do. But do not try to force yourself into a state of contentment, with the consciousness that you are not doing the best you know how; it only comes to that soul that is in the line of doing—doing this and doing that, according to the very best light and information it may have. We reason wrong all the time. We are miserable philosophers. The fact is, we are not worthy the name of philosophers. We look about us, and we are always looking about us rather than in, and we see along every road, almost, persons whose circumstances, we imagine, are ever so much better than ours. We say, "Oh, if I were just fixed like that man, or like that woman, if I just had things around me like that one and this one, then I would be happy." We bring ourselves to a state of disquiet and discontent, because our sur-

roundings are not as the surroundings of somebody else. Now, why not look along the other line a little, once in a while, and see if there are not those with whom we would not exchange circumstances? Are there not those worse off still than we are? Why, instead of looking around and bringing to ourselves wretchedness, because we imagine somebody else is in better circumstances than we, we ought to go on thanking God that it is as well with us as it is; that it is no worse than it is. One cold morning, a man was fretting and worrying himself within an inch of his life, almost, because he had no shoes worth anything, and no money; and he was wretchedly miserable because of his circumstances, and ready to say that no man in this world has as hard a lot as he had. While he was fretting and worrying, a team came along, and in the wagon was a man that had no feet at all; his feet had been taken off. "Well," he said to himself, "after all, I am better off than that man. If he had ever so much money, and ever so many pairs of shoes, he would have no feet to put them on. I would rather have these old shoes and these feet than to have no feet at all." Look about you, friends; things are almost even in this world. One has pleasure, maybe, in one way, and you can have it in some other way. If we have a mind to make it so, we will come out about even. Bless your life, you need not sit down and fret because your environments are not such as you would select. They are a thousand times better than we deserve; and we just ought to go on thanking God

day in and day out that we are as well circumstanced as we are. I say to you, friends, under the yoke of the Lord Jesus Christ there is such blessed soul rest, if you enter into it, that I defy the circumstances with which you are surrounded to make you miserable. They cannot do it. An old lady, whose husband and children were all dead, and who had not an earthly relative that she knew of, was very poor in this world, and the neighbors took pity on her finally and took her to the poorhouse, and placed her in a little room by herself. She was old and frail and feeble, but seemed to be perfectly contented and perfectly happy all the time. A gentleman who frequently visited the poorhouse, passing along the hall, looked into that little room where this old lady was lying on her cot, so quiet and so calm. Every once in a while he thought he noticed a smile that would light up her old wrinkled face. One day, he, out of curiosity, thought he would turn in and talk with her; and he sat down by her cot, and said, "I have noticed you here for some time, and I have been wondering how it is and why it is, with these surroundings, that you can be so calm and so quiet and so contented." She looked up into his face, and an unearthly smile lit up her old, wrinkled brow. "O sir," said she, "I am just thinking all the time what a change it will be from the poorhouse to heaven." Don't you see that under the yoke of Christ there is that blessed contentment, that quiet, and peace, and contentment that the environments cannot destroy? They cannot throw it off. Bless your precious lives!

we can enter it to-day; we can find it to-day; do the best we can, and then be contented and happy. But Peter presents it more beautifully than I could, if I were to study for a lifetime, and he presents it in such language that it seems to me it just ought to fill our souls. He says, "Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."

To illustrate my thought concerning this soul rest, just let me have a minute or two on this beautiful text that Peter gives us. "Casting all"—but it takes a great deal of faith to do it; and yet there is a power in faith in the Lord Jesus Christ that will enable the soul to do just this thing—to cast all its care upon Jesus; and the beauty of it, it seems to me, lies upon this line. Now, there are some things that you and I will never know unless we learn them in the school of experience. I do not care how fine schooling you have had, I do not care how thoroughly you may have been instructed, there are lessons that no man or woman outside of heaven will learn except as they learn them in the school of experience. Let me illustrate: Perhaps you have gone to a neighbor's house just about the time that death entered that house. Your sympathies were enlisted. You sat down with them and watched with them, maybe, till death had done its work, and then you turned to the bereaved ones and said such words of comfort and consolation as you could; and your sympathies became so much enlisted that you thought you felt it almost as keenly as they felt it. I have had such experiences, when my sympathies were enlisted so

that I thought I felt it as keenly as they did. But, see here! Do you remember when death came to your own house, and you had to sit down by your own bed, that there came to your heart an experience that you never knew till then? You thought you knew; you did not, you could not know till it came right to your own door, to your own home. I remember, thirty-five years ago, one bright Sabbath morning, I was asked to preach at the funeral of a young married lady. She had been married only two or three months. She was a member of my congregation, and I remember how my feelings were enlisted in sympathy with that young husband; so much so that it was very difficult for me to get on with the services. When I buried that young wife from his side, it seemed as though it would break his heart; and I remember how my own heart was all torn, it seemed to me, to shreds. As I turned away from that grave, I thought I felt it as he did; I thought it was not possible for any one to feel it more than I did. But, on the next Sabbath morning, just as the day dawned, death came in at my own window and laid his cold hand upon my young wife; and I sat down by the side of my own bed and learned that morning what I never knew before, what I never could have known.

Now, the use I want to make of that is this: Jesus knows by experience what it is to live in this world. He has been here. He knows all about it; and when you go to Jesus to cast your burden upon him, you go to one who knows by experience what it is to live here. Oh, I wish I could lead you this morning

to go to him, if you have a single trouble, if you have a single sorrow, or a single grief. Just look at it; there is one that will comfort you. The tempter will be after you, directly. Yes; the tempter will come. He will pursue you with all vengeance; but when the tempter comes you go and tell Jesus all about it, and if you listen, the ear of your soul will catch the blessed answer, "Child, I know what sore temptations mean, for I have felt the same." Grief stirs your heart; go and tell it to Jesus, and he will whisper back to your soul, "Child, I know what sorrows are, for I was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." He pressed every inch of ground you will have to press between this and heaven. Peter understood it, and he said, "Go and cast all your care upon him, for he careth for you." He has been here; he knows by experience what it is to be here; and, therefore, when you go to him with your aching, troubled, bleeding heart, you go to one that is in full sympathy with you, casting all your cares upon him. Not the great ones, but all—every one. Go to Jesus. I could not recommend to you anything better than to do as John's disciples did. You remember that John was cast into prison, and after a while he was beheaded; and John's disciples, learning that sad fact, obtained permission, as I suppose, to go to the prison. At all events, they went, and gathered up his headless body and took it away and buried it; and then what did they do? They went and told Jesus. They could not have done anything better. So, when sorrows come, and temptations, when trials

or afflictions come, it is no sin to tell it to your neighbor and friend, but go first and tell it to Jesus, for there is no one in the universe that knows so well how to help you and how to sympathize with you as the Lord Jesus. Oh, we need to enter into closer communion with him. We need to get right up close to him, so that we feel the pulsations of his great, warm, throbbing heart; and if you live there, you will find continuing and perpetual soul rest.

This soul rest that the believer finds under the yoke of Christ is a rest in trouble. It seems so strange, and yet it is so. It may be that some one of you was in the army. If you were not, you have doubtless read of men who had fought hard all day, and when night came could not go back in camp, for the battle was not yet decided. They simply had to stay right on the field where they fought; but they were weary and exhausted; and many a poor soldier lay down on his arms and slept soundly, and maybe dreamed of home, though it were a thousand miles away. He rested, but it was a rest in trouble. So, in like manner, the Christian with his armor on may find soul rest on the field, and have patience and have contentment, and then a better home that may be to us, apparently, far away. Under the yoke of Christ, I insist upon it, believers will find perpetual rest, and this soul rest is but the Sabbath dawn. There comes after this that everlasting rest.

Now, see to it, Christians, that you have the yoke on properly. If you feel that it is on a little crooked, this day, before the sun goes down, go to God in con-

secration; see that you have the yoke on right, and then, to-night, or to-morrow night, or whenever you have an opportunity, you will say, to the honor of the Lord Jesus Christ, "His yoke is easy." I find it so. May he bless us.

Winning Souls.

[Preached at Grand Rapids, Michigan, September 2, 1894.]

"He that winneth souls is wise" (Prov. 11:30). "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever" (Dan. 12:3). "Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins" (Jas. 5:20).

I have read these three verses because they bear directly on the same thought. I shall aim to call your attention to a few practical thoughts suggested by the reading of these several scriptures.

The first thought that would naturally suggest itself is concerning the immortality and the future existence of the soul. Is it all of life to live here? Is there anything beyond what we see and know in this life? In other words, does death end all? Now, I have not time nor strength nor disposition to argue this question at length. I only wish to call your

attention to a few thoughts with which we are very familiar, in evidence of the immortality and future existence of the soul. It seems to me our own consciousness ought to settle the question beyond all reasonable controversy. We can overcome logical arguments, maybe; we may be able to overcome metaphysical arguments, but to overcome the argument arising from our consciousness is beyond our power. Whether we are well settled in mind as to what conscience is, is not material; there is something about us that we recognize, or call consciousness, and we cannot get away from ourselves. You believe, and you cannot help it, that there is something remaining for man after this life, and those who go about arguing against the immortality of man, and in favor of his materiality alone, are simply arguing with their own consciousness, trying to make themselves believe what they know to be untrue. If there was not another argument in all the range of human thought in proof of man's future existence, the fact of his present dissatisfaction would be altogether sufficient. If man is altogether mortal, there ought to be enough in this material world to fully and completely satisfy him. Now, we are in the habit of using the word "satisfied," but, carrying it to the last analysis, we have no right to use that word; for I seriously doubt if it is possible for any man or woman to reach a position in this life when they can truthfully say, "I am satisfied." You may be contented, and ought to be when you are conscious of doing the best you can, but to be satisfied is another thing.

One would think, from the many promises that God had given to Israel concerning the land of Canaan, its richness, its beauty, its excellency, that it ought to have satisfied them; but with all the glorious representations of that goodly land that the Israelites heard, they were not satisfied. You read Paul, in Hebrews, eleventh chapter, and you will find this language, in full view of Canaan, with all its richness, with its fruits and milk and honey, and the wholesome water—with a full view of it, Paul says, "But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."

One would think that Haman ought to have been satisfied when he was next to the king in authority. He was a man held in great honor among the people; he rode the king's horse; was arrayed in the richest of robes; almost everybody bowed to Haman as he rode along the streets everywhere, because he was second only to the king. And so Queen Esther made a banquet, to which she invited the king and Haman alone. He was wonderfully elated over it, and with the king he banqueted with the queen, and at the close she invited them to the banquet on the following day. He went home and told his wife, called his relatives, called them all about him, and told of his riches and his honor and of his glory, and, "What do you think? To-morrow Queen Esther invites the king and me, us two and no more, to banquet with her." Do you not think, under the circumstances, that he ought to have been satisfied? But he was not. There was one poor old Jew, sitting

down there by the gate, that would not bow, and that was the fly in the ointment. He was not satisfied. A thousand had bowed to him on that day, and a thousand would bow to him on the following day, but that poor old Jew would not bow to him, hence he was not satisfied, notwithstanding his environments. And so now, and you need not sit there and deny it, each of you has a Mordecai sitting around somewhere. You would be contented with that and with this, if only Mordecai was out of the way. You will never get him out of the way, and you will not have reached the place where you can say, "Satisfied," until you reach that condition represented by David when he said, "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness." Till then you will find this dissatisfaction.

You have built houses, some of you; you have called an architect to your assistance, and you have planned and arranged, and made your building according to your plans; you have furnished your house, and your friends have come in, and they have congratulated you on your success—"What a beautiful house! How completely everything is arranged." "That is so, but if I had another to build, it would be"—don't you know? You said so, and you know you said so; and you keep on building houses until you die, a hundred years old, and the last one will be no better than the rest, in so far as rendering perfect satisfaction is concerned.

Now, then, it appears to me that the God who formed us has arranged that some time, somewhere,

we shall find environments in the midst of which we can truthfully say, "I am satisfied." It is not here, but it is there. And so it proves, beyond a reasonable doubt, there is something in us or about us that does not inhere in matter, something that is above us, something that is beyond us.

But I will not detain you upon this. I want to speak now of the sad condition of an unsaved soul. What is the condition of the souls of men and women away from Christ? It is one of the saddest pictures that was ever drawn before the mind of a mortal. I doubt if there could be a sadder picture drawn before the vision of an angel than the condition of a soul unsaved. We talk, sometimes, solemnly of the awful loss of an immortal soul in the eternities. "Oh," we say, "how dreadful!" I read, once, the description called "The Funeral of a Lost Soul." It is a picture that ought to all but curdle the blood in our veins. The funeral of a lost soul as it passes away from this tabernacle into the unseen! It is a sad, it is a dark and gloomy picture, but let this thought come home to you, that the soul is in a lost state now, and all there is between you and that eternal state is the little brittle thread of life; if once severed, the loss becomes eternal.

My friends, I speak to the unsaved, you are lost to-day, and you are hardly aware that you are carrying about in you an immortal something that is in a condition, which, if you could see it as God sees it, would alarm you. Why, the Scriptures represent it as being stained, as being red as scarlet and crimson;

then it is represented not as being at enmity against God, but as enmity itself. The carnal man is enmity against God; in spite of yourself, with that unsaved soul, you are at war against God and against heaven; against everything that is pure, against everything that is lovely, against everything that is sacred; and you cannot help it. You may try to rule yourself down to it, you may try, by the force of will, to bring yourself into subjection to that which is pure and right, but you cannot do it. Paul says, "It is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." No man or woman can be in obedience to the government of Heaven as long as they have within them that soul unsaved—lost, polluted, enmity against God and everything that is pure and sacred.

But, passing from this, with only a statement of the fact, we come to another thought, and that is this: What is implied and included in winning a soul to Christ? Now, I want to be very careful in my statements here, for it is a fearful thing to make a mistake on this point, and these ministers should study this subject with the very greatest of care. Oh, to direct a soul wrong, to rock the conscience to sleep in false security, if possible, is a thought that ought to wake us up. Why, my brother, you cannot afford it. What, then, does it mean to win a soul to Christ? Negatively, it means more than to win men and women to our opinion, however correct we may be, however sound our opinions may be. We have not won a soul to Christ when we have simply won them to our opinions. It means more than to

win men and women into the denomination of which we may be a member. I am speaking not a word against this; I am only speaking negatively of winning a soul to Christ. You may win men and women into the church by the scores and hundreds, and not one of them won to Christ. Now, I want to insist upon it, beloved, that you are careful along this line. I am as certain as I can be certain of anything that I do not know absolutely, that the denominations today are filling up with unconverted men and women. That may seem to you to be a broad and unreasonable charge, but I fear that it is too true. A lawyer in the city of Dayton, when approached on this question, on the matter of coming to the Saviour, said to the pastor of one of our churches, "I have my views of Christianity, and it is my deliberate opinion that you are making it altogether too easy to become a Christian; you are making the way too easy." That from an unconverted man, who could only look on, and who, perhaps, had correct views of what it was to be a Christian!

You teach your people that nothing less than repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ will suffice. And now, what is repentance? Well, it is a little more than reformation. A man may reform a thousand times, and never repent once; but if a man repents with an evangelical repentance, reformation will be included—it follows; but reformation may occur without one particle of repentance. There are to us what may appear strange paradoxes. The idea of a man going down in order to go

up is strange reasoning, you say, but it is Bible doctrine. If we humble ourselves, we shall be exalted, but if we exalt ourselves, we shall be abased. The way to go up is to go down, and repentance implies going down; it means the breaking up of our whole carnal nature; but, positively, it implies a regeneration, a reconstruction of our whole moral nature. What would Jesus say if he were here to-day and his attention called to this very thought? He would say, without any equivocation, "Ye must be born again." Well, you might say, "I don't understand it; I cannot comprehend it." He would repeat, "Marvel not that I say unto thee, Ye must be born again." There are no "ifs" or "ands" about it; there must be a complete and radical change of the whole moral nature. Why, it is represented in the Scriptures as a resurrection from the dead. You are dead in trespasses and sins; but Paul says that we are risen with Christ. Then, it is called a "quickening," bringing into life. How hath he quickened us "who were dead in trespasses and sins"! So, then, to be won to Christ there must be a complete change of our moral nature, a reconstruction from the ground up. Accompanying this is the assurance, is the inward evidence that this work of grace is wrought in the soul. Do the Scriptures so teach? Let us see. A long time ago, an old man said, "I know that my redeemer liveth." About the same time, or maybe a little later, another said, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." A little later, another said, "In that day,

O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, thou comfortedst me." Later still, another said, "The Spirit itself [or himself] beareth witness with our spirit that we are the sons of God." A little later, the same one said, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." A little later, another said, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." A little later, another said, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself"; and, again, another said, "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father."

Will all this take place within a man and he be ignorant of it? Will it? Can it? I tell you, beloved, you can be just as sure you are saved as you are sure you are alive—just as sure. You can be just as sure you are saved as you are sure you are lost. Why, religion would be of little account to us in this life, if it were not for this inner assurance; it is a dry life, I assure you, to live on mere "hope so." But there comes the quickening, the inspiring influence of the Holy Spirit, and because of this assurance, and because of this inner consciousness, Christians every once in a while get happy over it.

You remember, one time, when Jesus sent his disciples out and gave them power over unclean spirits,

and over diseases, and one thing and another, and they went out on a little missionary tour, and they met with wonderful success, that they came back highly elated, and made their report. "Why," they said to the Master, "even the devils are subject to us." The Saviour did not rebuke them because they were cheerful over their success, but he said, "Rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven." It is a wonderful thing to cast out devils and heal diseases and to know evil spirits are subject to us, but it is more wonderful, by far, to know that our names are written in heaven. I declare to you today, beloved, I would rather be conscious of this fact than of any other one thing in the universe. There are ten thousand times ten thousand things I would like to know that I do not know, and maybe will not know; I don't know when in the eternities I may know them; but this one thing I do, or may know even now, that my name is written in heaven. I do not expect it could be found in the archives at Washington; I do not expect it could be found in the records of your State at Lansing; I do not suppose so, and I do not care, but to know that my name is written in heaven, that is above all, that is worth more than all the rest. To be won to Christ means just this much, that you are to know for yourself that you are saved, that you are his, and that he is yours.

But I may say, in a general way, that to be won to Christ means not in halves nor in parts, but it means the whole man—the head and the heart and the life. "Well, I can go that pretty well," one says,

"the head, I can go that, and the heart and the life, if that is all that is meant." It is all, so far as it goes, but God has made you a steward and put into your hands a certain trust, and in coming over to Christ's side you must just bring all over except sin; that belongs to you. Soul, body, and spirit, houses, lands, money, everything else. Sometimes it is even easier to get men converted inside than to get their pockets converted. I do not say that everybody that comes into the church, or on Christ's side, I do not say they are to give everything away, all that they have. I never thought that. No, no, but to feel and realize that what they have belongs to the Lord. Why, my brother, you can enjoy what you have a thousand times better if you have this view of it, that what you have belongs to the Lord. But, is it a fact? Let us see. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof"; "the cattle upon a thousand hills" are his. Now, if you have anything outside of that, I suppose it is your own. He has the first mortgage and the first claim, and when you come over to him you must just come over wholesale. It is so unhandy to be running back and forth. Take a part of it over on the other side, and you will have to be running away looking after it; better just bring it all along, and when you are all on the Lord's side then you are happy.

But, another thought: Upon whom does the responsibility of winning souls to Christ rest?

We answer, first, preëminently upon the minister. We say this because God has called men to this work

specifically; and because he has called men to this work specifically, therefore it preëminently rests upon that class of persons. And now, to succeed as a workman, to succeed in winning souls to Christ, a good many things are necessary of which I cannot speak. I will name just a few, and among these, first, of course, the heart must be right. Then, secondly, you must prepare for it just the very best that your environments will permit you. "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Any man can divide the word of truth in some manner, I suppose, but to divide the word of truth rightfully will require careful, close, persevering thought. Now, I go in for all the religion the heart will hold, but, in connection with that, I want men in the ministry to prepare themselves intellectually, just as far as it is possible. O my brother, you are studying a Book that contains more than you will ever know. I remember, fifty years ago, and there along, I looked at the Bible. Why it seemed to me not to contain so very much; it seemed to me that it ought to be mastered in a very few years; and I read it and read it, to be sure, and thought along this line and along that line. Why, it seemed to me, in a comparatively short time, I was right over in the midst of God's flower-garden, just gathering up the flowers as I pleased; but as the years came and went I began to see something that I had not seen in the early part of my ministry, and now, after fifty years, I am not in the garden at all, I am just at the fence, looking over,

that is all. I do not know how it is with you, but I find when I open the Bible and read those passages that I committed to memory forty years ago, and have quoted a thousand times, maybe, as my eyes fall upon them, up will flash some new blessed truth I have never seen. You may analyze it and carry it to the last analysis, and beyond the depth of your mind there are hidden truths and treasures. I beg of you as a minister to study the Word of God with all the helps you can bring around it; make it your text-book, make that your text-book before every other, but get all the help you can to unfold and to explain, and to assist you in comprehending its truths. I am sometimes astonished at preachers, (I don't know how it is with you,) they get short of a text. "I have no text, I don't know what to do,"—with that blessed God's Book before them and cannot find a text!

You just undertake to preach all there is in the fifth chapter of Matthew, will you? Just commence on that if you cannot find a text, and if you are young your head will be as white as mine before you get through with that chapter. You can preach a dozen sermons, if you want to, from one single sentence of the fifth chapter of Matthew, and you will find it so almost anywhere else in God's Word. The reason why you cannot find a text is because you have not studied, you have not gone with your bucket to the well and let it down to draw up the rich fountains of truth therein contained. But to succeed, you must not only have the mental culture, the mental prepara-

tion, but you must be a busy man, a very busy man. Mind you, your work is to win souls to Christ. Do not forget that. You go out this year to your fields of labor, what for? If for any other purpose than to win souls to Christ, I beg of you to hand the presiding elder your resignation before sundown. Do it, I beseech of you. If you have a higher thought than to win souls to Christ, never go near the field of labor, unless your heart is made over again. You must go for that purpose, and then you must be a busy man. Do not expect to do your whole work in the pulpit; a part of it, only a part of it is done there. You must go among the people, go after them; and you must go to those that are away down.

I read, awhile ago, about a young lady in the city of New York, just after a heavy, dashing rain, walking along the street near to the curbstone. She had on a finger a most beautiful ring, and, some way or another, it dropped from her finger into a pool of muddy, filthy water, right by the side of the curbstone. She was very nicely dressed, but that ring was to her a very great treasure, and without looking who would see her, and without a moment's hesitation, she kneeled down by the side of the pool on the wet pavement, rolled up her sleeves, and reached down into that muddy water, feeling around, and at last found the jewel. The lady seemed delighted, notwithstanding the humiliation in reaching after it. There is many a jewel down in the filth and mire, and if you win souls to Christ you must get down

and reach for them. There is many a jewel down in the very bottom of those pools, jewels in the sight of Heaven, that, if polished, will shine as brightly as Paul will shine. To be a soul-winner is to be a busy man, to look around and about and to find souls wherever you can find them. Poor they may be, but, bless you, look after the poor—look after them; they have it hard enough anyway, and to be neglected by ministers is shameful, absolutely shameful. Go after them and lead them to Christ, if you can.

Then, I want to tell you, do not go out scolding the people. If you have a disposition to scold, quit it, will you? quit your scolding! Scolding is not preaching. No, no. Preach the truth plainly, but kindly. Do you know, more souls are won to Christ by kind words and kind acts than can ever be won by harsh words and harsh acts. It was just a kind word that won John B. Gough. Sitting out there in filth and rags, a gentleman came along and said to Mr. Gough, "Will you go with me to the temperance meeting?" Mr. Gough declined, to be sure. He thought of his clothes and his filth and his condition, he thought it would never to do to walk with that nice, cleanly dressed gentleman, but a better thought came after awhile, to this effect, "If he is not ashamed to walk with me, I ought not to be ashamed to walk with him," and so he moved along. A kind word did it. I read, not long ago, of a man in a hospital, a poor, miserable wreck, that had been a wreck for years and years. A lawyer went into the hospital, and, coming to the poor fellow's cot, spoke kindly to

him, and the man drew the cover over his face and wept and sobbed as if his heart would break. When he recovered sufficiently to speak, he said to the lawyer, "You are the first man who ever spoke a kind word to me, and I can't stand it." I tell you, there are many hearts that have been cuffed and scourged in one way and another that are just aching and bleeding for a kind word. Say some kind words to the fallen, and those away from Christ, and in this way you may bring them to the Lord Jesus Christ.

But this responsibility rests with equal force upon the whole church. You read in the last chapter of Revelation, in almost the last verse, these words, "The Spirit and the bride [which is the church] say, Come." It is the language of the church generally, and so it becomes the duty of every member of the church to aid the pastor in this work.

Now let me say, beloved, there is nothing better than coöperation between the pastor and his people—coöperation. The pastor should coöperate with his people, and the people should coöperate with the pastor. But some men seem to have a strange interpretation of that word "coöperation." Why, they seem to think the word "co" means together, and "operation" means to sit still, so that by coöperation they mean to sit still together. But it has a more active meaning than that. Let the pastor do his best, and the church second his motion, and coöperate with him in every possible way.

Why, any of you can be a soul-winner, if you will. It does not take much at some times to win a soul

to Christ. I tell you, it does not. A word fitly spoken in the right time and in the right spirit, sometimes a single word, will bring a soul to Christ. Sometimes a single word of a little child has brought a soul to Christ. I read, not long ago, of a gentleman that went to a lawyer in New York. The lawyer was a man over seventy years of age. The gentleman wanted some instrument of writing prepared, and the lawyer sat down and wrote very rapidly; the gentleman watched him, and when he was done, and about to leave, he asked to see his hand. The lawyer showed him his hand. "Why," he said, "for a man over seventy years of age, I am surprised to see you write so rapidly, as if all the life of youth was in that hand." Then he looked at it steadily and said, "In just a few years that hand will be cold in death," and left him. There was not much in it, to be sure; but every time the lawyer took up the pen after that, for days, that thought was there, "In a short time that hand will be cold in death." And it would run along and run along with him as he wrote the lines, and got to his heart and into his mind and so fastened itself upon him that he could not be satisfied until he came to the Lord Jesus Christ. And so, I say, a word rightly spoken, a song sung, a tear shed, a smile, may win a soul to Christ. I tell you, my friends, I would rather, in the great day of settlement, go up to the Throne with a half-dozen souls won to Christ than to win all the kingdoms of this earth while I am here; and any of you can win souls to Christ, stars in your crown of rejoicing.

Some one said, in this conference, that he did not think he was an instrument or agent in the hands of God in bringing men to Christ. It is a blessed thing to know it, but you may be an agent in bringing a soul to Jesus and not know it until the day of settlement. We are not to know, and will not know all we have done, but we must do all we know and all we can.

Just a word or two farther—the wisdom of winning a soul to Christ. "He that winneth souls is wise." The wisdom of winning a soul to Christ will appear if we consider, first, the value of that which is won. Look what mortal men have done, how they have gone through fields of blood at the risk of their lives to win a kingdom; but he that winneth a soul to Christ has won more, by far, than he that has won a kingdom. Think of what it cost to redeem that soul. Nothing less than the suffering and death of our Lord Jesus Christ; he came all the way from heaven to redeem that soul. It must be of value beyond our estimation, else it never would have cost what it did to redeem it.

And then, I would have you think of the capabilities of that which you win to Christ. A soul won to Christ, who knows its capabilities? who can measure its future destiny? Won to heaven, won to eternal life, won to a state of angel perfection, and who knows the heights to which that immortal soul will attain in the vast, ceaseless ages of eternity?

I close with a very few words concerning the reward of those that succeed in winning souls to

Christ: "Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

Brethren, do not be in too much of a hurry to shine. Some preachers try to get it all here, and they make a miserable failure of it. Just go on humbly, and meekly, and devotedly preaching Christ and him crucified, and you will shine by and by. You will shine in God's own time, and in God's own way, and in God's own place. But allow yourself to be humble, to be meek, and to be godly, and wait; and the promise is that you shall shine as the stars forever and ever; above the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever.

With such a promise, and with such a reward in view, it seems to me that we ought to go out with all diligence in winning souls to Christ.

As I said to you in the opening of this conference, I have met with you off and on for thirty years; perhaps this is the thirteenth time I have met with you, and I guess there is not one of you present that was present at the first conference I attended, not one. Others have come and others have gone, and a new class of men fill the place now; and you have had your trials, and your conflicts, and your sieges, that which would have driven, maybe, others from the field, but you have stood faithfully, and I can only say to you that the promise is, that by and by you

shall shine as the stars forever and ever. You are making sacrifices, doubtless denying yourselves, working hard, working discouragingly, but I find that same blessed spirit here that I found long years ago in this conference—the spirit of consecration, the spirit of love, the spirit of kindness, one towards another. And, if I judge rightly, (and I think I am not beclouded in this,) there is open before you a bright future, though it may cost you a few years of faithful, earnest work before you shall have reached that better position; but it is coming, and you will reach it, and you young men will live to see the day when, if you have stood firmly and been faithful, you will rejoice that you were not turned aside, but stood firmly for the right, against wrong.

And now I pray that God's blessing may be upon your conference this day. Brethren, I wish you would enter into some kind of a covenant with God. Five hundred souls for Christ this year! Some one says one hundred souls here, and some one says one hundred souls there. So be it. Go out with a fixed purpose this year to work with God's help in winning souls to Jesus Christ.

INDEX.

ADVICE, his father's to him, 49.
asked of Dr. Davis, 262.
Agency, what it taught him, 114.
Agent, elected to O. U., 77.
Ague, how it feels, 229.
Alphabet, how taught, 36.
Ambiguity of secrecy law, 217.
Anniversary, seventy-sixth, 382.
Arithmetic, how taught, 38.
Articles, some written for paper, 316.

BAKER, G. G., reply to, 344.
Baldwin, Rev. J. G., quoted, 61, 198.
Battle of the giants, 295.
Beecher, H. W., quoted, 39.
Beyond, all is quiet, 234.
Biblical department proposed, 119.
Biddle, Rev. A., complimented, 52.
Biographer, every man his own, 21.
Birthday, seventieth anniversary, 365.
Brains, where to spread them, 118.

CALIFORNIA, description of, 162.
Camp-meetings, the first he attended, 47.
Cars, turned over, 98.
Cascade Conference held, 171.
Changes, some that have occurred, 384.
Character, careful of his, 406.
Christian, possessed by him, 429.
Cheyenne, described, 158.
Children, like parents, 20.
Chinamen abused, 168.
Church, first United Brethren in the West, 58.
as affected by war, 59.
anxiety for, 226.
power, 298.
Circuit, Weaver's first, 61.
Weaver's reflections on, 215.
Coast, his first visit to, 156.
Cold in car, 319.
College (O. U.), how started, 78.
Colorado, what it needs, 242.
Columbia River, a ride on, 169.
Commission summoned, 299.
met and organized, 301.
Complainers, a hint to, 90.
Confession of Faith, advised to prepare, 332.
comment on, 358,
Constitution, often changed, 298.

Contest on secrecy, commenced, 259.
Council Bluffs, what he saw, 150.
Courage, a man of, 407.
Courts, appeal to, 323.

DAVY, what he did, 66.
Davis, Dr., quoted, 79.
Davis, Dr., reply to Weaver, 291.
Debate with Rev. J. Davis, 188.
Debater, Weaver as a, 200.
Debt, a plan to pay, 105.
Delivery, impressive, 418.
Difficulties encountered, 26.
Discontent in the Church, 279.
Discussion proposed to Dr. L. Davis, 263.
Discussions, public, their value, 187.
in the way of agents, 86.
Dishonesty of men in church, 146.
District, East Mississippi, report of, 139.
Doctrine, Christian, volume on, 357.

EAST District, report of for 1870, 183.
East Mississippi District, report of, 223.
Eckert, John, his views on education, 82.
Editor, Weaver proposed for, 122.
Education, opposed because of ignorance, 93.
Edwards, strengthened for a debate, 190.
quoted on secrecy, 227.
Elam, Dr. quoted, 20.
Emmerson, quoted, 19.
Endow, effort to, 101.
Ezekiel, when sent, 397.

FAITH in God, man and himself, 430.
Father, Weaver's, described, 27.
Fathers, the—who were they, 308.
Fellow passengers described, 160.
Finley, Rev. James B., quoted, 72.
Flickinger, Rev. D. D., quoted, 107.
Frontier, men needed on the, 253.

GARST, Rev. H., quoted, 79.
Grand Rapids, trial at, 333.

HEAVEN, that better country, contents of, 359.
Holmes, O. W., quoted, 19.
Home, old—visit to, 314.
Hope, Weaver a man of, 409.
How to increase our membership, 142.
Humor, manifested, 71.
possessed a vein of, 410.

IGNORANCE of people, 88.
Illustrations, skillful use of, 417
Immigrants, German, condition of, 22.
Incident, an amusing, 95.
Incident at General Conference, Toledo, 371.
Independence, visit to, 231.
Infidels required to keep silent, 65.

Investigation necessary, 134.
Itinerant, sympathy with, 175.
Itinerating in early times, 386.

JOHNSON, M., quoted, 31.
Judgment, the—will sit, 90.

KANSAS, its future, 149.
Keeping heart, 115.
Kelton described, 213.
Knowing in part, 297.

LABOR, manual for college advocated, 83.
Land, Beulah, a voice from, 326.
Landis, Dr. J. P., quoted, 325.
Language, used plain, 414.
Lecture for G. A. R., 309.
Letters, none kept, 400.
Life in western Pennsylvania in 1778, 23.
Life uncertain, 393.
Lincoln, A., how he learned to demonstrate, 55.
Look, a forward, 388.

MAN, Weaver a great, 403.
McKee, Rev. W., response to Weaver, 275.
quoted, 329.
Memories of the past, 257.
Memory, a retentive, 416.
Men, a good knowledge of, 421.
Men, how to reach them, 174.
Ministers, advice to, 394.
Ministers, appealed to, 93.
why not succeed better, 173.
in Northwest District, letter to, 238.
Minister, a young, in Pennsylvania, 23.
Ministerial dead line, 378.
Ministry, kind needed in the West, 274.
Ministry, when to leave it, 270.
Missionaries, plea for, 258.
Mission Board, 391.
More beyond, 320.
Mother, Weaver's described, 28.
Moving, keep, illustrated, 248.
Music, instrumental, his opinion, 132.

NEED, Church's greatest, 237.
Newspaper articles, some, 185.

OBERLIN College, plan of, 82.
Ohio District, report for 1874, 213.
Omaha, what he saw there, 157.
Order in the church, 69.
Oregon, visits conference, 164.
Otterbein University, helping to endow, 137.
Our need, 245.
Outlook articles, why written, 265.
given in full, 307.

PAMPHLET written by Weaver, 328.
Parkersburg Conference, appeal for, 205.

Parliamentarian, skillful, 426.
Peace-loving nature, possessed a, 422.
Pen, how he used his, 348.
Philomath, beauty of, 167.
Pioneers in Ohio, how they lived, 25.
Preacher, a biblical, 412.
Priest factory, circular concerning, 80.
Progressive, 425.
Providence, Divine, 350.
    importance of submitting to, 357.

RAILROAD manager described, 180.
Reading, how taught, 37.
Rebellion, how treated, 311.
Recommendations made by bishops at Fostoria, 296.
Reformers defended, 304.
Remarks made at Lebanon, 155.
Reminiscences, 271, 370.
Report, annual, for 1866, 129.
Report of Northwest District, 1881, 247.
Restoration, doctrines of, examined, 354.
Resurrection, discourses on, first book, 349.
Revival at Lisbon, 268.

SAGE, Rev. N. S., debate with Weaver, 195.
Salary, ministerial, 354.
Salem Church, Michigan, Weaver a witness, 331.
Saturday evening at Elmwood, 232.
Saved, nearly, illustrated, 244.
Scholarship, mistake concerning, 85.
School-houses, early, how made, 33.
Schools in Connecticut, 39.
Schools in Ohio, 32.
School-mistress, a, in Connecticut, 39.
Secret orders—no discrimination, 305.
Secret societies, lectures, 135.
Seeking Religion, 50.
Sentiment, public, 131.
Settlers, early—how they lived, 74.
Skill to adapt himself, 408.
Speaker, a ready *extempore*, 416.
Starved out, 293.
Stoneffer, Geo. D., quoted, 51.
Student, a diligent, 413.

TASTES, various kinds of, 126.
Teachers in southwestern Ohio, 41.
Telescope quoted,108.
Temperance convention.
Tennessee Conference, 179.
Thanks tendered Weaver, 194.
Theology, Christian, 362.
Thinking better than reading, 57.
Tribune, U. B., started, 259.
Trustees not sufficiently helpful, 87.

UNION Biblical Seminary, why so named, 153.
Universalism, false, 357.

VOTE taken in work of Commission, 327.

Weaver, his ancestry, 21; grandfather came from Germany, 22; birth of parents, 24; came to Ohio, 25; mother dies, 29; early schooling, 35; parents not Christians, 46; at camp-meeting, 48; converted, 50; licensed to exhort, 51; thirst for knowledge, 54; applied for license to preach, 60; first field of labor, 61; starting for his circuit, 62; marriage, assigned to New Rumley, 67; a description of, 68; a meeting, 69; elected elder, 71; delegate to General Conference, 1857, 76; elected college agent, 77; canvassing for scholarships, fondness for writing, 89; moved to Westerville, 100; financial agent, 102; elected bishop for Pacific coast, 117; elected bishop, 122; first conference held, 124; starts for the coast, 152; in Oregon, 168; debate with Davis, 191; third election, 203; starts west again, 211; fourth election, 216; fifth election, 235; "Slighted," 243; proposal to Dr. Davis for discussion, 263; holding meeting at Canal Dover, 270; sixty years old, 273; outlook, 280; sixth election, 296; called Commission, 299; sixty-two years old, 302; in luck at Lebanon, Ky., 312; vote taken, 321; as a witness, 324; at Allegan, Mich., 331; chosen bishop *emeritus*, 343; using his pen, 347; seventieth anniversary, 368; joined Oak Street Church, 378; health failing, 375; growing worse, 401; died, 402; adaptation, 406; courageous, 407; humorous, 410; studious, 413; peace-loving, 422; progressive, 425.

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